

MODERN SCREEN



RITA HAYWORTH

RONNIE REAGAN'S *Life Story*

Charm-Kurl

PERMANENT WAVE

COMPLETE HOME KIT *Only* **59¢**



JUNE LANG

Glamorous movie star, praises Charm-Kurl. This actual photograph shows her gorgeous Charm-Kurl Permanent Wave.

SO EASY EVEN A CHILD CAN DO IT

Charm-Kurl is easy and safe to use; no experience required; contains no harmful chemicals or ammonia; requires no machines or dryers, heat or electricity. Desirable for both women and children.

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Here are excerpts from just a few of the many letters of praise received from Charm-Kurl users:

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"I've been a user of Charm-Kurl for some time. I like it very much. It gives me a nice, natural wave." Mrs. B. Maina, Ill.

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"I have used Charm-Kurl before and it is really wonderful. My last Charm-Kurl permanent lasted nine months and my hair is still very curly. I wouldn't change a Charm-Kurl permanent for a ten dollar permanent." Miss Ruth Henry, Ohio.

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CHARM-KURL IS WONDERFUL

"I am sending for my Charm-Kurl kit. I have already bought one and I think Charm-Kurl is wonderful." Miss Betty Johnson, Ohio.

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"I have tried the Charm-Kurl and was greatly thrilled with its results." Phyllis Schwensen, Neb.

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"I was delighted with my Charm-Kurl permanent. It left my hair soft and lovely and gave me the prettiest permanent I've ever had regardless of the cost." Miss Betty Moulthrop, Washington.



FAY McKENZIE

starring in "Remember Pearl Harbor," a Republic Production, is delighted with her lovely Charm-Kurl Permanent Wave, pictured above.

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There is nothing else to buy. Shampoo and wave set are included in each Charm-Kurl Kit. With Charm-Kurl it is easy to give yourself a thrilling, machineless permanent wave in the privacy of your own home that should last as long as any professional permanent wave. You do not have to have any experience in waving hair. Just follow the simple instructions.

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Charm-Kurl Co., Dept. 354, 2459 University Ave., St. Paul, Minn.

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Glenn Massey in "FRANKENSTEIN MEETS THE WOLF MAN"

A UNIVERSAL PICTURE



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.. FACE POWDER, ROUGE AND TRU-COLOR LIPSTICK**



Published in
this space
every month



The greatest
star of the
screen!

When "Cabin In The Sky" was playing Broadway a couple of years ago, we went to the Martin Beck three or four times to hear the cello-voiced Ethel Waters singing "Taking a Chance on Love" and all the other melodies by Vernon Duke.

★ ★ ★ ★

Here was a musical play with a real plot, a touch of poetry, too. What a film it will make, we said to ourselves, lion to lion.

★ ★ ★ ★

And now Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer is getting set to release "Cabin", happy in the knowledge that preview reports have branded it "a honey", "a dream" and just plain "excellent."

★ ★ ★ ★

M-G-M rules the raves.



The trio of star entertainers heading the cast are Ethel Waters, Eddie "Rochester" Anderson and Lena Horne.

★ ★ ★ ★

Lena is a find. She is destined to become another Florence Mills.

★ ★ ★ ★

Nor must we fail to tell about Louis Armstrong, Rex Ingram, Duke Ellington and his orchestra, The Hall Johnson choir. They're all there in "Cabin In The Sky".

★ ★ ★ ★

It's another excellent musical production by Arthur Freed. The screenplay is by Joseph Schrank. It is the first film that has been directed by the talented artist Vincente Minnelli and he is to be congratulated.

★ ★ ★ ★

A few additional numbers appear in the film by Harold Arlen and E. Y. Harburg. One in particular is entitled "Happiness is a Thing Called Joe."

★ ★ ★ ★

No more paragraphs on "Cabin" for the moment. Turning to other films, we recommend emphatically the current Spencer Tracy-Katharine Hepburn "Keeper of The Flame".

★ ★ ★ ★

If you liked "Mrs. Miniver" and "Random Harvest", you will recognize the same M-G-M touch in this adaptation of the novel by I. A. R. Wylie.

★ ★ ★

How are the New Year's resolutions coming?

★ ★ ★

Well, they were too tough at that.

—Leo



MODERN SCREEN

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RONALD REAGAN

You love the grown-up Ronnie? Wait till you read about him as a kid..... 26

MISS TERRIFIC!

Ask Raft, her mom, kid cousin, the football contingent; they'll tell you Betty Grable's a reg'lar gal slightly on the super side! 34

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A lusty legend of wide-open Frisco . . . with Johnny Payne and Alice Faye finding success and losing each other, until 40

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DEPARTMENTS



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WHAT A SHOW!

CABIN IN THE SKY



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WATERS

famed singer of torch songs!



starring
EDDIE (ROCHESTER)

at his funniest yet

with LOUIS ARMSTRONG • REX INGRAM
DUKE ELLINGTON AND HIS ORCHESTRA
THE HALL JOHNSON CHOIR

Screen Play by Joseph Schrank • Directed by VINCENTE MINNELLI
Associate Producer ALBERT LEWIS • Produced by ARTHUR FREED • An M-G-M Picture



Lena

HORNE

screen's new gorgeous song bird!



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SHAKE WITH RHYTHM!**

**HEAVENLY MUSIC
TO LIFT YOU TO THE SKIES!**

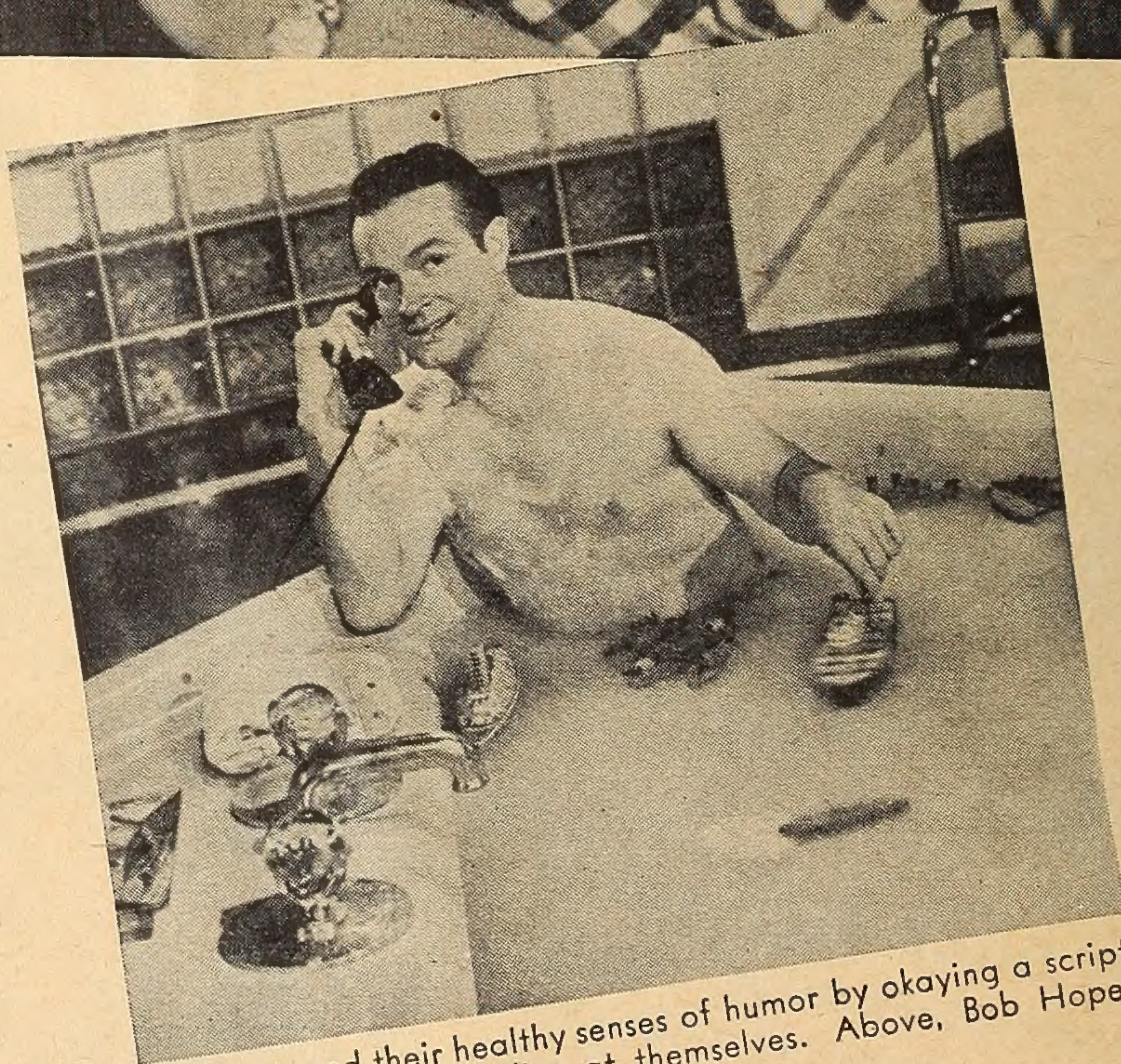
"Cabin in the Sky", "Taking a Chance on Love", "Happiness is a Thing Called Joe", "Life's Full O' Consequence", "Li'l Black Sheep", "Honey in the Honeycomb", and more honeys



Bing Crosby and eldest son Gary both were smacked by Betty Hutton in the pic. Bing enjoyed the sensation, but son found it the only unsavory part of his screen debut!

MOVIE REVIEWS

By Zachary Gold



Execs proved their healthy senses of humor by okaying a script jam-packed with sly digs at themselves. Above, Bob Hope.

STAR SPANGLED RHYTHM

● In the days when I wore knickers and a haircomb that featured a single, stubborn cowlick, the feature of the parties I attended was the grab-bag. This was a large and rather mysterious box brimful with gifts large and small, simple and ornate, with a few ridiculous objects such as a diaper or a clothespin thrown in just for the laughs; I always got the diaper. Ever since I have been somewhat leery of grab-bags.

But "Star Spangled Rhythm" is the grab-bag to end them all. Everybody on the Paramount lot is wrapped up in this package; and when I say everybody, I mean just that. Paulette Goddard comes neatly boxed with Dorothy Lamour and Veronica Lake; Bob Hope and Bing Crosby have tough competition in little Gary Crosby, Bing's son; Fred MacMurray, Franchot Tone and Ray Milland take turns; Mary Martin, Dick Powell, Alan Ladd, Rochester, Victor Moore, Betty Hutton, Eddie Bracken, Walter Abel—And when they run out of actors, they throw in a couple of directors to take up the lag; Cecil B. DeMille and Preston Sturges speak their lines just like the common or garden variety actors. See below for more details.

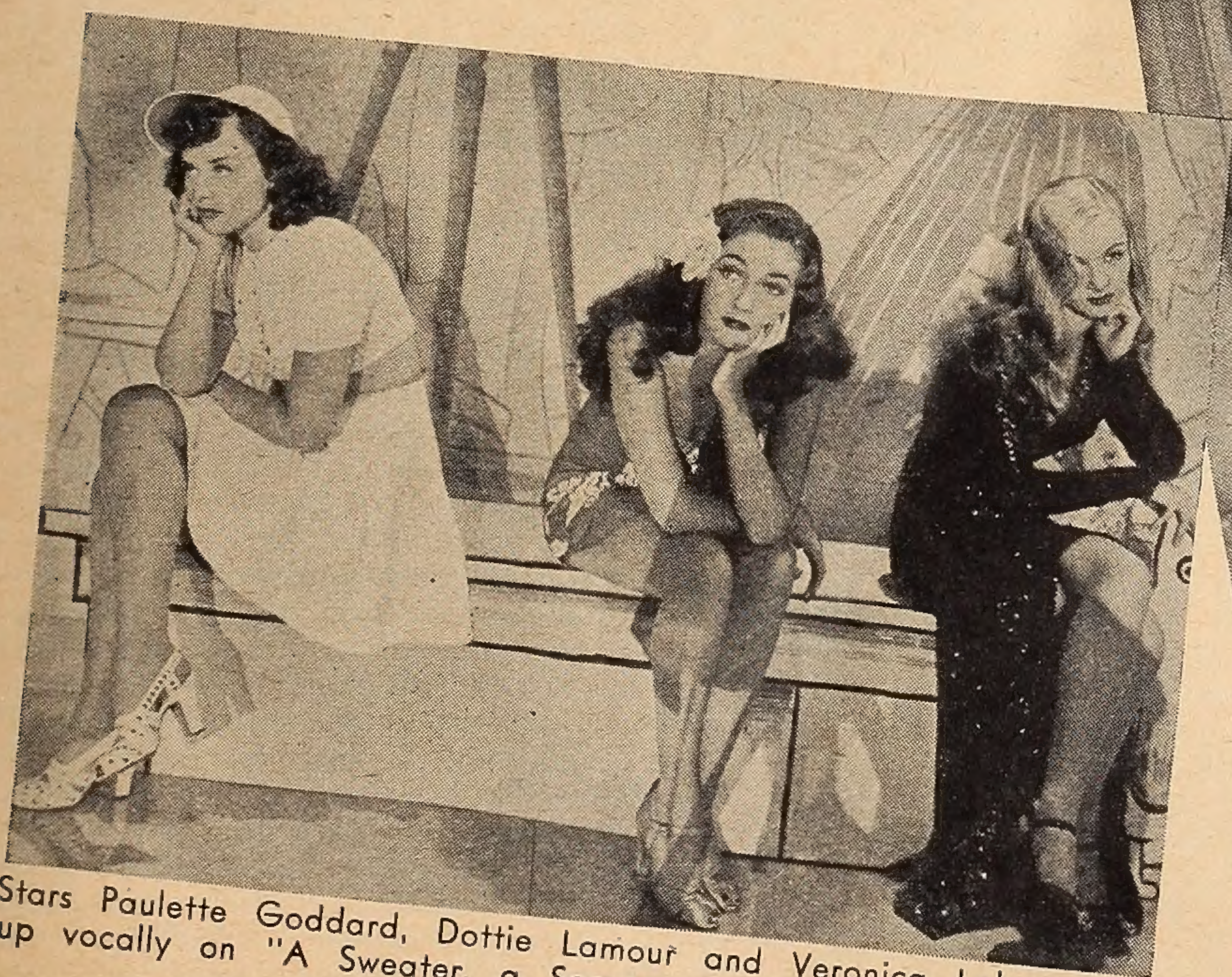
Of course, with such a huge cast you don't get very much of anyone in particular. It's more like vaudeville; each of the stars comes on to do a turn and then bows out at the wings. And just like vaudeville some of the turns are longer than others; and just like the grab-bag some of them, unfortunately, are diapers or clothespins. But, *(Continued on following page)*



Par. put two rising stars, Macdonald Carey and Alan Ladd in "Finale."



Rochester's dancing partner, Katherine Dunham, holds an M. A. degree.



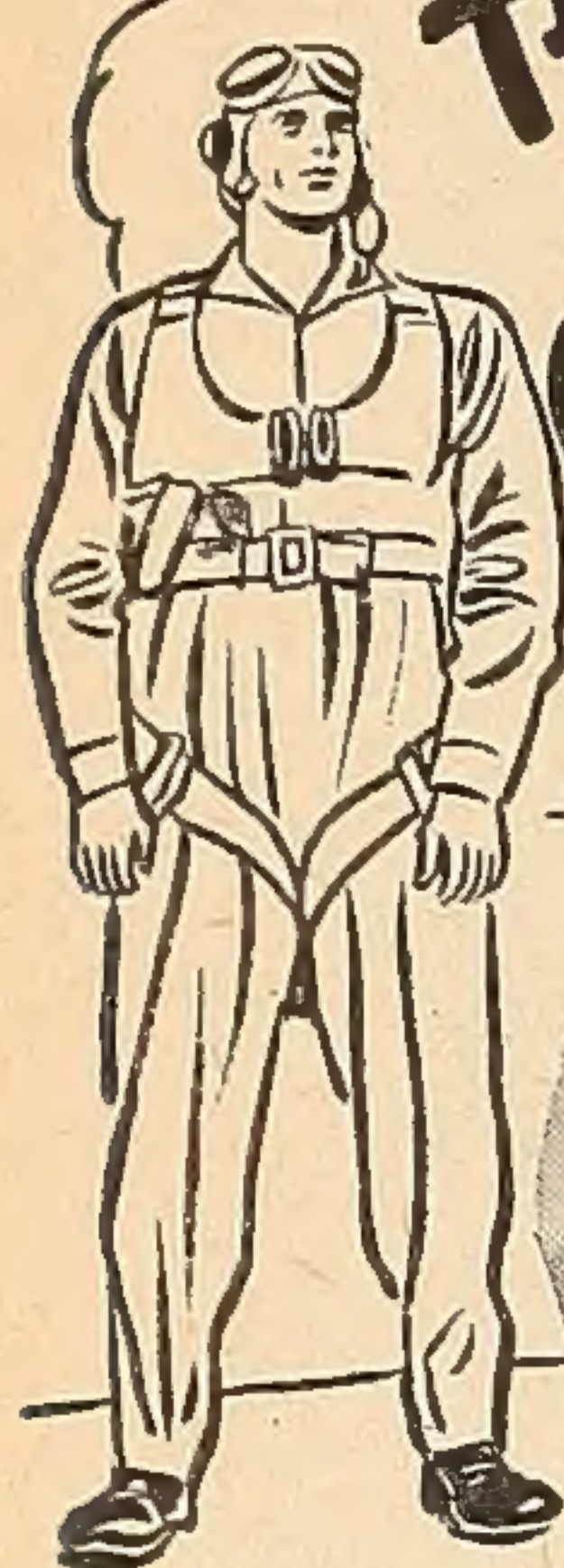
Stars Paulette Goddard, Dottie Lamour and Veronica Lake gang up vocally on "A Sweater, a Sarong and a Peek-a-boo Bang."



Vic Moore (gateman) writes his sailor boy that he's a studio boss. When the ship docks, he and Hutton are caught in a web of lies!

They're All
BIG PICTURES

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BUT YOU CAN STILL
THRILL TO HIS
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Great news!
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issuing the best
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They've got all
the songs and fun
and adventure
that made Gene
your favorite
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and SMILEY BURNETTE in

- ★ **BOOTS AND SADDLES**
- ★ **THE OLD BARN DANCE**
- ★ **TUMBLING TUMBLEWEEDS**
- ★ **MEXICALI ROSE**
- ★ **IN OLD MONTEREY**
- ★ **SOUTH OF THE BORDER**
- ★ **GAUCHO SERENADE**
- ★ **RIDE, TENDERFOOT, RIDE**

BUY WAR BONDS
AND STAMPS



They're All
REPUBLIC PICTURES

then, you don't have to like all of it; there's enough for everybody. Just leave me Paulette Goddard.

The story, and there's a good deal of it, I warn you, has to do with a sailor (Eddie Bracken) who comes back to the States believing that his father has been made head of the studio. What's more natural, in that case, than that he invite his buddies to come along and pick out a couple of Paramount nifties for their dates? His father (Victor Moore) is really something less than president; he's gateman in charge of Gate No. 9 and, considering the fact that Paulette, Dorothy and Veronica come rolling through regularly, he hasn't such a bad job after all. But with son coming down for the day, he's in a bad fix until an enterprising switchboard girl (Betty Hutton) fixes things up so that he can act the big shot when his son arrives. It's not as hard as it seems, for as Vice-President in charge of production all he has to do is say "It stinks" whenever an idea is suggested to him. From that point on, the picture becomes a tour of the Paramount lot and a showcase for the talent.

Just reaching in blindly, here are a few examples of what you'll get: Mary Martin and Dick Powell do a pleasant song number, set on one of those super-duper streamliner trains. They're backed up by the Golden Gate Quartette, four Negro singers whose harmony and sense of rhythm are something to hear.

Franchot Tone, Ray Milland, Fred MacMurray and Lynne Overman team up in the old musical comedy skit called, "If Men Played Poker The Way Women Do." This finds the boys discussing the latest hat styles, rubbing their fingers along table edges to see if there's any dust around and peeking at each other's cards. Hilarious stuff.

Veronica Lake, Paulette Goddard and Dorothy Lamour bemoan their fates in a woeful trio; they're destined, so they sing, to sweaters (Paulette), sarongs (Dorothy) and peek-a-boo bangs (Veronica). They're immediately followed by Arthur Treacher, Walter Catlett and Sterling Holloway who do a brisk burlesque of the same number.

Bob Hope, besides m.c.-ing most of the show, has a funny comedy skit for himself; Jerry Colonna appears in this one. Rochester, in the zootiest of zoot suits, is the principal figure in a Harlem fantasy; a couple of acres of chorus girls appear in a production number entitled Swing Shift; Bing Crosby chants the Finale which is something like Ballad For Americans but isn't. Tucked away also is a ballet number by Vera Zorina, a few minutes of square dancing, a weird bit by two acrobats and what appears to be Bob Hope's brother. If you're interested in how the directors make out in this actor's extravaganza, here's the meat of Preston Sturges' role: an executive comes breathlessly up to him and moans, "Something unfortunate has just happened to me." Mr. Sturges says (admirably, I may add), "Good."

There's more, of course, but I'm rapidly running out of the space to list them. But before I do, here's a kind word for Betty Hutton who is blonde, beautiful and vivacious and who, if she can rid herself of her zany instincts, would be a very charming actress. "Star Spangled Rhythm," just by virtue of that enormous cast, is any movie fan's meat; see it before it's rationed.—Par.

P. S.

Everything and everybody at Paramount was used for this one. Even the famous studio gates were put to work. The portals were uprooted, moved 500

yards north and photographed on an inside street to avoid traffic tie-ups.

The story kids studio production chiefs, uses thinly-veiled variations of their names. (Script tags:—Mr. Freemont, B. G. De Soto; Real-life counterparts:—Y. Frank Freeman, Buddy DeSylva.)

Cecil B. De Mille did his scenes in his traditional riding outfit, added gags to his part of the script, refused to wear make-up or use the services of a stand-in. Didn't fluff his lines once, but scared the dialogue out of Betty Hutton during one of his white-rage speeches. After they did the take over, De Mille told her: "Don't be frightened. I've been doing this scare act for 30 years."

Bob Hope's brother, Jack, made his first film appearance wandering into a scene carrying fan mail. Jack kept adding more letters to the stack at each rehearsal, till Bob stopped him with, "Stop trying to build up your part, Jackson."

Hope's sequences weren't filmed until he returned from his Alaskan army camp tour. Dressed in his costume (white dressing robe, black derby) he and his writers dreamed up five different endings to the scene between takes. Preview audiences were asked to judge which one was best, recommended all of them be left in.

Dance Dept. All Zorina's numbers were created by husband George Balanchine . . . Katherine Dunham, who dances with Rochester and Slim and Slam, majored in anthropology at college but chucked studying when she went to Haiti and became more interested in native dances than racial types.

Music Dept. The eight songs are the work of masters Johnny Mercer and Harold Arlen. Expected to hit the public fancy fastest is "Black Magic" sung by Johnnie Johnston while Zorina dances . . . Bing Crosby sings the "Old Glory" number standing in front of a fluttering silk flag and a 25-foot-high model of famed Mt. Rushmore Memorial in the Black Hills of South Dakota . . . The Golden Gate Quartette has been singing together for 16 years. Started 'way back in grammar school in Virginia.

YOUNG AND WILLING

The Bohemian Life and How To Live It comes in for another investigation in "Young and Willing." Not so long ago Rosalind Russell demonstrated how to become a writer in "My Sister Eileen"; "Young and Willing" goes onward and upward with the arts and tells you how to become an actor. The scene is still Greenwich Village, and this time the camera focuses on six young hopefuls.

These six live rather hectically in a single apartment, three boys sharing one bedroom, three girls the other, and visitors laying themselves to sleep in the bathtub. While this sounds slightly risqué, it's really only a practical arrangement and, as my Aunt Tabitha once remarked, there's safety in numbers. When six theater hopefuls get together, the result is not sex but Stanislawsky.

Stanislawsky, let me explain quickly, is a method of acting. Evenings find our heroic six posing and posturing all over the living room of their apartment. They imitate birds and bees; they try to be apples, oranges and ham sandwiches on rye: this being the essence of the Stanislawsky Method. And in these days of food rationing not a bad idea at that.

Aunt Tabitha to the contrary, love can find a way even in a mob. So two of the hopefuls are secretly married; so well married, indeed, that they're expecting a baby. And in the approved manner of song, story and the Will Hays office, the others have paired off in twosomes.

As far as their acting careers are concerned, however, they find themselves stymied. They discover that a famous Broadway producer has rented the apartment below them; seems he wrote his first play there and has a sentimental attachment for the place. It seems, also, that he's lost the script of that first play, and the six upstairs have found it, rehearsed it and are ready to put it on.

The only fly in the ointment is that the producer, like most of his ilk, refuses absolutely to have anything to do with actors. So waiting for the opportune moment, they meanwhile pry away the radiator pipes so that they can spy on the habits of the producer. Discouragingly, he sleeps most of the time.

In the midst of all this Junior G-Man stuff, their parents get wind of their somewhat irregular mode of living and begin to arrive with shotguns behind their backs. The kids explain wildly, run to take a peek at the peaceful producer, receive letters from their local draft boards and are, generally, in one hell of a mess. But the show must go on!

The kids put on the producer's first script; he comes running madly upstairs to announce that they've the murder play burlesque of the season; the draft board gently collars one of the hopefuls. There's a round of kisses. Papa puts the gun away. Everybody's happy.

You'll find these merry insanities acted out by William Holden, Eddie Bracken, James Brown and Robert Benchley, and on the distaff side, by Susan Hayward, Martha O'Driscoll, Barbara Britton and Florence MacMichael.

O. K. kids, make like an apple!—U. A.



P. S.

If Director Edward H. Griffith hadn't been thumbing through a particular issue of Life magazine over a year ago—the story of "Young and Willing" might never have reached the screen. Seems Griffith was so impressed with the magazine's pictorial review of the stage production, "Out of The Frying Pan," he made a special trip to New York to catch the show. Result: Paramount wrapped up the comedy hit and took it back to California (including two of its stars, Florence MacMichael and Mabel Paige) . . . Tennis champ Jim Brown was busy defending his title at the Pacific Southwest tournament in Los Angeles when a talent scout spotted him. Though Jim lost the match that day—the Brown career was given a decided boost, and he was handed the leading role in the picture! . . . Playwright Francis Swan admits he swiped most of the situations and dialogue in his play from real life. The story is patterned after his sister's experiences as a young actress trying to crash Broadway . . . Company was thrown into a dilemma in the middle of the picture when Florence MacMichael's baby voice suddenly hit the lower registers and emerged a "whiskey tenor." Poor Florence, who has survived

"For Beauty in a Blackout try my*W.B.N.C."

JANET BLAIR, STARRING IN "SOMETHING TO SHOUT ABOUT"—A COLUMBIA PICTURE



Says Janet Blair:

"You'll never sigh for popularity if you follow Hollywood in our bedtime beauty care. It helps make skin look simply dazzling. We call it W.B.N.C. That's our name for--

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the rigors of countless snowy New York winters, had to come to the land of orange blossoms to catch her first cold!

REUNION IN FRANCE

"Reunion in France" is another melodrama of Paris under the brutal Nazi heel. The shadows over that unfortunate country conceal not only Hitler's hordes but the heroism of the underground movement which, through all of Europe, bides its time and meanwhile cuts and slashes at the Axis wherever and whenever it can.

Joan Crawford stars in this one; and supporting her are John Wayne, this department's private bet to assume the mantle of Gary Cooper some day, and



Philip Dorn, who is heading for stardom.

The picture opens early in that tragic May when France fell. Michele De La Beque (Joan Crawford), a spoiled, beautiful and fabulously rich daughter of the republic, is leaving for a season in Biarritz. She leaves behind her Robert Cortot (Philip Dorn), her fiancé, an engineer high in the councils of the state. In the midst of her vacation, France falls.

She returns to a Paris which is sullen under the Nazi occupation. But where the Nazi generals dance to pass the time pleasantly, there are lights, laughter and food in plenty. And there are always certain Frenchmen sharing the gaiety with them; Robert Cortot, for one.

Shocked and bitter when she finds Robert in league with the Nazis, Michele turns to the one trade she knows in order to earn enough money to keep her alive: clothes. In Montanot's, where the fat German hausfraus come to revel in the chic that was once France, Michele acts as salesgirl and mannequin. Outside the employees entrance one night, she finds her arm taken by a young man, evidently desperately tired and hurt. Lurking in the darkness behind them are the bulky figures of two Gestapo agents. Michele falls in with the ruse, and the two stroll off as if they were lovers.

The young man turns out to be Pat Abbot (John Wayne), late of Wilkes-Barre, Pa., and even later of the R.A.F. and the Eagle Squadron. Shot down over France, he's trying to find his way back to England. Michele is determined to help him. She turns to Robert Cortot, telling him that she wants to go to Lisbon; and could he get visas for herself and her chauffeur, a young American student.

They are on their way to the border when the Gestapo suddenly closes in on them. Michele is bitter, believing that Robert Cortot has betrayed her. But she learns that Cortot, in reality, has helped fashion an underground railway for R.A.F. pilots shot down over France; that he has, indeed, organized groups of saboteurs through all the factories. Eluding the Gestapo, she sends Abbot to England and freedom while she returns to

Paris and to the lonely man who must act the part of a Nazi puppet. Overhead an English plane, as it once did in fact, spells out the word: Courage.—M-G-M.

P. S.

Philip Dorn and his wife launched a non-profit business venture during production. Rented a store, gathered donated merchandise from local shops and rounded up some volunteer salesmen. All proceeds go to buy needed clothes for orphans of Navy men... Joan Crawford spent her spare time in conference with producers, learning how to become one of 'em. Producer Carey Wilson invited her to give the woman's angle on a short subject he's making, titled "For Men Only."... Joan also found time to start a day nursery for mothers who work in defense plants, so they can leave their kiddies in safe hands while they put bombers together... When the Terry cook left, Joan took over the three-meals-a-day department and surprised hubby Phil, who didn't believe her when she told him she could cook, too.

CHINA GIRL

For some reason, Gene Tierney is Hollywood's accepted standard of Oriental beauty. In "Sundown" and again in "Shanghai Gesture," Miss Tierney could be found somewhere on the road to Mandalay where Mr. Kipling's flying fishes play. To filch another line from the Kipling classic, it's just a hoot and a



holler to China 'cross the bay. And so in "China Girl," Miss Tierney plays the part of a Chinese nifty named Haoli Young. Haoli Moses!

Miss Young, to be sure, is a Vassar graduate and speaks a Park Avenue brand of American which simplifies things for George Montgomery, who, as Johnny Williams—newsreel photographer, falls rapidly and completely in love with her. Not that Johnny ever has any trouble with women, no matter what language they speak. His philosophy is simple. "I only want what you can see and grab hold of." It's terse, to the point. And effective.

"China Girl" is a colorful melodrama, laid in the Orient before December 7. It's a bundle of Jap intrigue and Chinese resistance in the days when all we had in the Pacific area were a couple of volunteer flyers with the Chinese armies and some newsreel photographers: Remember the picture of the Chinese baby crying in the bombed railroad station?

Caught by the advancing Jap armies, Johnny Williams is offered the chance to photograph the Burma road for the Jap Intelligence—or death. He makes his escape to Mandalay, helped by a Major Bull Weed (Victor McLaglen) and a Captain Fifi (Lynn Bari). In Mandalay he meets his buddies in the American Volunteer Group who are, in his opinion,

suckers for risking their necks. And he meets Miss Young.

From there on he makes his play for Miss Young while the Japs creep closer to Mandalay, and while he dodges sudden death in the danger-haunted alleys of the city. For Bull Weed and Captain Fifi are really Jap agents, determined to return Johnny to the Nips. It's nip and tuck as to who's going to win out—Miss Young or the Japs—until the final reel. It ends in semi-tragedy in the bomb-shattered city of Kuming where Miss Young is killed by a Jap bomb.

Despite its ending, however, "China Girl" is far from tragedy. It's brash and exciting, and it handles anything serious with a light touch. Though it tries to say a few things about China and the war, it is far more concerned with the breezy love-life of Johnny Williams. "China Girl" won't make your hair stand on end, but it may entertain you.

There are a couple of interesting angles to "China Girl": There's a Hindu boy who can only throw sevens when he's playing dice, a crook who calls civilization a "rest between murders," an elderly Chinese doctor who continues teaching poetry to a classful of children while bombs fall on the city. That comes under the heading of color; and colorful, too, are the flying scenes.

Besides the principals, Alan Baxter, Sig Rumann and Myron McCormick will be found in "China Girl." The dice-throwing Hindu boy is played by Bobby Blake, and there's a spot for Ann Pennington in one of the café scenes.—20th-Fox.

P. S.

Gene Tierney used no special make-up for her role as a full-blooded Chinese girl. Gene's Swedish-Irish-French-Spanish heritage allows her to play any nationality, including Oriental, with the use of different lighting... George Montgomery fought against growing a moustache for the film, but liked it so well after it had sprouted, he's asked the studio to let him keep it in all his pictures from now on. Makes him look even more Gable-ish... Ben Hecht, prowling around Los Angeles, found a perfect set for a Mandalay hotel—the Bradbury Building in the heart of the business district. Built by a wealthy man with exotic ideas in 1891, all the offices open off balconies, the walls are panelled in oak and gold, the floors are Italian marble, and the roof is one enormous sheet of glass... Director Henry Hathaway once spent a year in Burma doing research, so the native backgrounds are authentic... Technical directors on things Japanese were an Armenian, Liparit Hambartsumianz, and a Frenchman, Louis Vincenot... No Chinese youngster of nine was found who could project the character of an uncouth street gamin. All of them were too well-mannered. Bobby Blake was borrowed from Metro and given a special make-up... Gene suffered a minor case of shell-shock after working 5 days in a building supposed to be under bombardment by the Japs.

WATCH ON THE RHINE

I will tell you first that "Watch On The Rhine" will wring your heart and make you weep; and in the dark you will clench and unclench your fists; that it is the warm and tender love story of a man, his wife and their three children; that it is vibrant, cruel and frighteningly alive, like a nerve-end exposed. And you must see it.

Somewhere near the beginning of "Watch On The Rhine," the hero, Kurt

...and now from
WARNER BROS.
comes as exciting
and timely a
motion picture as
ever you've seen!

You can
tell by the cast
its Important!
Gripping! Big!

HUMPHREY
BOGART INGRID
BERGMAN PAUL
HENREID

THEY HAD A DATE WITH FATE
IN

CASABLANCA

with CLAUDE
Rains CONRAD
VEIDT SYDNEY
Greenstreet PETER
LOWRE

A HAL B. WALLIS PROD'N


It's playing NOW...

—or will be soon...Why
not call your theatre?

Directed by **MICHAEL CURTIZ**

SCREEN PLAY BY JULIUS J. & PHILIP G.
EPSTEIN AND HOWARD KOCH • FROM A
PLAY BY MURRAY BURNETT AND JOAN ALISON • MUSIC BY MAX STEINER

IT'S THE SCREEN'S GREATEST
MUSI-GAL
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THRILL TO KENNY'S
LOVE SONGS TO PAT

"Silver Skates"

KENNY PATRICIA
BAKER • MORISON
AND BELITA

FRICK & FRACK
IRENE DARE • DANNY SHAW
EUGENE TURNER
TED FIO RITO

Produced by Lindsley Parsons
Supervised by Wm. D. Shapiro
Directed by Leslie Goodwins
Musical Numbers Directed by Dave Gould
Original Screenplay by Jerry Cady

IT'S A MONOGRAM PICTURE

Muller, is asked what his business is, what is his trade. He says: "I? I fight against Fascism. That is my trade." It may seem an easy reply; for today to quote from the picture again, we are all Anti-Fascists. "Yes," his wife says quietly, "but Kurt works at it. That is the difference."

There is a quality about "Watch On The Rhine" that puts it in a class different from all previous anti-Nazi pictures. It does not horrify for the sake of horror or solve its problems by those Superman gymnastics which are as valid as the comic strip they draw upon; neither does it simplify to absurdity or merely jeer comically at the Nazi buffoons. Yet it is full of the true horror of Nazism, and it's main character is a man who puts Superman to shame. It is "dated," for it takes place before we had yet entered the war, but not even tomorrow's headlines will state so clearly and so aptly what we are fighting for and why. It does not stop



to preach, and yet it will move you to tears, to shame and to determination.

The story is concerned with Kurt Muller, his wife Sara and their three children who come as refugees to America. They return to the home of Sara's mother, the Farrelly Mansion, a large and gracious house near the Potomac outside of Washington. Fanny Farrelly is a brash, impulsive and good-hearted woman; something of a social figure in Washington circles. At the time the Mullers return, she has as house guests Count Teck de Brancovis, a Roumanian nobleman, and his American wife. Teck immediately spots Kurt as being something more than just a "refugee." He fishes for information at the Nazi embassy, and from what he learns he shrewdly deduces that Kurt is a leader of the underground movement in Europe. When the time comes for Kurt to go back once more to the danger-ridden shores of Europe, Teck threatens to expose him to the Nazis unless he pays \$10,000 for his silence.

It is a melodramatic situation, and Lillian Hellman who wrote the original play never fails to tell a tense and crackling story. But it is not so much the bones of the story which make "Watch On The Rhine" outstanding. It is the people, rather. They are drawn full-blooded and in the round. Bette Davis, who did so well in Miss Hellman's "The Little Foxes," plays the part of Sara, a woman of infinite character: her son tells her she is brave, and she answers, "It isn't like that at all. When the time comes—when it comes, I do my best." Paul Lukas is Kurt, and he is all that a hero must be; a compassionate, full-hearted man who

does what he has to do and does it well; he says at one point in the picture (and if I am quoting too much, I cannot help it, since the picture says so many things so well, "I cannot longer just only look on. I say with the great Luther: I must make my stand. I can do nothing else. God help me. Amen." And then, there are the children, Joshua, Babette and Bodo, as wonderful a trio of children as has ever graced the screen.

"Watch On The Rhine" is a noble picture. It is difficult to speak about it because it is so much better than anything I may write of it. Someone once said that a critic faced with something good can only say "Go and see for yourself. Anything else is superfluous."—War.

P. S.

Bette Davis was so anxious to work in "Watch On The Rhine" she talked producer Hal B. Wallis into letting her accept a minor role in the picture, while Paul Lukas, Lucille Watson and others grabbed off the fatter parts . . . The film marks Herman Shumlin's first venture in Hollywood. Heretofore, Shumlin has confined his directing talents to the stage, ("The Corn Is Green," "The Little Foxes") . . . This is the second straight picture that Davis has teamed up with kid-star Janis Wilson. Between takes, Janis and Bette spent most of their time swapping "shop talk" about acting . . . Poor George Coulouris in his role of the Nazi villain has been murdered 500 times by Paul Lukas. Four hundred and ninety-seven of his executions were nightly affairs during the show's 15 month run in New York. Only three of 'em occurred in Hollywood during filming of the production . . . Lucille Watson had a difficult time reading lines before the camera after a season on Broadway. "Stage folks have to have powerful lungs," claimed Miss Watson "or else they'd never be heard in the peanut gallery." It took four days to tone her down to a movieland whisper!

FLIGHT FOR FREEDOM

When Amelia Earhart, that gallant lady of the skies, crashed somewhere in the wide wastes of the Pacific, it marked the end of an era. For she was almost the last of that intrepid group of fliers whose exploits and spectacular flights wrote the aviation history of the twenties and the thirties: Wiley Post, Floyd Bennett, Roscoe Turner. Aviation today is more serious, more efficient, more deadly; and, perhaps less romantic.



"Flight for Freedom" does not presume to be a screen biography of Miss Earhart. Yet Tonie Carter, the heroine of the story, is obviously patterned after the original. Like Miss Earhart, Tonie Carter's last flight finds her spinning down from the limitless sky into the silent, placid Pacific. "Flight For Freedom" attempts to provide an explanation for that sudden and tragic disappearance.

Since the picture is fiction and not

Dura-Gloss picks you up . . .



You must be busy — who isn't, with all the extra war-work there is to do? Well, when you're feeling all worn out, try this: sit down and do your nails with Dura-Gloss. Do it slowly. Observe Dura-Gloss' steady, even flow. Look at its lovely radiance and sparkle. Your nails will look more beautiful than ever before. Chances are, you'll feel refreshed, ready for anything. Get DURA-GLOSS now. At cosmetic counters everywhere.



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Cuticle Lotion
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Iresistible

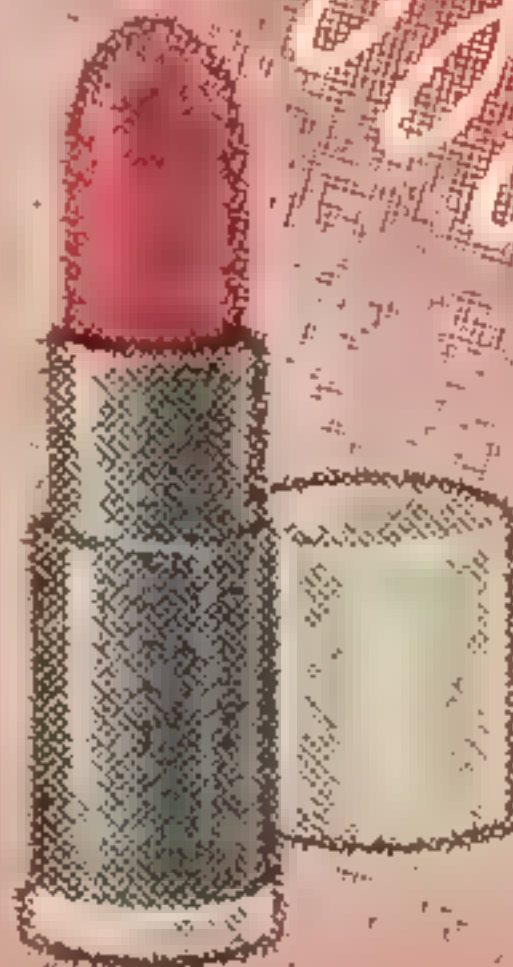
AS HE DREAMED OF
FINDING YOU!



THAT Iresistible
SOMETHING IS
IRRESISTIBLE PERFUME

It's like the magic of moonlight, only it's more lasting! It's a pulse-stirring, heart-catching, unforgettable fragrance because it was blended with youth in mind. Wear Iresistible Perfume tonight! You owe it to him if he's in love with you... and to yourself if you want him to be! Enchanting valentine package.

10c at 5 and 10c stores everywhere



USE IRRESISTIBLE LIPSTICK
Brilliant new reds and ruby tones. The lipstick that's WHIP-TEXT to stay on longer... s-m-o-o-t-h-e-r... 10c

biography, it also tells a romantic story. Tonie Carter (Rosalind Russell) was a jodhpured and grimy student pilot when she first met Randy Britton (Fred MacMurray), a world-famous pilot with an easy and devastating way with women. Tonie is properly devastated by his charm and cruelly hurt when he casually pops off to South America in the midst of their romance.

Determined then to become a famous flier in her own right, she teams up with Paul Turner (Herbert Marshall), a plane designer. Between them they plan a series of flights that culminates in her record-breaking West to East hop across the United States; Randy Britton's record, by the way. This lank, unspoiled girl captures the heart of America and achieves the fame she wanted. But she continues her flights, each more dangerous than the last. Turner begs her to stop, to become his wife. She promises to marry him—after one last flight.

This last one is to carry her around the world. Midway in the flight, at Hawaii, the U. S. Navy suddenly wires her that they have a favor to ask. They want Tonie Carter to crash somewhere in the Pacific. This will give the Navy, presumably bent on rescue, a chance to fly over the Japanese Mandated Islands and photograph the illegal bases which the Navy is sure the Japs have built there. The "crash," of course, is to be only a fake. The Navy would provide a navigator to guide her to a tiny island where she would remain in hiding until the search—and the photographing—are over. Tonie agrees.

At the rendezvous-point Tonie meets her navigator: Randy Britton. And there, on the lonely Pacific island, they catch up the threads of their bitter-sweet romance for the last time. The last time—for Tonie discovers that the Japs know of their plan and intend to "rescue" her before the Navy would have a chance to swing into action. So in the early dawn of a Pacific morning Tonie takes her plane up. Alone.

Since she must be really lost now, for the trick to take effect, she flies out as far as her gas permits, noses the plane as high as it will go, and then comes spinning down into the huge nowhere of the ocean; to death and to glory. . . .

Much of the picture is devoted to the atmosphere of those earlier days of flying; to the tense drama of a Bendix air race, to the first, eerie blind landing. But all of it is concerned with a slim, beautiful and gallant girl—Tonie Carter.

Or, if you like, Amelia Earhart.—RKO.

P. S.

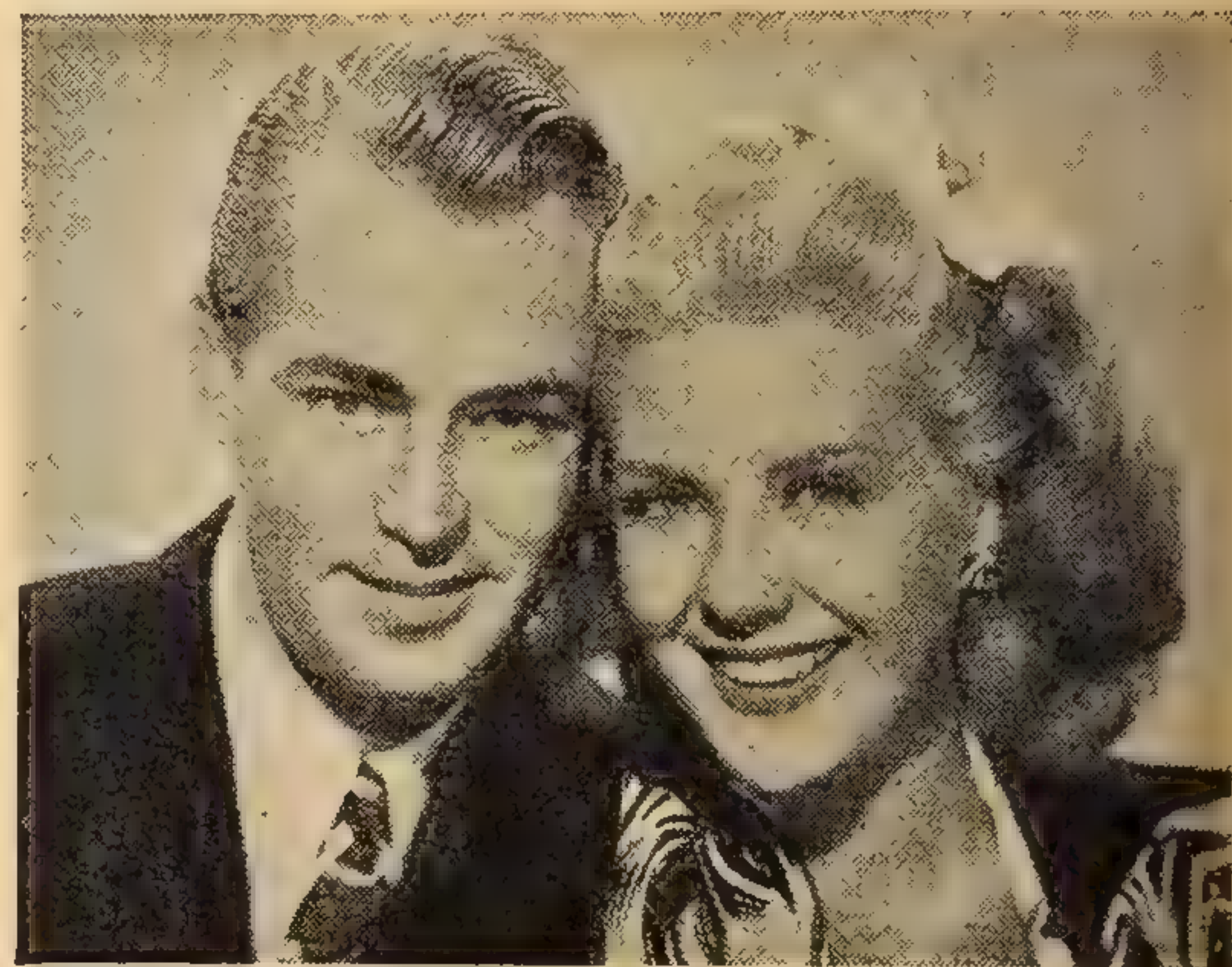
The plane Roz flies in the picture is a huge twin-motored Lockheed-Electra, a type that has flown the Pacific many times. Ship was under military and civilian guard all the time it was not in use . . . During production, two especially nice things happened: Roz discovered (1) that she would become a mother in Spring, and (2) she was chosen Most Cooperative Star of the Year by the Hollywood Women's Press Club . . . Herbert Marshall let RKO use some of his original cartoons, which he collects, as decorations in the club scenes. His prize of the group is a Bairnsfather drawing of three British soldiers making tea in a trench. Bart, himself, is one of the soldiers . . . MacMurray got a day off during production, spent the entire evening before readying his guns and decoys for a day of duck shooting. Got there bright and early at 3:30 A. M., only to discover he was one day too early for the opening of the season . . . Studio grips and mechanics stood around

with broad grins the day scenes were shot showing Roz Russell fixing the innards of her plane. She fooled 'em all, scorned their advice and did everything perfectly. "I've been working with boats and autos since I was 15," she explained . . . Roz and Fred played those tender love scenes with their feet encased in extra-heavy, water-proof boots. Their feet don't show, but waves kept rolling in all the time, soaking them ankle-high . . . After every kiss, Fred removed Roz's lipstick with one of those paper hankies. Fred's comment, gazing at the Kleenex: "Now every time I look at one of these things, it smiles right back at me!"

LUCKY JORDAN

If you have never seen Alan Ladd this is as good a time as any to catch up with his career. In his first picture Mr. Ladd was grim-faced and hard-eyed and limited strictly to speeches no longer than two words in length; in his second, Mr. Ladd was permitted a tight-lipped grin or two. In both cases he was highly effective. Paramount, after sniffing the wind and carefully counting up Mr. Ladd's mounting fan mail, has now boldly eased up on the reins and given Mr. Ladd his head. All the props that previously surrounded Mr. Ladd's perch have been knocked away; no one shares the star billing with him and, cruelest blow of all, there's no Veronica Lake. It is a case of sink or swim, and Alan Ladd proves buoyant as a cork.

"Lucky Jordan" is the story of a big city, big-time racketeer who gets caught up in the mills of the draft. Neither his lawyer, nor a beery, gin-drinking old darling whom he hires to play the part of his mother can convince the draft



board that he shouldn't hear the sweet music of reveille.

Once in camp Lucky lays plans to make a break just as if the Army were nothing better than a jail. He does it by stealing a car and kidnapping a beautiful canteen hostess (Helen Walker) who stumbles into his escape. But the car Lucky stole had been owned by an Army engineer; and a brief case thrown carelessly on the car seat contains plans of a very secret and very valuable new tank. Before Lucky can draw a deep breath, he's knee deep in Nazi spies and hi-jacking gangsters; the Nazis want the plans for obvious reasons, and the gangsters want it so they can sell it to the Nazis for \$50,000.

Upon discovering the worth of the brief case, Lucky promptly raises the ante to a round \$100,000, planning to use the money to hide out until the war blows over. Meanwhile the canteen worker, beautiful as ever, has been falling slowly in love with Lucky and trying to convert him to the cause of the United Nations. Lucky falls into line easily enough on the love business but re-

mains stubborn about going back to the Army with the plans. That is, until the gin-soaked old darling who once played his mother is cruelly beaten up by the Nazis who are hot on his trail. Whereupon Lucky decides to clean up the Nazi spy nest. And he does, too; and what's more, gets the girl in the bargain.

All this is done to the tune of deft dialogue, some odd and interesting back-grounds (a flower garden, for instance, turns out to be the Nazi headquarters), some tense scenes and a dozen or so outrageous coincidences.

Helen Walker does very well with her role as the canteen worker; Marie MacDonald as a secretary of the lap-sitting variety and Mabel Paige as the gin-guzzling Annie are high spots. Sheldon Leonard blusters brightly through his role as heir to the "Lucky Jordan" empire. But the main attraction in "Lucky Jordan" is watching Alan Ladd who began as only a glimmer in Paramount's heaven of stars.

Look at him now!—Par.

P. S.

Alan Ladd has now moved up to Chief Villain. This is his first starring role . . . Laddie's golden locks are the real McCoy. Studio execs let him switch back to his natural coloring when femme fans requested the change . . . Helen Walker debuts in this. Was seen last in the Broadway stage success "Jason" . . . Marie MacDonald is back for another try at movies, this time as a blonde. Romanced with Bruce Cabot during production . . . Ladd shivered in wet clothes for two days, working on one short scene. Nervous prop men and insurance men stood by with bottles of aspirin and blankets, but Alan came through without a sniffle . . . The troupe was the first company ever to invade the famous Meline Estate Gardens in Pasadena for a location scene . . . After one day's shooting, H. Walker was all set to go back to the safe stage. First scene required her to drive a car at top speed, then barely escape a collision . . . Mabel Paige, obliged to dye only half of her hair for her characterization of a frowsy panhandler, went into hiding until the picture was finished . . . Alan keeps up his record of gal-toting, with the gals getting heavier each time. In "This Gun for Hire" he carried Veronica Lake (98 lbs.); in "The Glass Key" it was Bonita Granville (105 lbs.) and in this, Helen Walker (115 lbs.)!

PUT YOUR BOOKS IN UNIFORM!

You think he's got a perfectly gorgeous mind . . . a fund of knowledge that smacks of the Britannicas. The 1943 Victory Book Campaign sounds like it was made for him . . . and all the nice guys like him. You're going to round up every foot-loose book you can lay your mitts on. And you're going to solicit friends to do the same. Before you're done, your crowd will have turned in every good new book around. And there'll be a noble stack of oldies in addition. You will get started right away, won't you? And deposit your loot at the nearest U.S.O. or library branch, from where they will be sent to army camps all over. The fellows want them even more than cookies . . . so do get started in a hurry!

Don't waste PEPSODENT

It takes only a little to make your smile brighter

● Nearly one-fourth of all the Pepsodent we make goes to men in uniform . . . they want it . . . they deserve it.

● At the same time, we are trying to supply the biggest number of civilian customers in Pepsodent history.

● But, wartime restrictions limit the amount of Pepsodent we can make.

● So . . . we urge you: Don't waste Pepsodent. Use it sparingly. If you will help save enough for others . . . there will be enough for you.



Lucky for all . . .

dental science knows no more effective, safe ingredients than those which make up Pepsodent's patented formula. That's why Pepsodent is so good, so effective, so safe that only a little is needed to make teeth brighter, make smiles more sparkling.



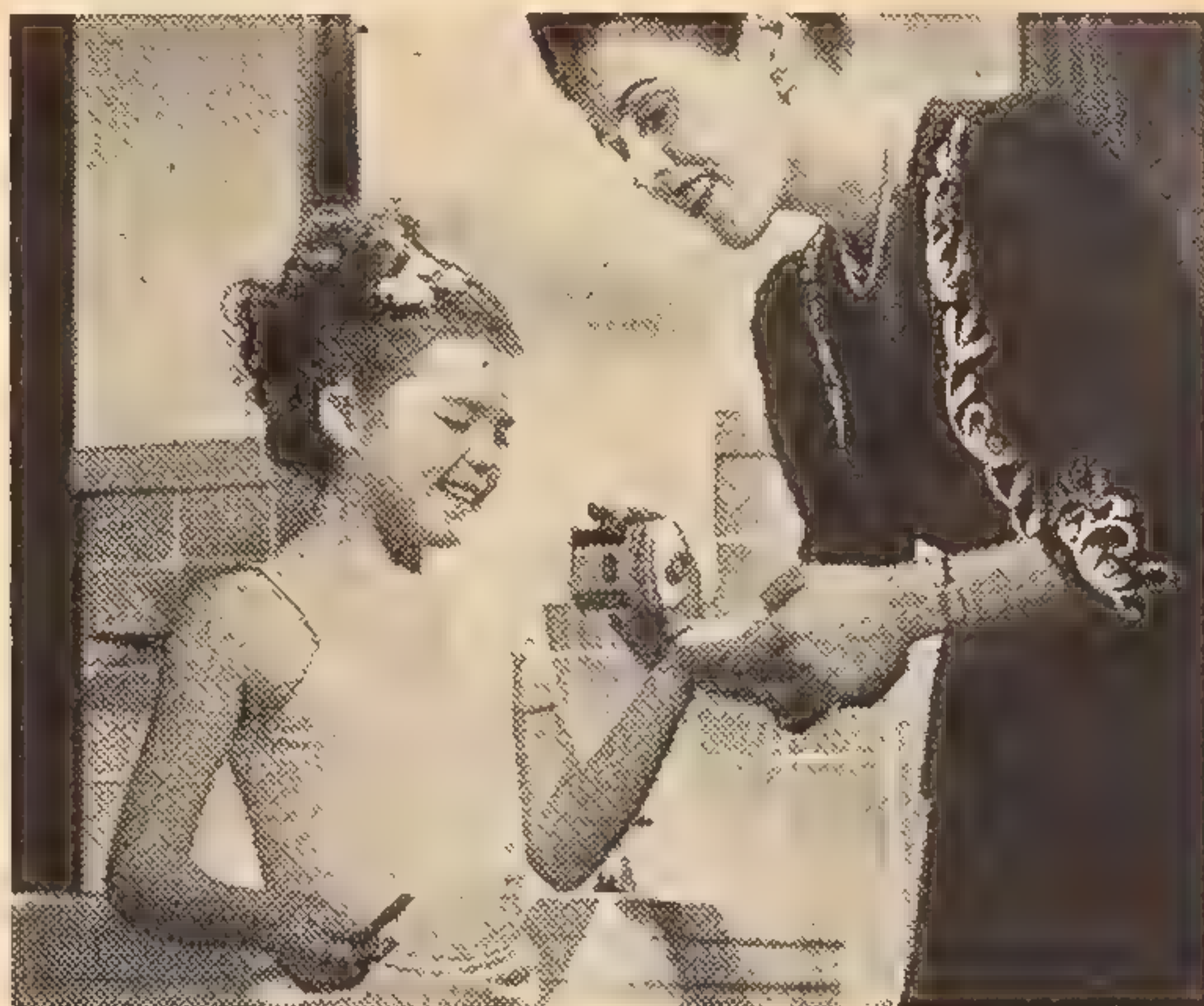
1. MOISTEN your brush before applying paste. If you apply Pepsodent before wetting brush, it may wash down the drain. Finish brushing before rinsing brush.



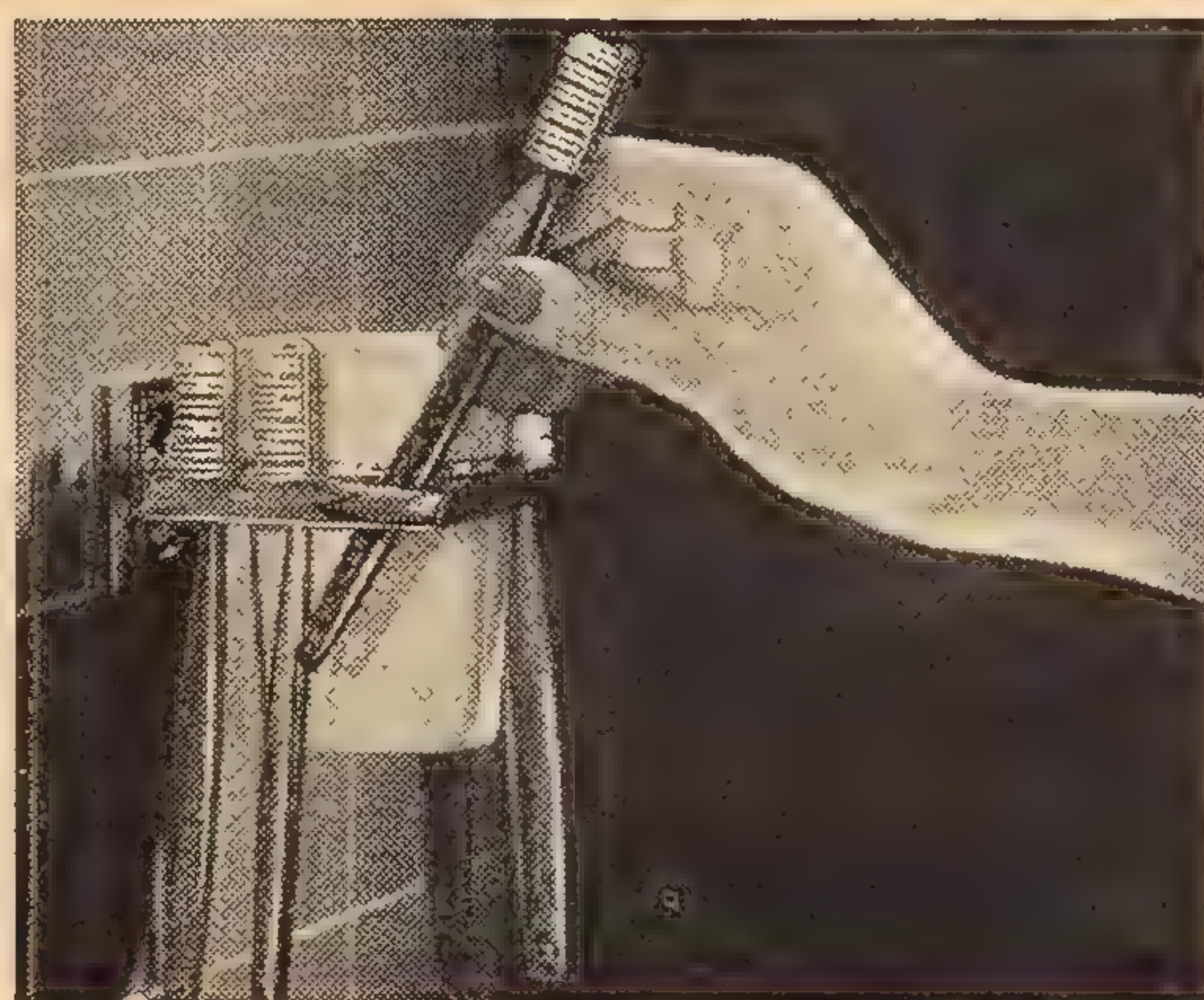
2. MEASURE out only as much paste as you need. About three-quarters of an inch is enough. Always squeeze and roll tube evenly from the bottom. Replace cap.



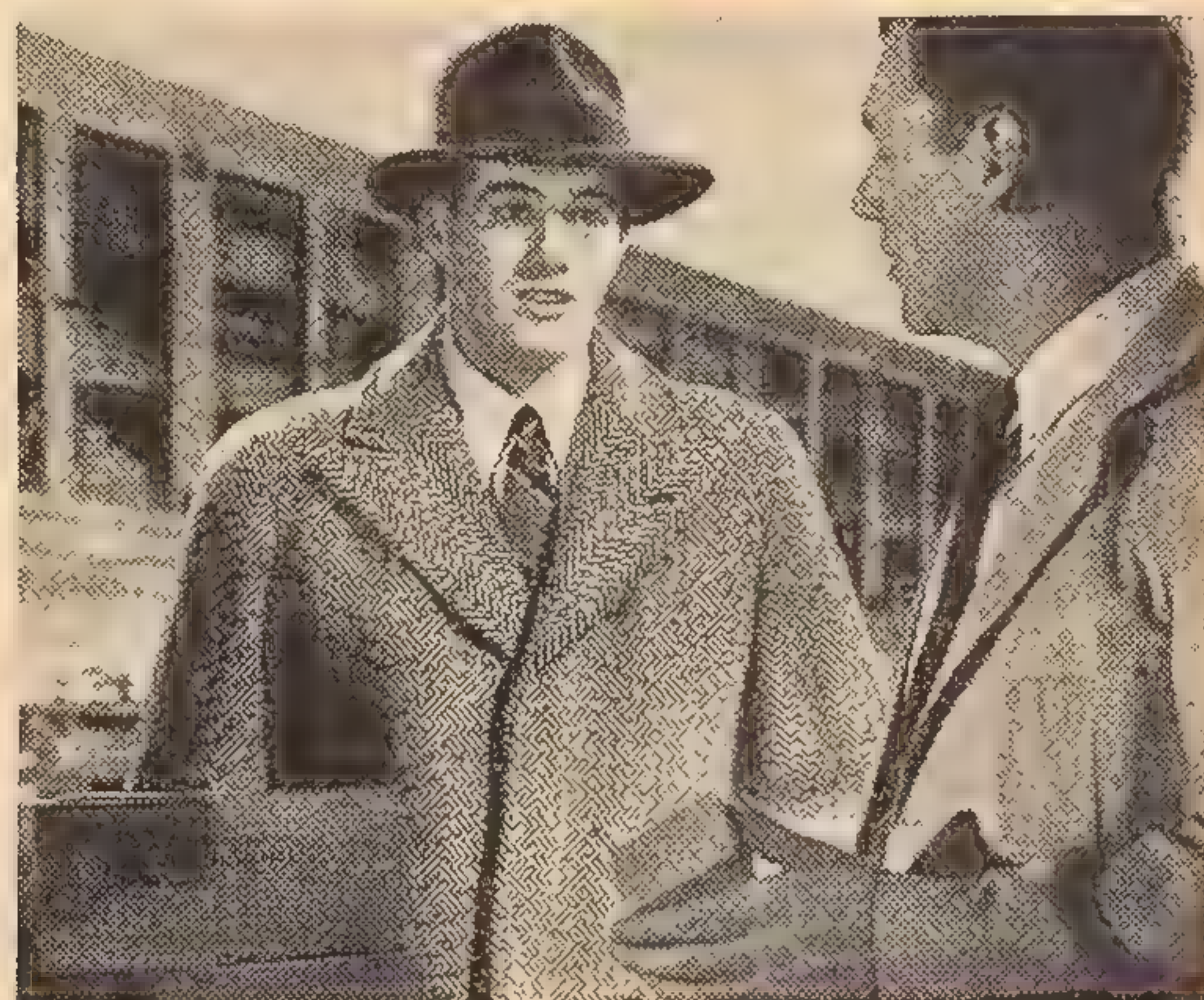
3. POUR Pepsodent Powder into the cupped palm of your hand — enough powder to cover a 5¢ piece is plenty. Do not sprinkle it on the brush — this is wasteful.



4. SHOW children how to dab — not rub — moist brush in powder to pick it up. Measure out the right amount for small children and teach them the proper way to brush teeth.

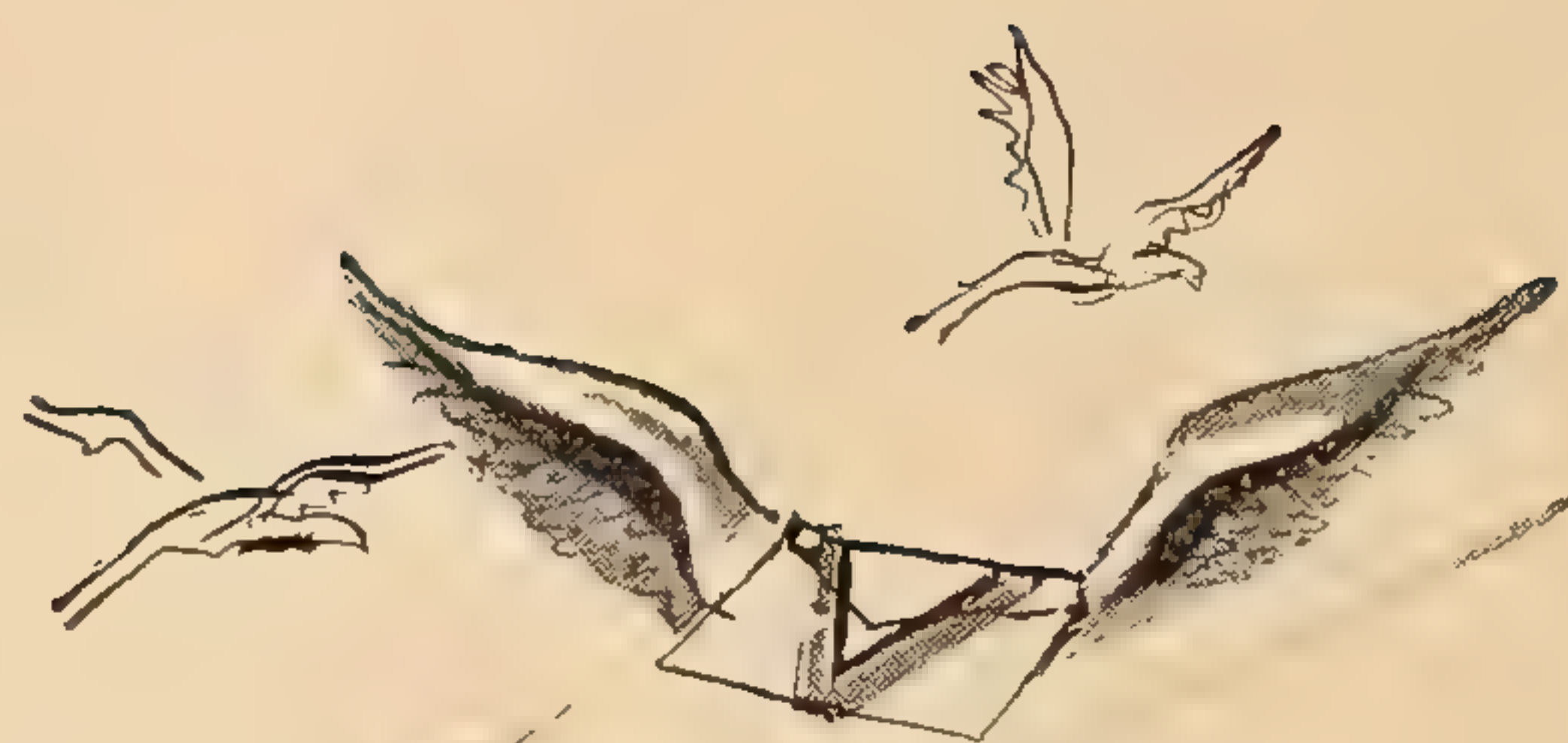


5. HANG your tooth brush up to dry after you use it. Bristles will stay firmer and last longer this way. Soggy, worn, wilted tooth brushes are inefficient, wasteful.



6. YOUR DRUGGIST is trying his best to serve everyone. Don't blame him if his Pepsodent stock is low and he has to disappoint you. Try again in a few days.

Co-ed



Are you one of the unfortunates who sent a big, lovely Valentine to a San Francisco A.P.O. back in December, and are now sitting tight sending none, getting none and loathing the whole business of V.'s Day? That, chums, is bad. But very. Of course if you're married, that's one thing. But if you're just "going steady" (and is that a laugh) with a lad overseas, shame on you. Okay, okay, you're saying, but he looked so pathetic, and I *do* like him—though I know now this isn't IT. Or maybe you're saying—I'm out of my head about him. Completely crazy for the boy, but I'd still like to dance or go to the movies occasionally while he's away.

In other words, going steady with a serial number is pretty drear. What to do if you were impulsive enough to sign a long term contract? There are two angles, depending on your situation. 1. Supposing everything went black when he told you he was going away. You didn't really love him at all, but for seven or eight hectic dates you thought you did. Patriotism, youth, sentimentality and a wide streak of Bette Davis all got together and made you swear you'd write daily and never look at another man. And then he went away, and there you were with your three dead gardenia corsages, his quartermaster corps insignia to sew on your coat and no torch whatsoever. Should you keep grinding out the love letters and spending your nights in lonely splendor; or slip him the axe by V-mail and risk the demoralization of his entire regiment?

We're of the school that believes in honesty with a pinch of tact. Jilt him so painlessly that he won't know he's been jilted. Gradually, let your letters encompass more and more people and places. Intersperse the "I love you's" with a few friendly "one of the reasons I like you so well is . . ." Having laid the groundwork with several warm-hearted, interesting, but definitely friendly rather than lovey letters, write him one that says something like: "How much better we know each other now than we did two months ago. V-mail is quite a thing. We were such noble infants swearing undying love on the strength of practically nothing, weren't we? I'm sure that the very next morning you realized it wasn't a very adult thing to do. It took me a week or two to (Continued on page 113)

**If going steady with an
army serial number isn't all
you hoped for, here's how
to do your jilting gently!**

By Jean Kinhead



*"Her lovely, shining hair
It did my heart ensnare!"*

**No other shampoo leaves hair so lustrous
... and yet so easy to manage!***



HER GLEAMING LOCKS (shampooed with Special Drene) rival the glitter of her sequin gloves and dress! The smart simplicity of her lovely hair-do is accentuated by the tricky ornaments—satin bows with tassels of silken balls cut from ball fringe.

For glamorous hair, use Special Drene with Hair Conditioner added . . . the only shampoo that reveals up to 33% more lustre than soap, yet leaves hair so easy to arrange!

Nothing makes a girl so alluring to men as shining, lustrous hair! So, if you want this thrilling beauty advantage, don't let soaps or soap shampoos rob your hair of lustre!

Instead, use Special Drene! See the dramatic difference after your first shampoo . . . how gloriously it reveals all the lovely sparkling highlights, all the natural color brilliance of your hair!

And now that Special Drene contains a wonderful hair conditioner, it leaves hair far more glamorous . . . silkier, smoother and easier to arrange, right after shampooing! Easier to comb into smooth, shining neatness! If you haven't

tried Drene lately, you'll be amazed!

You'll be thrilled, too, by Special Drene's super-cleansing action. For it even removes all embarrassing, flaky dandruff the first time you use it . . . and the film left by previous soapings!

So, before you wash your hair again, get a bottle of Special Drene with Hair Conditioner added! Or ask your beauty shop to use it. Let this amazing improved shampoo glorify your hair!

*PROCTER & GAMBLE, after careful tests of all types of shampoos, found no other which leaves hair so lustrous and yet so easy to manage as Special Drene.
Trade Mark Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.



*Soap film dulls lustre—
robs hair of glamour!*

Avoid this beauty handicap! Switch to Special Drene! It never leaves any dulling film, as soaps and soap shampoos always do.

That's why Special Drene Shampoo reveals up to 33% more lustre!



Special Drene
with
Hair Conditioner

THERE'S A FIGHTING MAN IN YOUR THOUGHTS TODAY!

Here is what's in his heart!

The heroic epic of those valiants
who smashed Rommel in Africa!
... And even more, the stirring
story of the human emotions and
passions that flamed in their
blood as they fought on to Victory!

HENRY
FONDA
MAUREEN
O'HARA

in JOHN BROPHY'S immortal war romance

IMMORTAL SERGEANT

A
20th
CENTURY-FOX
PICTURE

with
THOMAS MITCHELL
ALLYN JOSLYN • REGINALD GARDINER • MELVILLE COOPER
BRAMWELL FLETCHER • MORTON LOWRY

Directed by JOHN STAHL
Produced and Written for the Screen by Lamar Trotti



Janie . . . all scrubbed and brushed and pretty for the moments she can snatch with Ronnie! And, when he's gone, the gallant way she crowds her life with war jobs, work on W.B.'s "Princess O'Rourke," the baby. But first and always, Ronnie, to plan for and to dream about. We've told you, further on, all we know of Ronnie and all we could get out of Jane. The rest remains strictly 'twixt the two of them.

Pardon us, Mr. Muni, we know you hate applause ("because no actor should come out of his role to take bows"). But allow us a few claps for your magnificent prancing puppets. Your melodious fiddling. Your superb role as a Norwegian in Col.'s "The Commandos Strike at Dawn." And one final round for that heavenly little woman who keeps you in Muni paradise with her scrambled eggs and sour cream!





—A. L. Whitey Schafer

Mary Martin's heart sho' nuff belongs to daddy Halliday, but it's a devotion divided by baby Heller. *That* lucky miss had an Xmas stocking hung for her before she ever set foot on earth! Mary's native Tex. ranted and raved over the godless name, and a Mary was tacked on in case she ever tired of living up to the Heller! Doesn't look like she will, tho—the way she acted up when Par. stole Mommy for “Star Spangled Rhythm”!

Cary Grant, by general consensus, is something beyond and above. Figuratively, that is, up until now. But literally from the moment he enters the Army Air Corps. Experts in higher mathematics argued he'd be of more value in taxes than in uniform. But Grant had different ideas. As a parting shot, he's throwing his full weight into RKO's "From Here to Victory" with a performance that's simply *gleaming* with GRANT!

Ernest A. Bachrach





Joan Crawford's like a gorgeous hunk of diamond! Glittering, many-sided, fabulous! Crawford trail-
ing maid, secretary, dachshunds. Shoveling out time and money to charity. Dashing off an autobiography.
Racing home to kiss the adopted tots good night. Tossing off three model movies a year (the latest,
"Reunion in France" for M-G-M). Getting things done in a twinkle . . . and, bless her, doing them with DASH.



Stack stopped grinning that wide and wonderful grin of his, for a while. There was that tricky knee keeping him out of the Navy Air Force, and nothing seemed to matter as much. Now that he's finally in, he'll leave behind him a trail of glittering dames, a gigantic collection of loving cups, a darned good job in pics. But the grin is back, as you'll note from Univ.'s gov't. short, "Keeping Fit." And boy, is he ever!



THE LOVE STORY THAT WAS *Hushed* UNTIL PEARL HARBOR

One night she found love after years of waiting... and at dawn this round-the-world girl flier faced the most desperate sacrifice America ever asked of any woman—or any man. The navy's most amazing pre-war secret probed in a great and startling love story.

ROSALIND RUSSELL · FRED MACMURRAY

FLIGHT FOR FREEDOM

HERBERT MARSHALL

EDWARD CIANNELLI · WALTER KINGSFORD

Produced by David Hempstead · Directed by Lothar Mendes

Screen Play by Oliver H. P. Garrett and S. K. Lauren

AN RKO RADIO PICTURE





Tragedy struck the Reagan home when Maureen (who dubs herself Murmur) toppled down during a game of "Ring-Around-the-Rosy" and broke her leg. Nearly tore her parents' hearts out when she pointed to the cast and woefully wailed, "Pooooor Murmur."



Bet you've wondered what kind of a kid Ronnie was. Well, here's the first exciting instalment of a life story that'll make you laugh, cry—and love him more than ever!

• Ronnie sat on the front steps and brooded. It was a little cold for sitting on the front steps, but Ronnie had plenty to brood about, so he didn't notice. Bobby Jiggs, his Boston bull, sat beside him, nose on paws. Every once in a while, he'd lift the nose hopefully and nudge Ronnie's hand. Ronnie continued to brood.

He was probably the only kid in Dixon—in Illinois—in the whole world maybe—who couldn't get to see "Birth of a Nation." Except Moon. Moon was the nickname attached for obscure reasons to his brother Neil. Moon had gone off with his own crowd to kick a ball around. Normally, Ronnie would have asked nothing better than to tag along. Normally, Moon bellyached plenty about being tagged by a darn kid two years younger. This afternoon he'd muttered, "C'mon, if you want." But this afternoon Ronnie was concentrating on his woes.

"Birth of a Nation" had come to town in one of its periodic revivals. The Reagans were consistent movie patrons. They'd go together, Jack and Nell sitting in the rear, Moon and Ronnie scrambling for seats as close to the screen as they could get. (Except

on solemn occasions, few and far between, their parents were Jack and Nell to the Reagan kids.)

It happened that the Klan was then also enjoying a revival in these United States, and with all the fervor of a two-fisted, fighting Irishman, Jack hated the Klan. No son of his was going to sit through their shenanigans. In vain Ronnie pleaded, in vain appealed to his mother. This time she sided with Jack. Even man-to-man argument failed. Having studied history, Ronnie sought to point out to his father that the Klan of those days and these were two different things.

If anything, Jack's mouth turned a shade grimmer. "The Klan's the Klan, and a sheet's a sheet, and any man who wears one over his head is a bum. And I want no more words on the subject."

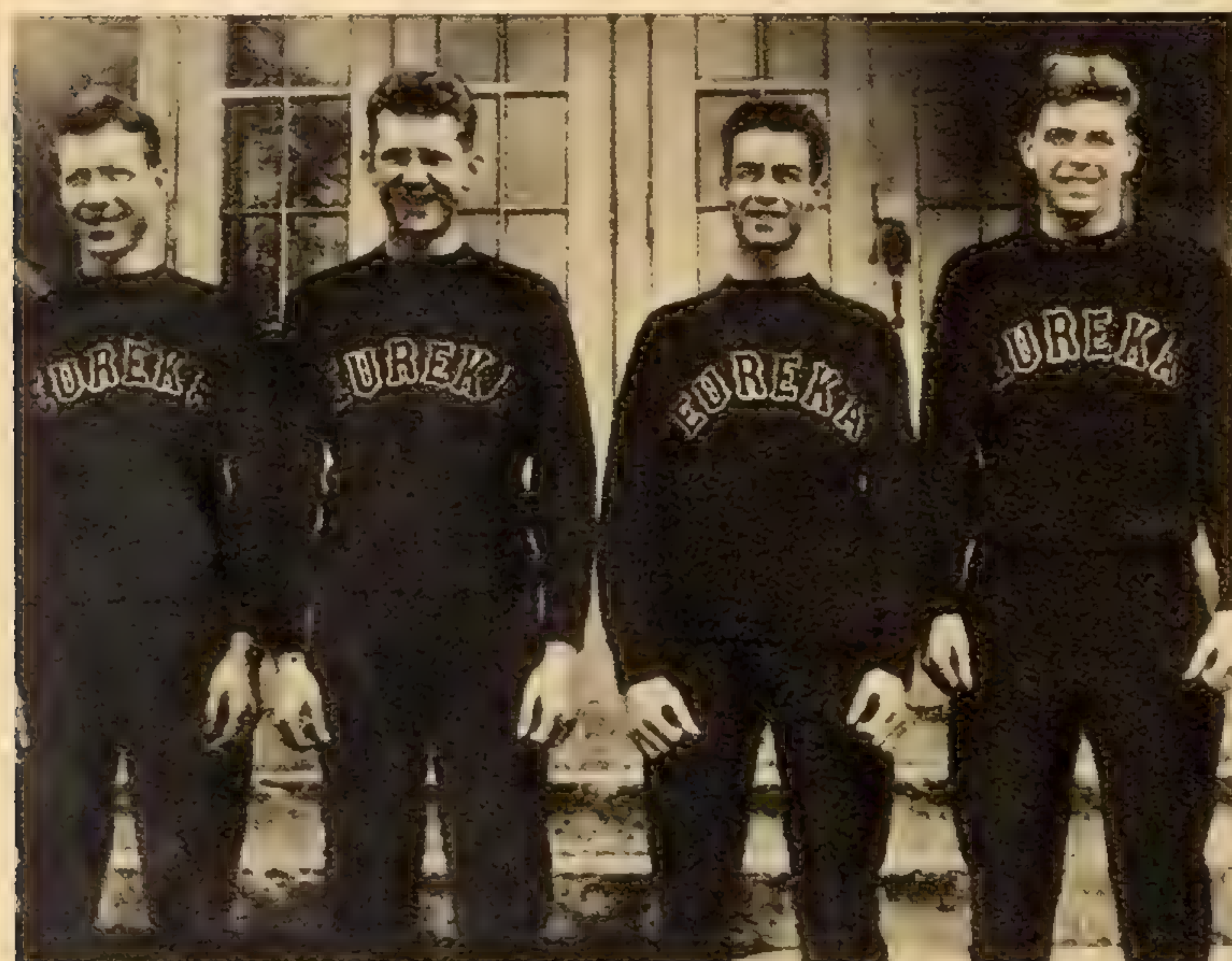
Ronnie kicked his feet out of the house and sat down to wallow in self-pity on the front steps.

If you're healthy, you can wallow just so long. Funny thing, Ronnie found himself musing, this was the first time Jack had ever put his foot down. When you asked for a new baseball bat, Jack was the kind who'd growl, "Think I'm made of money?" and all the time he'd be reaching in his pocket and pulling out the change. You never gave it a thought, just grabbed the dough and ran for the bat.

Yet there'd been times when money was pretty scarce. Nell worried about money. (Even today she looks at the price tag *(Continued on following page)*)



Ronnie got his first job at 14, digging a cellar. He and a buddy shoveled hole big enough for them, and then just *sat!* Above, with Mom, Pop and Moon (guy with groovy center hair part).



At Eureka he majored in Soc. and Ec. 'cause they were easy, and concentrated on dramatics, sports and politics. Got poor marks but won 3 varsity sweaters and odd-jobbed for pocket money!



Lifeguarded 7 straight summers to earn college tuition and reportedly saved 77 souls. Worked from 9 A.M. to 10 P.M., taking only 3 holidays the entire stretch (spent 2 of 'em swimming)!

first.) Not Jack. When Nell sighed that she wished they could even lay a little by, his answer came pat. "I've always been able to make a living, and I always will." But even when things were toughest, Ronnie couldn't remember that he and Moon had ever gone without.

He guessed his folks were okay. He recalled with a shudder the lady who once asked him if he loved his father and mother. "What for?" he'd blurted, incapable of analyzing the shiver of distaste that ran through him. You didn't go round talking about things like that. Instinct told him that Jack would have approved his answer. He'd have been as embarrassed as Ronnie by that love stuff. Nell? She did all right, too—for a mother. She didn't paw you—just asked 18 times if you wanted potatoes, and if you didn't, she'd still think you were turning 'em down because somebody else wanted 'em, so finally you'd better take the potatoes.

Secretly he was willing to admit that maybe he did love them. His mind went back to the flu epidemic in Monmouth, when he was in the third grade and school closed down and everybody wore masks, and suddenly Nell had it, and the house grew so quiet, and you sat watching for the guy with the black bag, and when he came down Jack went outside with him, and you waited with a lurking terror for him to come back, and he'd say, she's going to be all right, but his face didn't say so, and you went to bed and woke up with a weight dragging at the pit of your stomach, till one day Jack said she's going to be all right, and his face looked as if the sun was out, and that's how you felt and the world was right again. Yeah, he guessed he (Continued on following page)



Sports columning after college led to radio announcing in Des Moines, Iowa. While covering Chicago Cubs' training at Catalina Is., he met a movie casting director who gave him a H'wood job.



During early H'wood days he squired Susan Hayward. First love was a next-door neighbor whom he courted all thru school and planned to wed—until a Paris diplomat stole her heart!

Very first day on lot, Ronnie fell off a horse and dislocated his shoulder! In '37 he and Lana Turner were plugging in W.B.'s "B"s, but he was trying for bigger roles, upon advice of Pat O'Brien.



He wasn't bitter and kept an eye peeled for a sports-lover with humor. Janie was a hothouse flower, but love scenes in "Brother Rat" led to a 52-carat amethyst.



In Warners' "Tugboat Annie Sails Again," Janie and Ronnie once more played opposite one another. Ronnie says acting's the one job he wants to do in the world, elects Janie as his favorite actress.



Ronnie metamorphosed Janie from a languid night-clubber into a hearth-hugging sportswoman (started swimming lessons on honeymoon). They rarely night-lifed, spent most P.M.'s reading or playing gin rummy!



In May '40 they were wed in a small Glendale ceremony, Janie for third time, Ronnie for first. Received with J.'s mom, Mrs. Falk.

loved 'em all right, but he'd sock any guy that said so.

They had fun together, too. Ronnie's chin dug deeper into his palm as his memory dug deeper into the past. There was the time in Chicago when he and Moon ran away. Saturday night it had been. Jack was at work, Nell marketing. He and Moon blew out the gas before they left, so as not to waste it, and when Nell got back, she smelled it and ran to open the windows and thought they were dead. But they were a mile and a half away, and a nice drunken man was trying to talk them into going home. That's where Nell caught up with them. They got their hides tanned, but it was worth it.

There was the time Moon hitched on a beer-truck and his leg was run over, and Ronnie went bragging all over the neighborhood. There was the first day he got up after pneumonia, and all the kids brought

their lead soldiers in, and the sun streamed through the window, and he felt like a king with an army of 500. There was the time Jack caught him fighting, and slapped him in the pants for getting licked. Then Ronnie blew up. "I was just haulin' off to lick *him*, when *you* butted in." Jack proffered apology in the form of two bits.

There were the evenings when Nell read aloud—every evening except when they went to the movies. At one end of the kitchen table sat Jack with his paper, at the other end Nell, flanked by the kids. Smack in the middle stood a huge pan of popcorn with butter and salt. If she was to live at peace with the Reagan boys, there were three edibles Nell never dared run out of—popcorn, apples and salted crackers. As she read about the Knights of the Round Table or Peary at the Pole, four (Continued on following page)



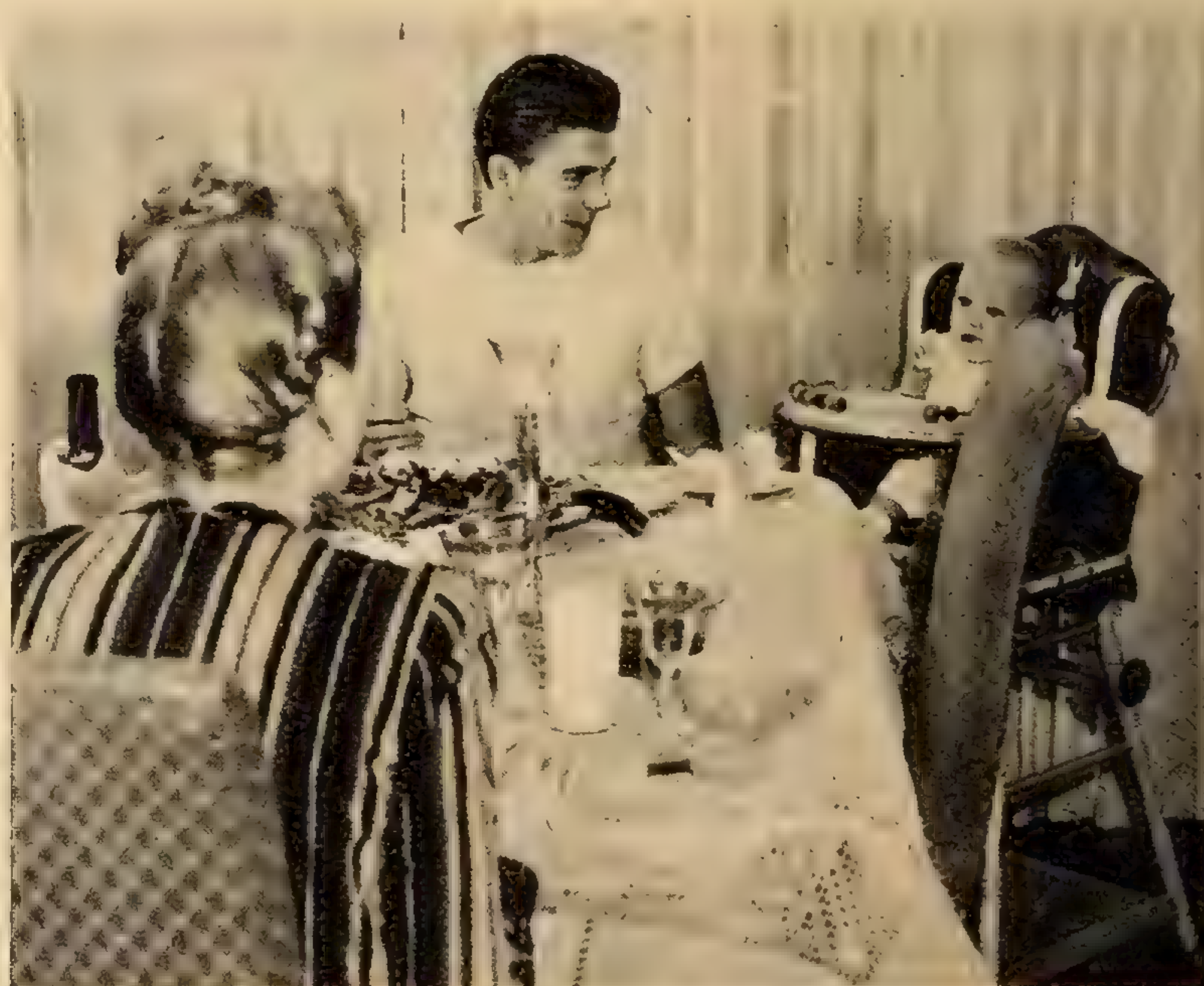
One month before Maureen came, Ronnie was contemplating whether his BOY would be baseball or football player. Janie threatened to give infant away if it were a gal. Melted after one look!



Got on famously from moment they took their vows—Janie cultivating the "musts" in Ronnie's life—strawberry shortcake, steak 'n' onions, 8 hours sleep, Crosby records, Thorne Smith books. Loves the way he superstitiously carries good luck penny and forever knocks on wood. Had party on Maureen's 3 months birthday.



In '41 Ronnie had a feud with Beverly Hills building authorities, who called his house an "eccentric lean-to." Later they built a nest on a hill overlooking city. Were great buddies of Eddie Albert.



Baby Maureen has Janie's wide forehead and China blue eyes but inherits her Daddy's friendliness and heavenly disposition. Proud parents gave her a gigantic Teddy bear on her 2nd birthday, Jan. 4th.

hands would go dipping into the huge popcorn pan.

There was the day he read himself. Jack came in to find him on the floor with the paper.

"What do you think you're doing?"

"Readin'."

"You and who else?"

"Just me."

"Read me something."

Ronnie did, and his dad's jaw dropped. He even called the neighbors in—for Jack, an admission of considerable pride.

"Where did you learn?"

"I dunno." Much later he figured he must have learned during those evenings, while he leaned on Nell's arm and followed the print.

There'd been lots of moving around—from Tampico where Ronnie was born, to Chicago, to Galesburg, to Monmouth, back to Tampico and at last to Dixon. Whenever they moved, first thing the boys did was rig up a reading light in their room—an unshaded bulb hanging from a cord over the head of the bed. Every night they read themselves to sleep. Nobody bothered them, nobody said, "That's bad for your eyes." Now Ronnie was having trouble with his. Teacher said he'd have to wear goggles.

Reason they moved so much, Jack was a shoe salesman. He was always getting better jobs. He loved shoes and feet, and putting the right ones together. Back in Monmouth, one guy's feet were so bad, he was in a wheelchair. Been to all kinds of doctors, they couldn't do a thing. Jack started fooling around with him and, before you know it, the guy comes walking in with a big grin and a cane. Finally Jack took a partner and bought this shoe store in Dixon.

Ronnie chuckled at the memory of their drive here. Shortly before they moved, his cat had had kittens—duly named King Arthur, Sir Galahad and Buster. Jack said they'd have to be left behind. Ronnie turned for aid to Nell, notoriously a softie. She inserted the cats in a basket, covered the basket and sneaked it to the floor of the back seat where the boys rode. The kittens kept popping their heads up, and Ronnie kept shoving them down. The noise of the engine covered their meows—either that, or Jack was pretending not to hear.

On arrival, Nell carried the basket off to be dealt with later. They were hauling stuff into the house when, suddenly, like some darn movie, from around the corner steps mamma cat, tailed by three balls of fur. They sail past the family, sniff the steps, sniff the porch and vanish through (Continued on page 87)



Maureen's nursery's the first place Ronnie heads for when he comes in on leave. Breaks all the rules, picking her up when she squawls, jouncing her on his knee. Calls her "Nuts" and "Monkeypuss" to tease J.



Precocious Maureen haltingly took her first steps shortly after her first birthday. Ronnie found his account closed after going into khaki and had to charge expensive Xmas gifts for Janie to her!



Betty and her nephew Peter are great football fans, constantly practice in the front yard. Last Fall she was elected honorary Captain of the Comedians team which played and lost to Leading Men 92-79.



Betty's sister Marjorie accompanies Betty's vocal gymnastics every day. That photo of Geo. has a specially processed, raised surface to give a third dimensional effect.



When rift rumors were rampant, George sent posies with a gushing note: "If I loved you half as much, it would still be twice as much as any other girl is loved." That p.m. the lovebirds were like this!

By Kaaren Pieck

Miss

McClelland Barclay has painted three portraits of her, any one of which is more alluring than a cageful of houris—whatever houris are.

She receives 14,000 letters every month; of this staggering figure, at least several hundred are always honorable proposals of marriage.

When she walks down the street distant enough to be unrecognized by miscellaneous far-sighted gentlemen, they invariably whistle at her. There are no statistics available, but it is probable that she has evoked more long-drawn vocal expressions of delighted surprise than the latest Petty girl.

When she appears at the Hollywood Canteen, its name is automatically changed to the Riot Room.

Recently she was selected as the third best box office bet by a national convention of motion picture exhibitors.

Month in and month out, her name is mentioned more frequently in fan magazines and syndicated columns than that of any other film star.

Publicity men in her (*Continued on page 80*)

Vic Mature came a-calling on Cesar Romero and Betty on "Coney Island" set. During location at Venice Amusement Park, Grable entertained 30 tickled doughboys on the rides and shows!



Terrific!

Alias Betty Grable, the gal who outhollers
lusty Dodger fans, bowls a mighty 230

and reaps 14,000 fan letters each month!



CANDIDLY YOURS



This is the reaction Greer Garson and Alan Mowbray got when they offered Roddy McDowall a cigarette at the Christmas Benefit Show. Proceeds went toward buying dinner baskets for Los Angeles' needy.



The Ty Powers double-dated with Geo. Raft and Betty Grable at Jitterbug Jamboree at H'wood Legion Stadium. After winding up work on "Crash Dive," Ty will go on active duty as a glider pilot in the Marines!



Since the Granville-Cooper split, Jackie's got a new lease on life with Pat Carlyle and Linda Darnell, above on their first date. He's one of the last Naval enlistees!



Alan Ladd's in a bad way with his draft board, 'cause his home town of Little Rock, Ark. can't find his birth certificate! Above, with Sue and the Red Skeltons.



**Valentine Greetings from Hollywood's
woosome twosomes, where Cupid
spreads the spirit 365 days a year!**



Though Ann Sothern dates Cesar Romero, her heart belongs to Bob Sterling, stationed at Santa Ana. But altar-trekking's out of the question for now. Ann's waiting for final divorce decree.



A big Mocambo party was tossed to celebrate Bruce Cabot's induction into the Army. Above, with Errol Flynn and Marie McDonald, over whom he's vying with Brazilian millionaire Geo. Guinle.



While waiting to be called up for active duty, Ensign Robert Stack gave the Hollywood feminine population a whirl. Took Dolores Moran dancing at Mocambo, but all his dreams are of Anne Shirley!

John Carroll and daughter,
Juliana. Julie has 2 cats
named Coo-Coo and LaToots.





Before John goes off to war, he'll have six cars (including station wagon) and 400 duelling pistols to get rid of. Now he's acting with Susan Hayward in Rep.'s "Hit Parade of 1943."



The house John lives in was built for Ma, Mrs. Emma LaFaye, but she stays there only during Julie's periodic visits! Other times, she occupies a Beverly Hills apt. closer to her friends.

Is this guy Carroll a goon? A jerk?

A fourteen-carat gent?

Start reading and judge for yourself!

The big swarthy youth was leaning against the cashier's counter in a Hollywood studio commissary, paying his lunch check. Suddenly he heard his name. He stared at a group of men at a table.

Said one, "Did you see that awful stinker we just made with a dope named *John Carroll*?"

Said another, "Yes, but it didn't smell half as bad as *John Carroll*, himself. What a bum!"

Groaned the third, an important looking gent, "Terrible! And to think we're stuck with his contract. I've been lying awake nights trying to figure out how to get rid of this *John Carroll*."

The big boy turned to the cashier. "Who's that man?"

"Don't you know? He's the president of the studio."

"Thanks," said John quietly, and left.

Next morning the president of the studio got a letter asking for John Carroll's release from his contract—his first studio contract, his first hard won Hollywood break. Six months later on Hollywood Boulevard John ran into the president of the studio he had deserted.

"You're John Carroll, aren't you?" said the (Continued on page 77)



Carroll has great mechanical skill. He designed above recording apparatus; has fully-equipped workshop near the house.

By Jack Wade

**Rogue
Male**



1. BEULAH: "If we get thrown out of many more places trying out new acts, I'll end up dancing on crutches."
JOHNNY: "Yed . . . we were going big, weren't we?"



2. SAM: "There's millions there . . . so much gold you can shovel it up like coal in a bin."
JOHNNY: "There, you see? I knew something would turn up."

By Maris MacCullers and Kay Hardy

"HELLO, FRISCO, HELLO"

Gilt-edged Nob Hill froze the song in

Johnny Payne's heart, but Alice Faye

had the patience of a woman in love.

STORY

They came hurtling out of the side door like a row of toppled bowling pins. First Dan, then Beulah and Trudy and finally Johnny Cornell. Sharkey stood in the doorway—reserved for entertainers, artists, truck drivers, drunkards and bums—with huge arms swinging slowly from side to side. From inside came the shrill sound of laughter of women and the bass rumble of men's voices. The whole street was blaring, blazing, nervously alive, dotted with signs: The Billy Goat, Happy Valley, Fat Louie's. San Francisco! The Barbary Coast!

"It's a hint," Sharkey said. "I don't want you here."

"Is he talking to us?" Dan said.

Beulah shrugged, "Could be."

Johnny brushed off his suit as he stood up. "We were doing fine. The act was going great. Trudy put that number across like—"

"Sure, sure," Dan said.

"We don't need Sharkey. We don't need an old dive like the Colosseum." (Continued on page 101)

PRODUCTION

Most awesome sight during production: Laird Cregar in make-up, with a flaming crimson beard exactly matching his henna-ed, permanent-ed hair. Ever since George Sanders stole all the Technicolor scenes in "Black Swan" with the red-beard trick, Laird's been yearning for an assignment like this.

Alice Faye's first day on the set, after a year and a half's absence, gave her the jitters. Everything was made as easy for her as possible. Schedules called for a singing scene (she likes them best), and all her old studio pals gathered around to welcome her back.

Alice is only 7 pounds lighter, but that slight change in weight affected the work of at least 70 people. The wardrobe department had to make a brand new dummy-replica of her figure, and all the Faye make-up charts had to be revised to complement her slightly thinner face. New hair-do's were created, designs for her picture wardrobe were changed—all of which meant new lighting formulas and different set (Continued on page 106)

JOHNNY PAYNE - BOND SALESMAN

Kissing ladies who had to be pried loose . . . making like

Gypsy Rose Lee . . . scrubbing his sox and shirts and ironing 'em

on a hotel room bureau—it was all part of Johnny's job for Uncle Sam!

• Sales were slumping off a bit at the big bond rally in Richmond, Va., and the tall, dark, handsome and haggard fellow was at his wit's end. He'd babbled like a tobacco auctioneer for hours and days. He'd made speeches, danced with the customers and raffled off every wardrobe item he could without going to jail. He'd even crooned a few songs in a voice husky with weariness. He'd auctioned off kisses. He'd kept a grin on his handsome pan all the while. But now he was stumped. He turned appealingly to his bond booster partner, the pretty blonde Hollywood actress. She was out of ideas, too. She'd been through the same mill.

"Okay," announced big John Payne to his audience, thousands strong. "What will it take now to sell you folks some more bonds?"

"Do an exhibition ballroom dance with Jane!" somebody back in the hall yelled.

John was weaving on his feet, and that bright idea almost slugged him out for keeps. Of all things he couldn't ever do for sour apples it was—dance. There had always been complaints. An exhibition! Shades of (Continued on following page)



While in civilian life, John brought the shekels into Uncle Sam's treasury on a bond tour with Janie Wyman. In Jan. he joined the Army Reserve for a 40-week civilian pilot training course, which will fit him for service as pilot or instructor. He'll be called to active duty at the end of the stint.



When Jane Russell went on a personal appearance tour, Johnny reportedly buzzed her phone every step of the way. *She's* so smitten she lost pounds on his account! The beautiful Jane is one reason why his attempted reconciliations with Anne haven't come off!



If there's a piano in the house, he finds it and pounces down to play a tune. Above, before Lux Theater broadcast.

Veloz and Yolanda! He looked at Jane. She nodded.

"You're on!" croaked Johnny Payne. "For a \$25,000 sale I'll do it. But don't ask for your money back when you see what you get. Remember—the bonds are good even if the dance is terrible!" So the sale was subscribed and—

"If my baby ever asks what poppa did in the Big World War," grinned Big John Payne to me, "I'll just tell her about that light fantastic. Me with my two left feet! And number twelves, too! All I can say is that if it was tough on me, think of poor Jane!"

Of course John Payne figures on a more solid war record than that. In fact, by the time this is printed John Payne, that tall, dark and handsome Hollywood hero guy, will have himself a new job. He'll be Private John Howard Payne of the Army Air Corps Reserve, in training somewhere in the Southwest to be a Service Pilot. If he doesn't wash out, and he has no such intentions, John will be busy as a bird dog until the Victory Parade in Berlin, aboard transport, training, bomber or ferry planes, working

steady, seven days and nights a week, for Uncle Sam.

That's a far cry from the glamour of Hollywood's studios, but the set-up won't be as strange to John as you'd think. He's campaigned for Mr. Whiskers before. What's more, he discovered the job he did for his country packed more of a thrill than any fame or fortune gathered from Hollywood in seven long years—and that's something. Because John leaves the movies Number One Young Star of the year with six hit pictures still packing 'em in all over the nation.

It was only a few weeks ago that John pulled into Hollywood after 14 days of the toughest but most thrilling part he ever played—selling War Bonds for Victory!

He arrived home 12 pounds lighter with dark hollows under his brown eyes. Half his wardrobe was missing, his hair was fuzzing down over his collar and his big body aching from whirlwind, bond-plugging days and sleepless nights. But he was the happiest star in all Hollywood, and with good reason: He'd traveled thousands of miles in hurry-up auto trips,



It's rumored he still carries a flaming torch for Anne. Offered to meet any conditions if she'd forgive. Above, with Jack Oakie, La Miranda and Alice Faye on set of "Hello, Frisco, Hello."

starred at a hundred bond rallies, given out with a couple hundred speeches, a few score radio broadcasts. And when his Uncle Sam could use the dough for a mighty mission, John and Jane Wyman peddled around \$10,000,000 of what it takes to buy tanks, planes and guns.

That's a fair enough good-by for any movie star leaving the screen for a bigger job. I thought maybe you'd like to hear all about it. Because, for one thing, it may be a spell before I can write another story on John Payne, and that's too bad, because I like to write stories about John. He's sort of tongue-tied at times and not the kind of fellow to dream up romantic stuff about sailing the Seven Seas or chasing head hunters in New Guinea. But you can count on what he says. Besides, I had a hunch the picture of Bashful John playing Salesman Sam in person ought to yield a chuckle here and there and maybe a solid lesson or two. I wasn't disappointed.

For instance, if you can close your eyes and see a movie-struck lady at a big (Continued on page 93)



Clowned around with June Havoc at studio and is genuinely fond of her, but altar shy. June, mom to a 6-year-old by her first marriage, just won a divorce.

Speaking of Errol Flynn . . .

As we go to press, a question mark still hangs over the Flynn trial! But whether you're for or agin' him, the guy's still news . . . and news is what we're dishing!



Errol's dropped tennis because of ill-health, submits to daily naps prescribed by doctor. For muscly movie roles, keeps toned up by daily work-outs with ex-pug. Still smokes fiendishly, borrowing cigarettes from everyone, paying off weekly with stacks of cartons.

Flynn talks by the yard about his new farm, keeps eagle eye on crops, weather conditions, barnyard clucking with chickens, ducks and geese. Actress Virginia Christine and John Garfield grin over tale of pet sea gull, rescued with broken wing from Errol's lion dog.





Errol hovered like a biddy over details of his 12-room house. Spurned decorators, furnished it himself. Lost so much poundage over that and his last pic that Warners' were warned to take it easy shooting "Edge of Darkness."



Next to slop-around clothes, Errol leans toward neat bow ties and double-breasted jobs with "a Wall Street" look. His swish grey Packard convertible coupe, with special body, is garaged for the present because of no tires.



While others on "Darkness" set gin-rummied, Errol pecked out current book about Arno, pet hound who rolled off yacht into the Pacific. Flynn has also authored a play, bought by Warners', and a national mag story on John Barrymore.



The Scotch-Irish Harts lived till recently in Newcastle, where Bob was born. The clan includes married sister Helen, Bob and Melee (above). Pop Hart used to catch for Chicago Cubs, now manages golf course.

HE WANTED WINGS

Rosemary Layng

**A guy can eat his heart out while a million
other young eagles are blasting Japs and
Germans out of the sky. Ask Bob Sterling . . .**

Bob Sterling's a very impatient young man. When he has to wait for things, he doesn't like it. He had to wait from December 7th to November 10th to get into the service, and he didn't like that at all.

It was on Pearl Harbor Day that he made up his mind he was going to war. Made up his mind isn't quite the right way to put it. With Bob, as with thousands of men, one followed the other as naturally as B follows A.

He was at home that Sunday, reading the funnies. The radio was tuned in on some musical program, but he wasn't really listening. It must have been a jerk station, anyway, for the music ran on uninterrupted till the phone rang.

"Is your radio on?" asked the friend at the other end.

"Yes."

"You don't sound excited."

"What about?"

"Good Lord, the Japs have attacked Pearl Harbor!"

That night he went (*Continued on page 72*)

Bob met Hedy when he jounced her rear fender, stopping for a traffic light. She and Ann Sothern shared Bob's last splurges before leaving for training school at Santa Ana.



This sword-snouted trophy, gifted to Bob, was once a 259-lb. Marlin snared off Catalina by Ann Sothern who holds the record for last summer.



Left at home with his civvies: 25 pairs of shoes and a lucky brown hat, dragged into every pic including M-G-M's "Somewhere I'll Find You."



The only photos publicly flaunted by Bob are his sister's and Ann Sothern's. Bob worked with Ann in "Ringside Maisie," says pic started him upward.



Give Beauty a Hand

"Smooth, white hands are your pass

to beauty and loveliness," says pretty

Ann Rutherford in a recent interview.

Ann Rutherford, whose new hit-opus is "Whistling in Dixie," suggests charm hints for your hands. Be glamorous to the tips of your fingers!



Ann softly works the cuticle back after a soap-and-water soaking.



By CAROL CARTER



... a colorless liquid base
... your polish, and you'll
... cover enamel wears longer!

After polish dries, apply hand
lotion or cream for softer
and more delicate skin beauty!



Sparkling-eyed Ann Rutherford was speaking . . .
"Today's pretty hands are busy hands!" And suiting
the action to the word, the brunette love of Andy
Hardy's life reached rosy-tipped fingers towards a
buzzing telephone. "Yes," she'd serve doughnuts
at the Stage Door Canteen. "Yes," she'd sell bonds
at tonight's premiere. "Yes," to a Red Cross rally.

The delicate Rutherford hands are sure 'nuff busy
. . . and pretty no end. How come? A rainbow
collection of brilliant polishes, ranging from rose-
petal pink to a deep, flaming garnet, a never-broken
habit of applying lotions after every hand-washing,
frequent creamings and special cuticle-removing
preparations, says she, help her to keep her digits at
their handsomest.

Ann was in New York as part of a whirlwind Bond
Selling Tour that took her all over Uncle Sam's map.
One-night stands left little time for elaborate beauty-
parlor sessions. "But, then I was prepared," she
cheered, "I've always done my own nails. I never

light long enough in one spot for anything else."
With a bit of art, a stock of finger-beautifiers and
the correct procedure (read further for that!) you,
gentle reader, can provide your own hands with
Hollywood caliber treatment.

Keep 'Em Clean

Put lots of soap-and-water emphasis on your hands!
Frequent washings are mighty important in creating
glamorous mitts. Don't be satisfied with a hasty
lick'n'promise dunking, but think of every hand
washing as a beauty treatment. Then you'll be sure
to use gentle, pure, cake and laundry-form soap,
whether it's hands, dishes or stockings you're sudsing.

Naturally enough, frequent washings are apt to
prove a bit drying, and hands have fewer oil ducts
than other body areas. Because nature has been
stingy, it's up to you to provide lubrication for
smoothly beautiful hands. Steal a leaf from La
Rutherford's charm book. Resolve that as regularly
as you wash your hands, you will pamper them with
a special lotion or cream. Keep convenient bottles
in kitchen and laundry, as well as in the bathroom
cabinet, then you'll never neglect this beauty "must."
If you do a daily stint in an office, keep a bottle in a
desk drawer. Defense workers stow their hand-pretty-
fiers in their lockers. Many industries supply their
employees with these special lotions, for efficiency
experts know that smooth, firm-skinned hands are
defter, less liable to infections.

If you're starting on a grubby job, like painting
the book shelves or transplanting the rose bush, dig
your nails into a cake of soap and scratch across its
surface. That's a trick of Ann's for she loves to putter
in the garden, "and my mother's always wailing that I
never wear gloves. To placate her, I use the soap
trick." After the job's finished, wash out soap, and the
nail tip will be left spotlessly clean.

For a further cleanliness-measure, smooth on a pro-
tective cream before setting to work. You'll find it a
boon for busy fingers. And speaking of busy fingers,
Ann's a dynamo of energy. Movie career and a
Bond-Selling record would be enough for us average
guys. But no. Ann also likes "to mess around with
oil painting, and I do a bit of clay sculpting. Very
poorly in fact." Which is modest but untrue. Ann's
hobbies have a definitely professional slant. But how
they do dirty a gal's hands! That's where a pro-
tective is such a help. Whether you're riding a hobby
or building bombers, (Continued on page 85)

By Carol Carter



"Finger-tip glamour is important", says Linda Darnell. She's in "City Without Men."



Rita Hayworth credits her lovely nails to daily care. At present she's seen in "My Client Curley."



Betty Grable can well be proud of those pretty nails she displays in her latest hit, "Coney Island."

Color at your fingertips!

Hollywood hand-habit . . . gay, sparkling polish gives extra glamour to pretty hands!

● "The touch of your hand" . . . script writers are always referring to it, Tin Pan Alley sings its praises. Must be something to this hand craze! In Hollywood, reels of film have photographed a hand opening a door, dialing a phone, holding a cigarette. The slightest movement can add a touch of mystery, glamour or suspense to any scene.

In your own life, the first thing the all-important "He" notices at the touch of your hand is the condition of the nails. So let's take a peek. Are your nails an asset or a liability? Are you flattering them with a becoming shade of polish?

Color Calendar

Fashion experts have told you how to match your gowns, gloves and shoes. Now, match your nail polish to your complexion type and the general color scheme of your favorite suits and dresses. Glance at some of the easy rules for color harmony for hands, and you'll want to try them next time you purchase a bottle of polish for your finger-glamourizing chores.

Take inventory of your type of beauty. Are you an outdoor all-American girl who looks grand in sport clothes? Then, with your tanned cheeks and healthy complexion you're sure to like those sparkling orange and rust shades of polish. They're becoming to you red-heads, too!

You with the exotic, pale, white skin and small delicate hands, try wearing smoky tones. They look charming with your type of skin.

If you boast luscious blonde tresses, then be oh-so-alluring in soft pastel shades of polish. And you brunettes can win looks of praise and admiration when you saunter forth in one (Continued on page 114)

Pretty hands! Deanna Durbin's in "The Amazing Mrs. Holliday."



PIN-UP CHART FOR

Hand Beauty

Fresh-fingered Hints from Screen Lovelies Are a Helping Hand to Charm!



RUTH HUSSEY

Ruth shapes each of her lovely nails into becoming ovals.



JULIE BISHOP

Julie keeps hands lovely by using hand cream often.

Patch a broken nail with scotch tape or paste a ready-made one on 'til the real one grows in again. Cover with gay polish, and no one will notice the camouflage.

Begin your manicure with a colorless base, then apply two coats of your favorite nail polish. With tissue, remove tiny line around nail edge to prevent chipping.



ELIZABETH FRASER

Soap-'n'-water scrubbing of hands is a daily "must."



ANNE GWYNNE

Anti-chip device: a final layer of colorless polish.

Be sure to use hand lotion after each and every washing. Keep an extra bottle in desk drawer, locker or kitchen to have hands looking smooth all day.

For brittle nails massage a nail lubricant on them daily. At night soak fingertips in warm oil before going to bed. Wear cotton gloves to protect bedding.

GOOD NEWS

Judy shoved work aside, lavished all her time on Dave Rose before he left for Army. Moved from Brentwood home to apartment for duration.



By Fredda Dudley

Glenn Ford off to Marines! Cary

Grant and Roz Russell cop H'wood

Women's Press Club Golden Apples!

Alas, No Gas!

The big story in Hollywood this month is Shortage. Shortage of butter, eggs, meat, gas and film. And men, Sophronia, MEN!

All manner of amazing things happened as a result of gasoline rationing: Bing Crosby moved into an apartment near the studio because he didn't have gas to get back and forth from his ranch to the sets. Then his ration board thought it over and decided to give him a B card, so Bing moved out of the building, just as nearby autograph kiddies began to search the vicinity.

* * *

John Payne moved into the apartment building in which Jack Oakie was living and was promptly invited to join the family for dinner. Venita Varden's mother does the cooking, so Mr. Payne is feeling at home. He is thriving, but with a sigh, because the minute he finishes "Hello, Frisco, Hello," he will be in the Army Air Corps.

* * *

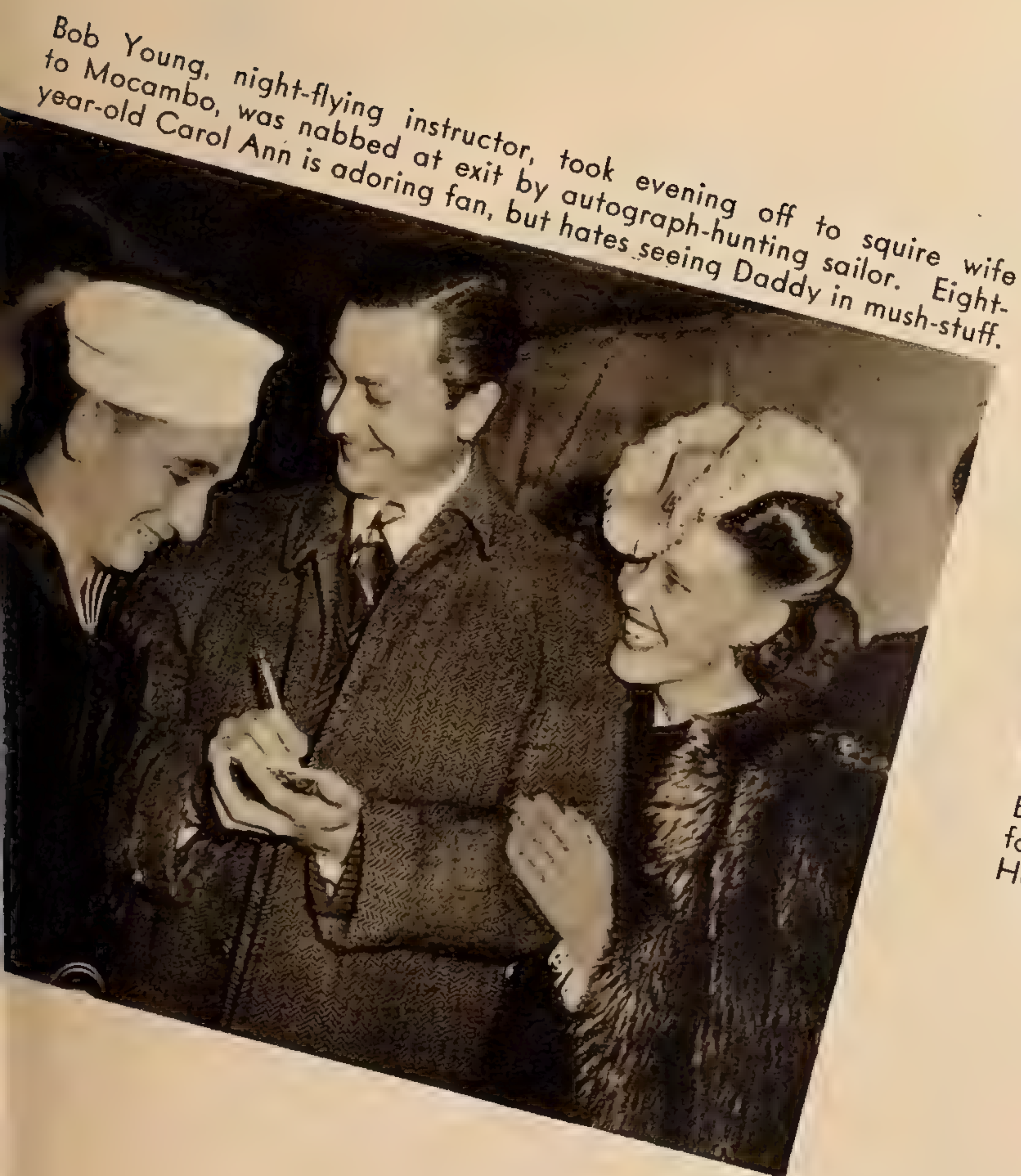
Paul Henreid (Continued on following page)



Seven thousand people sardined into Los Angeles Examiner benefit. Livvie de Havilland glows over cigarette case given Monte Blue for M.C.'ing at 25 performances.



Bonita Granville spends spare moments rustling up cookies for three branches of the service: Cooper in the Navy, Tim Holt in the air corps, and Briggs (above) in the Marines!



Bob Young, night-flying instructor, took evening off to squire wife to Mocambo, was nabbed at exit by autograph-hunting sailor. Eight-year-old Carol Ann is adoring fan, but hates seeing Daddy in mush-stuff.



Dennis Morgan shovels out succulent tidbits at Hollywood Canteen, founded and godmothered by Bette Davis. Service men are allotted 10 minutes apiece to jive with Grable.

thought he had preempted a spot for himself at the head of the Bright Idea class. When the threat of gasoline rationing was just a small, pesky sprout in the garden of California transportation, he oozed quietly down to a reliable dealer and bought a gasoline scooter represented to get upteen-umpty miles to the gallon. Came the rationing day, and Paul drove his scooter down to the nearest filling station, worried mightily because it was going thrub-squee instead of put-put. An attendant took one look and explained that the gimmick was cracked, and the scooter wouldn't be useful until it was fixed. Catch: the government has been using gimmicks by the carload, and there's no telling when Paul will be able to have his scooter repaired.

* * *

Cesar Romero, the most unremitting Don Juan in town, has been nipped in the gas tank. Before Annie Sheridan left for Mexico, Cesar planned to take her on a whirl of nighteries. Then he began to calculate the distance from his home to Encino, thence to Mocambo, thence to El Serape, thence to Encino. . . . So he wrote Ann a bon voyage note.

* * *

Hedy Lamarr and Jean Pierre Aumont started to Mocambo one night and ran out of gas, so they tried to get a cab and were told that taxis in Los Angeles are now prohibited from delivering any person to a night club, a department store or an athletic event. So they walked. But when the place closed at 12 (yes, Hollywood night life has simply ceased to be), Hedy Lamarr and Monsieur Aumont were marooned. Then, from an adjoining table, arose a tall stranger and said, "My wife wants me to tell you that we live in Beverly Hills, and we'll be glad to drive you to the most convenient bus line." Gone are the days when a citizen would have driven some 200 miles out of his way, simply to have been able to say, "Hedy Lamarr (Continued on page 64)



Abbott and Costello, backstage at Examiner Benefit, talk over possible overseas tour of Army camps, would like to include Russian. Hearing how guys relish home-town papers, they recently sent stacks abroad.



Reggie Gardiner and bride, Nadia Petrova, cut wedding cake at reception given by Arthur Hornblow. Later flung Hollywood's first rationed dinner. Guests came with own eggs, sugar, butter, coffee!

SUSAN TUCKER HUNTINGTON
of New Canaan and New York

Her engagement to Aviation Cadet Warren Albert Stevens was announced September 9th. *Her Ring* (at right) is set with an emerald, Susan's birthstone, shining either side of the exquisite diamond.



Warren has gone South to train as an Army flyer, and Susan is hard at work at the Delehanty Institute taking the course in "Assembly and Inspection" so she'll be ready to step right into a vital job on an airplane production line.

"Drills, bolts, screws and nuts have a way of leaving grimy smudges on my face," says Susan, "so I'm being *extra* fussy about getting my skin *extra* clean. Pond's Cold Cream suits me just fine. It helps slick off every tiny little speck of machine dirt and grease—and afterwards my face feels soft as a glamour girl's."

Use Pond's yourself—and see *why* Susan says it's "grand." You'll see, too, why war-busy society women like Mrs. Franklin D. Roosevelt, Jr., and Mrs. W. Forbes Morgan praise it—why it is used by more women and girls than any other face cream. Ask for the *larger* sizes—you get even more for your money. All sizes are popular in price. At beauty counters everywhere.

LEARNING TO DO A JOB THE U. S. NEEDS—At her bench at the Delehanty Institute, Susan drills precisely accurate holes in metal castings—a process she'll use often when she starts her war job. "Warren would be surprised if he could see how mechanically exact I'm getting to be," she says.

**Susan Huntington,
Air Cadet Stevens
Married in Alabama**

Just as this page about Susan's and Warren's engagement was going to press—they were married! Like so many girls engaged to army men these days, Susan's wedding plans were changed almost overnight.

She's Engaged!

She's Lovely! She uses POND'S!

'SHALL I SEND HIM YOUR LOVE, TOO?'

Susan asks Jupiter—sympathetic wire-haired terrier. After a grimy day in the school shop, it's wonderful to feel frilly and feminine again. Susan, in her sweet pink negligee, is bewitching with her big dark eyes, and flower-pretty Pond's complexion.



COPY SUSAN'S SOFT-SMOOTH COMPLEXION CARE—

Use Pond's Cold Cream as she does—*every night* and for daytime clean-ups.

First, Susan smooths Pond's all over her face and throat. She pats gently, with brisk little pats to soften and release dirt and make-up. Then tissues off well.

Next, Susan "rinses" with *more* soft-smooth Pond's Cold Cream and tissues it all off again. "My face feels *grand*," she says.

It's no accident so many lovely engaged girls use Pond's!



A Paramount Picture with William Bendix ★ Jerry Colonna ★ Walter Abel ★ Marjorie Reynolds
Betty Rhodes ★ Dona Drake ★ Lynne Overman ★ Gary Crosby ★ Johnnie Johnston ★ Golden Gate
Quartette ★ and Cecil B. DeMille ★ Preston Sturges ★ Ralph Murphy and many others of your favorites!



*It'll
Never Be
Topped!*

THE PARAMOUNT MUSICAL
COMEDY OF THE YEAR!

*Star
Spangled
Rhythm*

Starring

BING CROSBY

BOB HOPE

FRED MacMURRAY

FRANCHOT TONE

RAY MILLAND

VICTOR MOORE

DOROTHY LAMOUR

PAULETTE GODDARD

VERA ZORINA

MARY MARTIN

DICK POWELL

BETTY HUTTON

EDDIE BRACKEN

VERONICA LAKE

ALAN LADD

ROCHESTER

Directed by **GEORGE MARSHALL**
Original Screen Play by **Harry Tugend**

ASK YOUR THEATRE MANAGER WHEN THIS BIG PARAMOUNT HIT IS COMING



Janet Blair

Kid sister Eileen

By Cynthia Miller

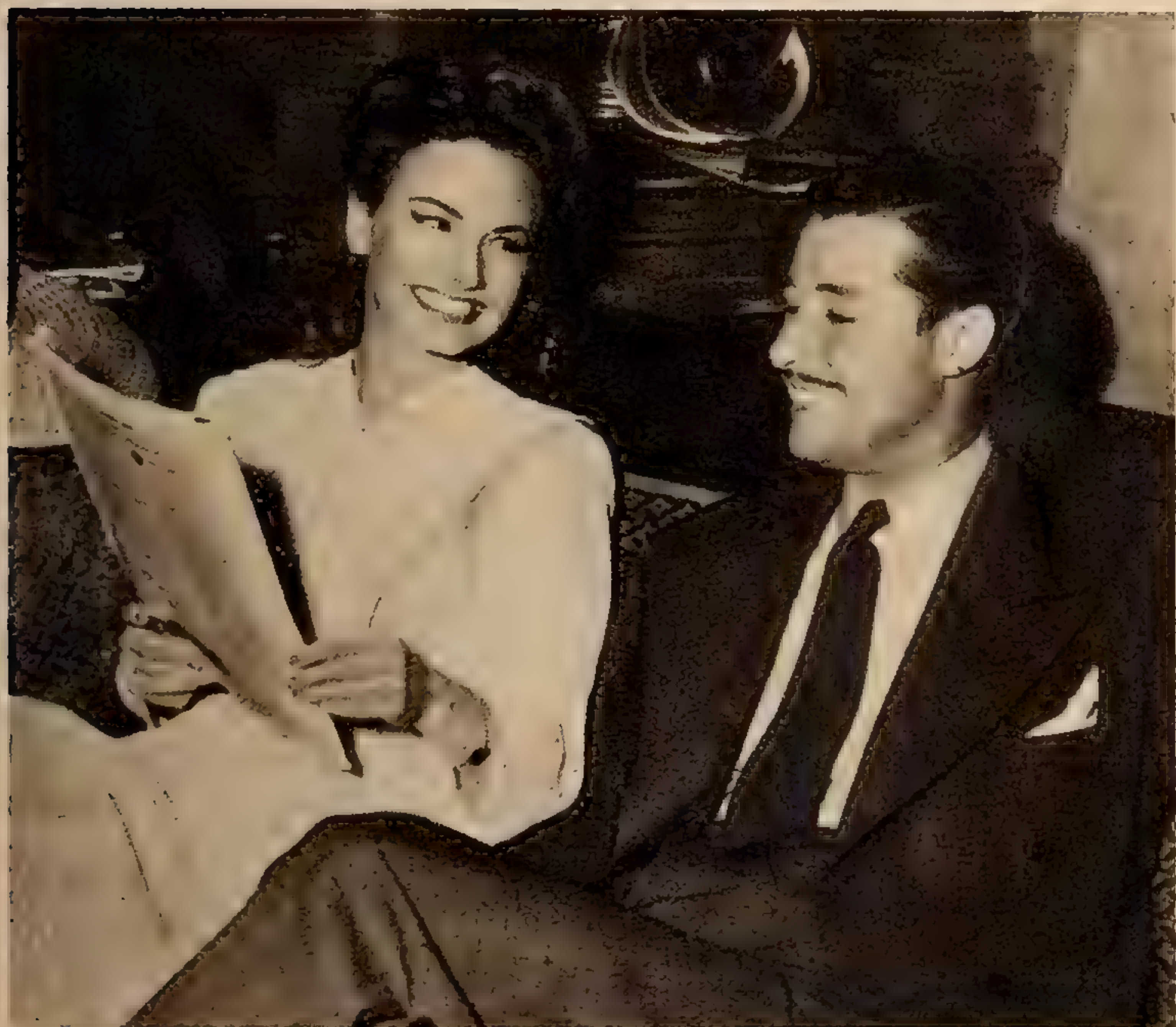
Braces on her teeth, straggly Dutchboy bob, li'l Janny Blair was a perfect drip until . . .

• If you've ever lived in a small or medium-sized town, you know Janet Blair. She's the average American youngster. She's the kid next door with the friendly grin and the braces on her teeth, who went scooting by on roller skates or bike. She's the kid who giggled with sister Louise in the porch hammock, and yelled herself hoarse at football games, especially when big brother Fred was playing. She's the kid who loved oatmeal for breakfast, ice cream at all hours and food where she found it. After school she'd drop in at her father's produce market, sidle into the refrigerating room, stuff herself with grapes, plums and pears, and bewilder the family who couldn't understand why their healthy youngest showed so wan an interest in dinner.

Her dad called her Brown-eyed Chuck. She lived in the big house that seemed forever full of young life and laughter. Her mother loved to feed the football team steak and potatoes after the big game on Saturday. There were Valentine parties and Halloween parties and Fourth of July picnics. Christmas was family day—they'd all gather round the tree on Christmas morning to open their gifts. Without being spoiled, the children formed the heart of the household. Janny never had to weep because she couldn't have a new party dress, but the exchequer didn't run

to fancy fur coats. She was Janet Lafferty then—of the Laffertys of Altoona—the kind of family that goes to make up the backbone of America, that stands for the sunny, sturdy, self-respecting way of life America's fighting to keep.

If you'd known her then, you might not have recognized her a couple of months back at the premiere of "My Sister Eileen" in Radio City's Music Hall. She'd been a nice, fresh-faced kid, but no dream girl. You remember the braces, you remembered the straight hair, bobbed à la Jackie Coogan in "The Kid." You remembered nothing to prepare you for this vision in powder-blue crepe which rose to the introduction of Janet Blair, lovely young face framed in soft chestnut curls, all the more radiant because the lips trembled a little, and the eyes misted. The eyes were the same all right—big, brown and luminous. Yes, it had to be (Continued on page 96)



Ever since Janet signed letters to doughboy correspondents with a kiss, they've been hounding her to sell real smacks for cash! However, fiancé Lou Bush (above) has a corner on *that* market!

Don Ameche loves funnies on a par with Janny, so they had a picnic every Monday on set of Col.'s "Something to Shout About." It's rumored she'll replace Mary Martin on Bing Crosby's airings!



John Payne

Susan Hayward





Jack Benny, Linda Darnell, Geo. Burns and Ed. Cantor at canteen set up by news-reel cameramen, backstage.



Ginny Simms, Edgar Bergen, Charlie, Filipino Madam Tim and Loretta Young short-waved to boys overseas.



Comic trio, Harpo Marx, George Burns and Gracie Allen had the benefit party in stitches from start to finish. Gracie invariably goes to a party in pint-sized Austin jam-packed with big-car-owners!

rode in my car—on the left hand side of the rear seat, and she hung onto that strap right there.”

* * *

George Tobias didn't have enough gas to get to Warner Brothers, so he hitch-hiked; it required three hours and five drivers to deposit him within walking distance of the studio, and he wasn't recognized once. He fled through the make-up department to pick up a layer of dark pancake and reported to the set where his job all day was to drive a truck into a scene and out again. We refrain from quoting Mr. Tobias at this point.

* * *

Universal planned a terrific birthday party for Deanna Durbin in honor of her newly acquired 21 years, but she lives 17 miles away from the studio, so they held the celebration, not on her birthday, but a day before. Reason: she had to come into the studio anyhow for wardrobe fittings for "Three Smart Girls Join Up". P.S. Vaughn Paul and Deanna have long had a system of gift-giving in their family; when one gives some particular item for a birthday or Christmas, the other follows up on the next holiday with a masculine or feminine counterpart of the same gift. For instance: Deanna gave Vaughn a beautiful traveling clock when he went into service, so—for her birthday—he gave her a gold alarm clock that plays "It's A Long Way to Tipperary." The last of its kind, by the way, because there's a shortage of clocks.

* * *

Another grave shortage exists in the maid department. Sue Carol has had luncheon with Alan Ladd at Paramount every day on which he has been working since they were married—until one day last week. Alan was observed at a stag table, and it almost caused a "stop-the-presses" rush of correspondents who wanted to know what had happened to Sue. Had the prospective heir put in a hasty appearance, they queried breathlessly. Alan shook his head. Nope, Sue was at home doing the housework because their latest maid had resigned in favor of Lockheed.

* * *

Tyrone and Annabella have a stout fence surrounding their proud crop of Rhode Island Red chickens, and there is a vicious rumor afloat that Mr. Power is terrific on the .22, in case anyone has a furtive notion of augmenting his meat ration. However, chickens have their limitations—they give only one kind of fruit. The Powers, during the beef shortage, had scrambled eggs for breakfast, soufflé for luncheon and sunnysides-up for dinner. Tyrone, after several days of this, took a disconsolate walk out to check on the welfare of his four dogs and found them licking chops over a larrupin' dinner of braised horse meat. Mr. Power returned thoughtfully to his wife. "Darling," he hinted, "if we continue to be without red meat, I hope you fool me sometime and serve a three-inch steak—without telling me whether it mooed or whinnied over the pasture gates."

* * *

Anne Shirley, seeking to alleviate her personal gasoline shortage, started down from one of the highest of Hollywood hills at a coasting zip. Around curves she went, rolling up mileage and cutting down costs. Finally, with a regretful sigh, she had to make a boulevard stop at Sunset . . . and was flagged down by a grim-faced traffic officer who gave her, forthwith, a ticket. It seems that the California Highway Code deems it illegal to operate a car not in gear; gas shortage or no, the law says you must, while coming down a hill, keep the motor turning over (using high octane, brother) while you apply your brakes. So Anne says she has "Compression depression."

Mrs. Macdonald Carey has the prize grocery story of the month. The day before Mac was to leave (to report at Marine boot camp), she was shopping at her neighborhood meat shop when the butcher, after having glanced swiftly in either direction with a conspiratorial eye, asked from the corner of his mouth in a cavernous tone, "Could you use some bacon?" Betty, looking over her shoulder, whispered, "Do you actually have some?" The butcher wrapped up a small package with the air of an old-time bootlegger jacketing a pint of stuff just over the border. "It's really Howard Hughes' bacon," he explained, "but he hasn't come after it, so I'm giving you a break . . . on account of your husband, see." It gives Betty a great deal of quiet pleasure to realize that *she* brought home the Hughes bacon; it proves something, but she isn't sure just what.

Most envied girl in Hollywood this month was Marguerite Chapman, who was the only distaff member of the cast working on "Destroyer" for Columbia—the new Glenn Ford picture. For several days, she was on the set with 250 men, that rarest of all commodities. So, this portion of our report closes on a seemly note: Ah-men!

TAXES AND WAR BONDS—It Takes Both!

Heart Mart:

Married: on December 6 in a quiet ceremony, Nadia Petrova and Reginald Gardiner.

Filed Suit for Divorce: Ann Sheridan from George Brent in Mexico. Ann is staying at a small town near Mexico City. Which brings us to the interesting coincidence that Errol Flynn is also in Mexico, but hundreds of miles away from the capital. One Hollywood daily has carried repeated reports that Mr. Flynn had been sending roses by the hamper to Anne. When asked about it, Anne looked like a gal from Texas who could place a .45 slug through the ace of spades at twenty paces. "If Flynn has been sending me roses," she burst out, "I'd like to know where they are getting waylaid, because I've never even seen so much as a leaf, and you may quote me on that."

Best bet on this one: That they may see each other in Mexico because any man would be foolish not to go dancing with Anne if he had the chance; she's such a grand gal.

Los Angeles dailies, the day after the Ilona Massey divorce was granted, printed the interesting news that George Brent was happy over the situation. Dope on this one: your guess is as good as ours.

* * *

Apart: Greer Garson and Richard Ney. It is quite possible that this romance, sincere as it was during its brief life, will never end in matrimony. There were too many handicaps for Cupid to overcome before winter set in, and that little fat rascal never owned an overcoat so he can't operate to advantage when California's air — breathed unexpectedly on a December morning — almost knocks you flat in your shivering tracks. With Ney in the Navy (and someone should write a song with that title) they will be separated much of the time; career troubles intervened, too. Count this one as a charming episode, probably ended.

* * *

Mad About Each Other: Brenda Marshall and Bill Holden continue to be—even miles apart—a gladdening pair. Thanksgiving Day, Brenda was invited to the home of Bill's parents for turkey 'n fixings. When she arrived, Bill's mother (Continued on page 106)

Do you wear "Natural" powder?

Then don't MISS this heavenly NEW "Natural!"

The misty shell-pink softness of this new "Natural" gives your skin a new look! A delicate transparent glow—exquisitely blonde . . . tender . . . but radiantly alive!

Pond's new Dreamflower "Natural"—so different from heavy, chalky, ordinary blonde powders—makes your skin look fair, but never "powdery" or faded. Try this frailest, sweetest new Dreamflower shade soon!

"I have always worn 'Natural' Powder—but I've never found one that suits my skin so well as Pond's beautifully blended new Dreamflower 'Natural.' It is an unusually lovely shade."

MRS. FRANCIS GROVER CLEVELAND

New Pond's Dreamflower Powder

New Dreamflower Box—
dainty as a garden bouquet.
Luxurious dressing-table
box—only 49¢. Two
introductory sizes
—25¢, 10¢.

Tops the List!

"What lipstick did you last buy?"
a beauty editor asked recently.
Pond's "Lips" topped the list!
Matching compact rouge—
Pond's "Cheeks"!

Pond's "LIPS"
—stays on longer

Actual 10¢ size

TODAY!

See all 6 new Dreamflower Powder Shades

NATURAL—for pink-and-white blondes
ROSE CREAM—peach tone for golden blondes
BRUNETTE—rosy-beige for medium brunettes
RACHEL—for cream-ivory skin
DUSK ROSE—for rich rosy-tan skin
DARK RACHEL—for dark brunettes
At Beauty Counters Everywhere

VIENNESE KNIGHT

By Sylvia Katz

**Fate scooped Helmut Dantine out of
Hitler's hands, deposited him in
Hollywood, to play the heiling Nazi.**



After Pearl Harbor, tongue-wagger spread rumor that Helmut was interned, brought to studio under guard. "Hollywood was a pretty lonely place until I got that cleared up," says Helmut.



Six-ft., hazel-eyed Helmut says fans think of him as treacherous-looking villain, never know him off-screen. Warners' have him cropped within an inch of his scalp for "Edge of Darkness" and "Mission to Moscow."

"DIVIDE me into two parts; the before and after."

"Before what?"

"Before 1938 . . . occupation of Austria . . . escaping with my hide and almost nothing else."

Helmut slips into a recitation of the facts as though it weren't he at all whom he was talking about. You hear about those three unbelievable months in a concentration camp. About the ominous months before that in the Austrian diplomatic corps and his appointment to the embassy in London. He tells you of the University of Vienna . . . the Consular Academy . . . the tight little Dantine family, so snugly rooted to their home in Vienna. You hear about how relatives wangled passage for him to America . . . brought him to Los Angeles . . . shoved him into U.C.L.A. before he'd learned the word for juke box.

In another deft sentence or two he brings himself up to date, and you sit there. (Continued on page 79)



For Wear in your Country's Service
CUTEX PRESENTS "ON DUTY"

Dedicated to you thousands of WAVES and WAACS, Canteen Workers and War Factory Workers, Ambulance Drivers and Nurse's Aides who are working for your country . . . the new Cutex "*On Duty*." It's color-right. And it's made by a new fast-drying formula that saves your precious time. Wear "*On Duty*" in your country's service.

THE WORLD'S LARGEST SELLING
NAIL POLISH ONLY 10¢
(PLUS TAX)
NORTHAM WARREN, NEW YORK



For the modern miss



Prove you're Uncle Sam's Valentine this Feb. 14th, by wearing his lacy Irene-designed Defense Stamp Corsage.



Of course you have to come across with a greenback for Uncle Sam's Valentine corsage. That's your insurance for tomorrow. But cast your saucer eyes at the other ten; each one a precious prize that you might win in the still-open "Powers Girl" contest. (See our February issue for more complete details.) This is your best bet to save both clothing coin and store stocks. So win what you need!

Mary Martin, now seen in Paramount's star-studded "Star Spangled Rhythm."



You know, suits? And blouses, especially startling white ones like those Mary Martin adores? Well, you might win three varied Joan Kenleys; a blouse wardrobe.



When it comes to Glentex scarves, you may win them in sets of three. Imagine!



Looking ahead to spring and low socks, could you think of a better time to win three pairs of Trimfit's Huggersox?



Put on a new frilly front with Babe's foamy jabot-vestee, a luscious concoction of lace and net.

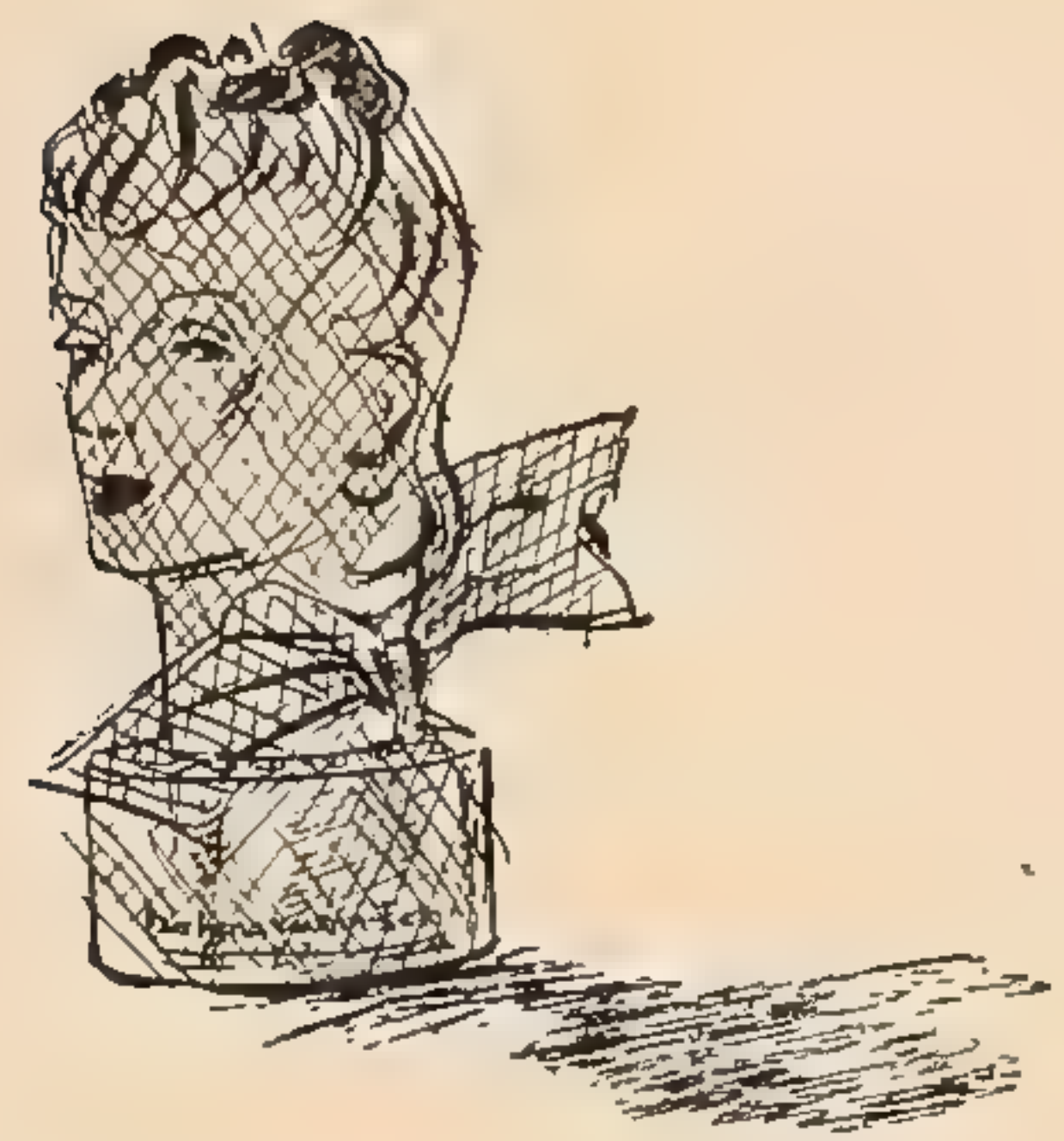


Isn't this the different-looking print you've fancied? Yes, it is chicken wire, in a Nantucket Natural. Mary adds her own white chiffon 'cause she likes it that way.

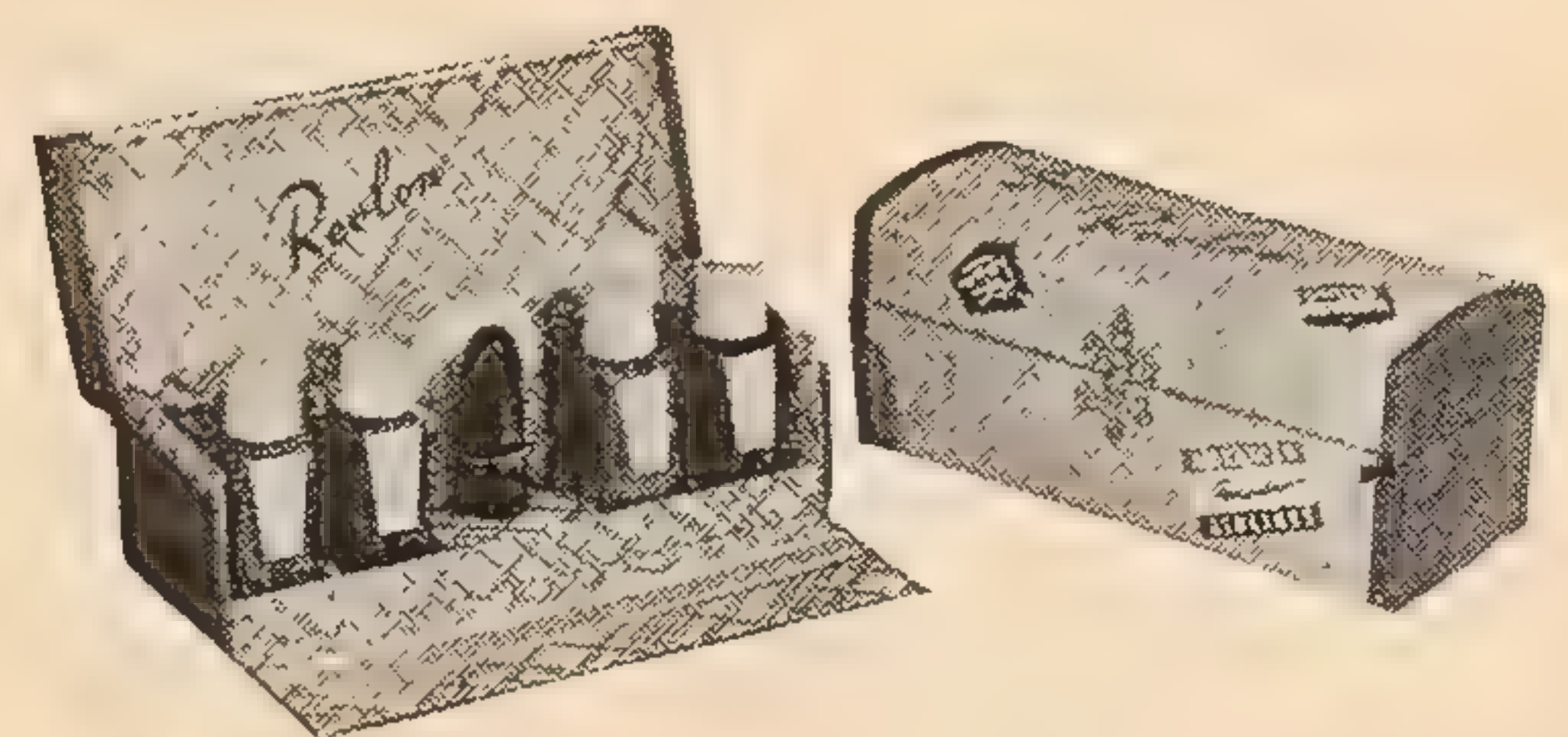


Are you the one? The lucky girl who'll win this breath-of-spring dancing dream? Mary Martin looks just the way you'll feel in this poppy-scattered American Deb dress. Draped jersey and soft chiffon make you a vision of floating loveliness.

"Here's the way to see what I like in clothes." That is Mary Martin for you. Pulling open both wardrobe doors in her New York hotel suite. And telling you to go ahead and look. But not to expect the dresses to look much on the hanger. Because they're simple. Just line. So you take Mary at her frank and friendly Texan word and fashion-feast on her wardrobe. It's a half and half affair, but hubby Halliday's suits take up the lesser half. She's right. The dresses look like nothing on the hanger, and they're all line. But what line! Especially that Ming orange job. Then you can't stand it any longer. You have to look up at those hats. That's where Mary Martin starts with clothes. At the head. With the maddest, most beauteous hats you ever saw. She thinks nothing of having a dress made for a hat. While she combs out her feather cut, you talk about clothes and this spring. "I'm not a bit worried," she tells you. "I was lucky enough to buy several Liberty prints last year. I'll have those made up, and I won't need another thing." That's the patriotic way this Hollywood star answers Washington's plea not to buy what you don't need. And don't forget—she loves clothes. But not as much as Heller or Halliday.



Wouldn't you love to own this Helena Rubinstein budget beauty bank to help you save for beauty?

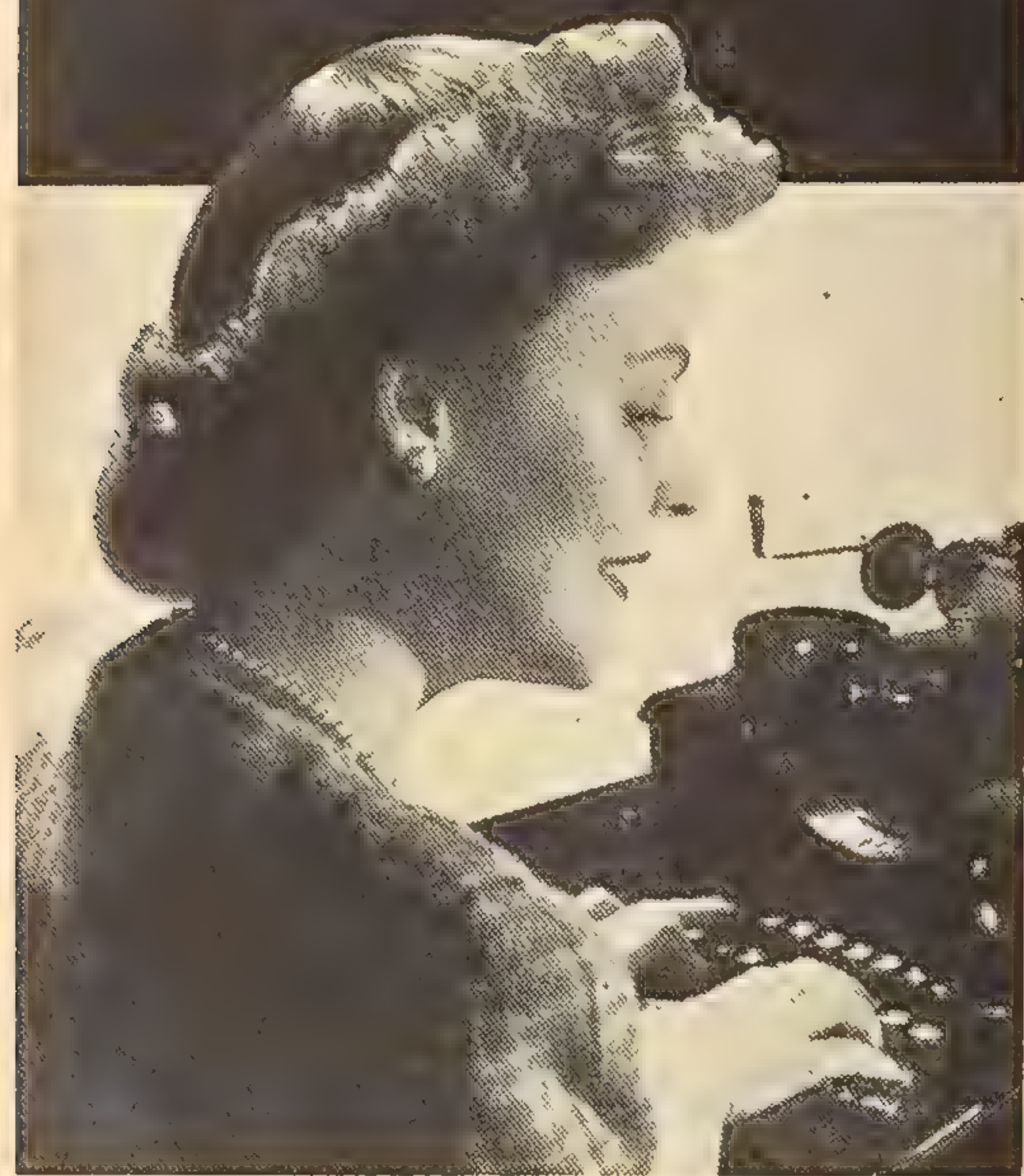


Why not try to win this perfect plus Revlon hand trousseau trunk, the better to woo hand beauty the Carol Carter way.



High score gals, take note. Do you realize you have a chance to win one of six of these gabardine Bowlers designed by Carol Crawford?

Girls who live
by the clock
can't SUFFER
by the
CALENDAR!



NO need to tell you how valuable time is now! You *know*. Doing the work you have always done—cheerfully accepting new duties—wedging in time for service organization activity, you find that your months are woefully short.

Now, especially, the days you used to give grudgingly to menstruation's functional pain and depression are too precious to waste. And wasting them is very likely *needless*. For if you have no organic disorder calling for special medical or surgical treatment, Midol should make these trying days as comfortably carefree as others!

But don't regard Midol as just another means of relief for "dreaded days headache". Its comfort goes farther. For while it is free from opiates, Midol helps lift your "blues"—and an *exclusive* ingredient speedily eases spasmodic muscular pain of the period.

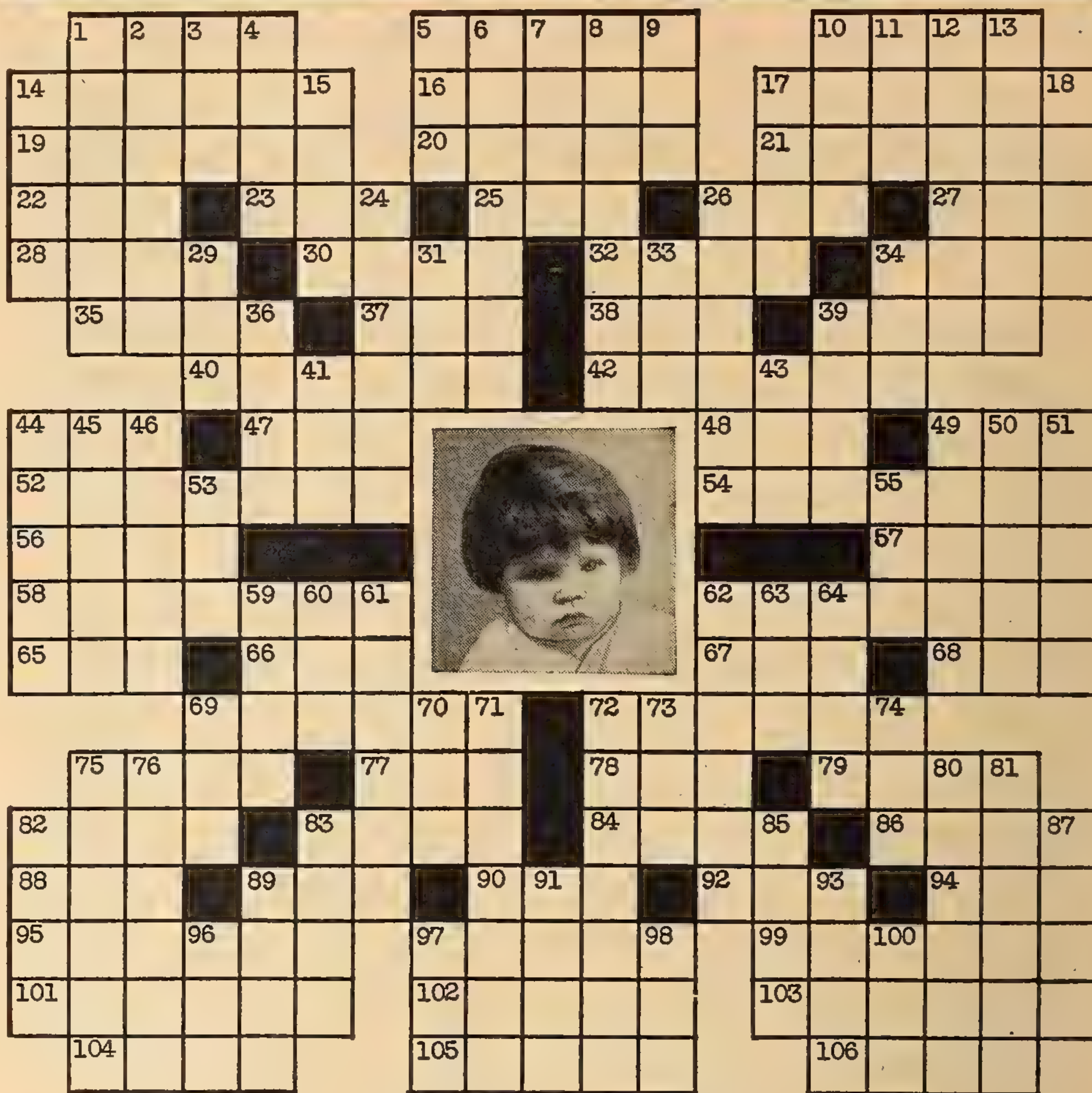
Get Midol *now*. Have it when you need it. Large packages for economical regular use, and small packages to carry in purse or pocket. At your nearest drugstore.

MIDOL



RELIEVES FUNCTIONAL PERIODIC PAIN

OUR PUZZLE PAGE



Puzzle Solution on Page 87

ACROSS

1. Important production by 5-across
- 5 & 10. Mrs. Phil Harris
14. Feminine lead in "Shadow of a Doubt"
16. Femme in "Behind the 8 Ball"
17. "Pierre of the ..."
19. Threw with force
20. Musical vibration
21. Frida in "Edge of Darkness"
22. Hebrew high priest
23. Bone
25. Peer Gynt's mother
26. Contend
27. Femme in "Flying Tigers"
28. "The ... Comes Through"
30. George ... as
32. Repast
34. " ... Had Four Sons"
35. Cure
37. "This ... For Hire"
38. "They ... Kissed the Bride"
39. Elizabeth ... on
40. "Youth on ..."
42. Laurence Olivier's historical role
44. Notices
47. Neither
48. "The Gr ... Man's Lady"
49. "The T ... of the Town"
52. "Madame Spy"
54. Haji in "The Desert Song"
56. Lamb's pen name
57. Measure of land
58. Alice Faye's maiden name
62. Femme in "That Other Woman"
65. Felix Br ... art
66. "Busses ... r"
67. Star in "The Major and the Minor"
68. John Li ...
69. Star of "Random Harvest"
72. Femme in "Yankee Doodle Dandy"
75. East Indian sheep
77. Topsy and ...
78. Sphere
79. Baseball team
82. Biblical king
83. Eastern European
84. Pat Corbett in "Gentleman Jim"
86. Hawaiian garlands
88. "T ... illa Flat"
89. Plaything
90. Star of "George Washington Slept Here"
92. Bungle
94. T ... Birell
95. Comedian in "Arsenic and Old Lace"
97. Uneven on the edges
99. Star of "Once Upon a Honeymoon"
101. Odorous vegetables
102. Ponder moodily
103. Fashioned
104. Star of "The Pride of the Yankees"
105. Phil Harris' radio boss
106. So be it

DOWN

1. Anise in "The Watch on the Rhine"
2. Get there
3. Walter A ...
4. Belgian river
5. Play a role
6. Femme in "Journey for Margaret"
7. Showy flower
8. One of the "Gay Sisters"
9. Measure of length
10. Escape
11. Indian mulberry
12. Surrenders
13. Group of nine
14. At that time
15. Entrance
17. Father of 1-across
18. Appear
24. Star of "Casablanca"
26. Alice Faye's first booster
29. Bark shrilly
31. Chick in "Who Done it?"
33. H ... n Gilbert
34. Sanders, the "S ... t"
36. Femme lead in "Arsenic and Old Lace"
39. Repetition of speech forms
41. Decay
43. Dooley Wilson in "Casablanca"
44. White poplar
45. Takes out
46. Cuts
49. Broad neck scarf
50. Ugarte in "Casablanca"
51. Bend in subjection
53. Snooze
55. Marjorie ... beau
59. God of love
60. Leon Er ...
61. Meekly
62. Star of "Footlight Serenade"
63. ... Hunter
64. ... Bari
69. ... Tinney
70. Mrs. Mickey Rooney
71. Former Pyrenees kingdom
72. Femme in "My Friend Flicka"
73. V ... Vague
74. Henry O'N ... 1
75. "Pardon My ..."
76. Imitation beaver
80. Star of "Wings and the Woman"
81. "My Sister ..."
82. London foreign quarter
83. " ... of the Pioneers"
85. Units of work
87. Carnelian
89. Alice Faye's first husband
91. Time of day
93. Star of "You Were Never Lovelier"
96. Craggy hill
97. Flow out
98. The beautiful H ...
100. Falstaff's follower

"Every girl should have a lovely
Lux Complexion"

says
this charming
young star



Veronica Lake

STAR OF PARAMOUNT'S
"STAR SPANGLED RHYTHM"

"Soft smooth skin wins romance," says lovely Veronica. And tells you of the daily beauty care she never neglects. "The Lux Soap lather's so creamy it's like a caress on the skin," she says. This ACTIVE lather removes stale cosmetics, dust and dirt *thoroughly*—gives precious skin care it needs.

Try these beauty facials for 30 days and see!

HERE'S MY DAILY
ACTIVE-LATHER
FACIAL. SMOOTH
LUX SOAP'S
CREAMY LATHER
WELL INTO YOUR
SKIN

RINSE WITH WARM
WATER, THEN
SPLASH WITH COLD.
PAT WITH A SOFT
TOWEL TO DRY

NOW TOUCH YOUR
SKIN. IT'S VELVET-
SMOOTH! IT **PAYS**
TO GIVE PRECIOUS
SKIN THIS
GENTLE CARE!



9 out of 10 Screen Stars use Lux Toilet Soap

Code in Your Doze?

Ugh! SCRATCHY HANKIES ALWAYS PLAYED HAVOC WITH MY NOSE. BUT NOW I USE SOFT, SOOTHING KLEENEX TISSUES. BOY—WHAT A RELIEF!

(from a letter by E. F., San Francisco, Calif.)



Sheer Today... Gone Tomorrow!

AFTER LAUNDERING I WRAP MY DELICATE SILK STOCKINGS IN KLEENEX. IT HELPS PREVENT RUNS AND SNAGS!

(from a letter by H. F. W., Pontiac, Ill.)

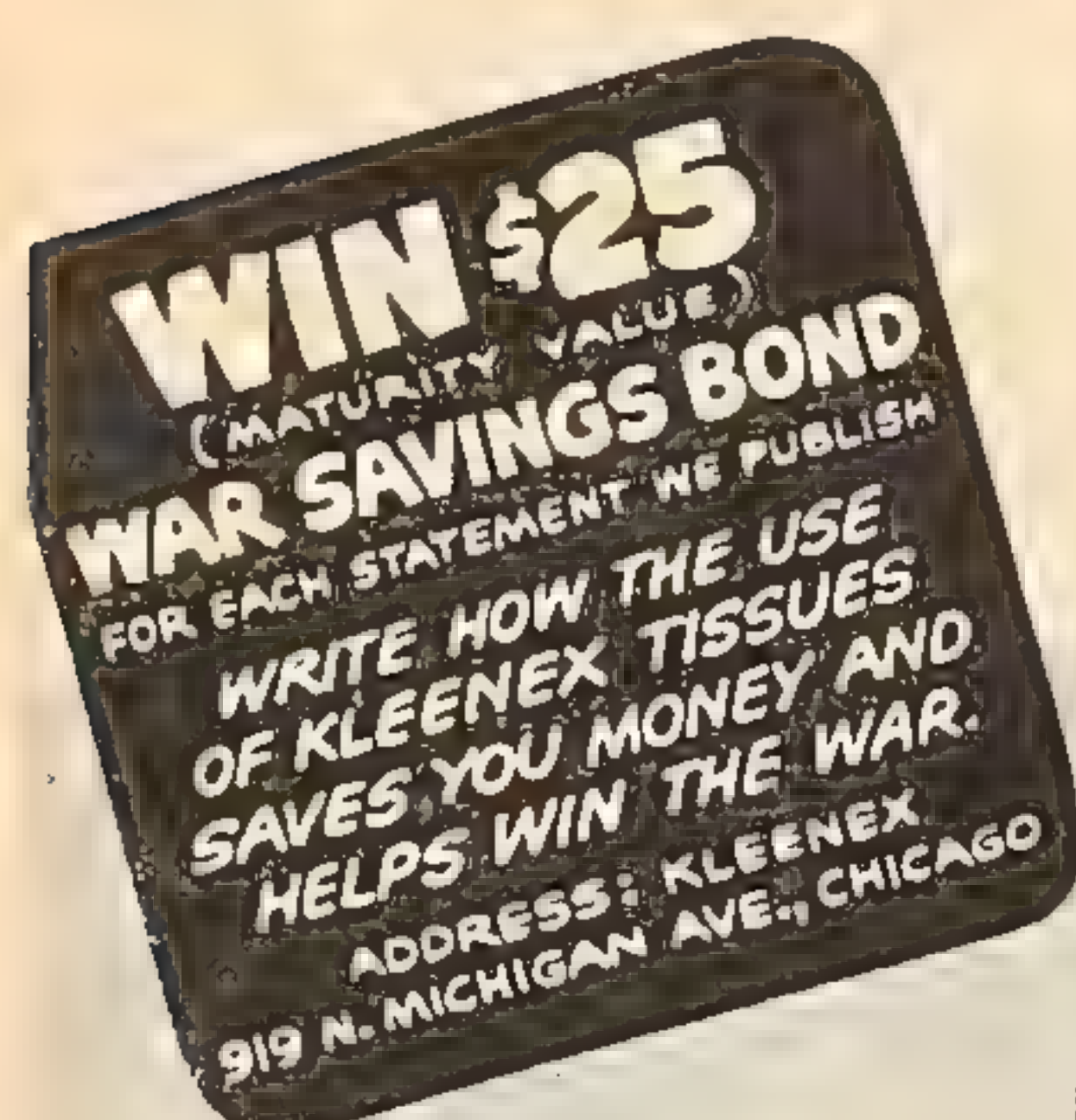


Sweeping Beauty!

WHENEVER I BREAK A GLASS I USE A DAMPENED KLEENEX TISSUE TO PICK UP THE SMALL SLIVERS!

(from a letter by I. G., Fresno, Calif.)

I WAS THE PRINCE OF WAILES TILL MOM GOT KLEENEX*



*T. M. Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

KLEENEX SERV-A-TISSUE BOX

SAVES TISSUES—SAVES MONEY

BECAUSE IT SERVES UP JUST ONE DOUBLE TISSUE AT A TIME

HE WANTED WINGS

(Continued from page 49)

to see Ann. Before meeting Ann Sothern, Bob hadn't known girls could be like that. (Be it added in parentheses, there aren't many like Ann, in or out of Hollywood.) You could talk to her about anything, and she'd understand. She was never heavy-handed. Her humor threw life into balance. She could be a gay companion and a loyal friend. Under her surface sophistication, she was an idealist like himself. She had both wisdom and warmth of heart.

He'd met her first when they made "Ringside Maisie" together, but that didn't count. One day—he was living with his family then, just across the street from Hedy Lamarr—he went out and saw Ann and Hedy strolling together. It was just after Ann's separation from Roger Pryor. He crossed to speak to them, and Hedy asked him in for a

swim in the pool. For the first time that afternoon, he got a taste of Ann's quality. She was alone after dinner that evening when the butler announced Mr. Sterling. They sat before the fire, talking till midnight. They've been talking ever since. About everything under the sun. Bob thinks they'll never get to the end of their talking.

People wonder if they're going to be married. A couple of facts will indicate that such wondering is premature. Bob's in the service. Ann's divorce from Roger Pryor won't be final till next May. By then Bob may well have been shipped overseas for all they know. Whatever they may feel or hope, they can't make plans for next week nowadays, much less for months ahead. Their friendship has enriched the lives of both. For the present, they're content with that.

hearth-sider . . .

Bob's a rarity in Hollywood. He puts women on a pedestal—an oddity Ann likes in him. She respects his integrity, his faith in the basic truths, like home, marriage and babies. He's nuts about babies. He'd rather raid the icebox than go to a nightclub. He razzes her about her cooking—which is limited to throwing an egg together or making waffles—after the cook's mixed the batter. She says he spoils her dogs. It's a question whether there's much spoiling left to do, after Ann gets through. Doonie, the Scottie, and Bogie, who's just dog, persuaded themselves that Bob came in of an evening for the sole purpose of taking them for a run and feeding them Friskies. "Say hello to my dogs," he writes from camp.

He hates brittle, superficial women. Except for a good old red mouth, he can't stand make-up and loves shiny noses. To that whim Ann makes one concession. She starts out powdered, but if her nose gets shiny and he says leave it that way, she does—once in a while. He's nice about hats, says she can get away with a dish pan on her head. If he likes a dress, you could wear it seven days a week, and he'd tell you seven days a week how pretty it was. If Ann wore nothing but dirndls and jumpers, preferably blue, that would be fine with him.

Her friends took to him, and he to them. He thinks Mal Milland, Ann's closest friend, is a jewel. Mal's tall, so he calls them Mutt and Jeff. He's the most thoughtful guy she's ever known. He chased all over town to find just the right kind of shawl with a pocket in it as a gift to Ann's grandmother on her 86th birthday. When she first met him, Ann wasn't feeling very merry and stuck close to the house. He thought that was bad for her. He said there was a quiet little place in Pasadena he'd like to take her to. It turned out to be a jitterbug joint. Soon Ann was laughing and dancing with the rest. She's been laughing ever since.

He didn't have to tell her what was on his mind the evening of Pearl Harbor. Knowing him, she knew he'd want to get in as fast as possible. All he said was: "Unless I'm in the service, I'm not really doing anything." It boiled down to how soon and what branch? How soon didn't depend entirely on him. Before enlisting, he'd have to make "Somewhere I'll Find You." Plans for that picture were too far gone to be interfered with by him, and the government was telling movie actors to stay put for the time being.

plane-shy . . .

For a while he was torn between the marines and the army air corps, but finally plumped for the latter, though he'd never gone up in a plane without being sick. This in no way diminished his ardor for flying. He began studying aerial dynamics at night. Math had never been his long suit, so he boned up, worked trigonometry problems with another boy on the set between takes. When they couldn't get together on the answer, they'd phone the teacher. It was no uncommon thing to see Bob, receiver in one hand, pencil in the other, earnestly sketching sines and cosines in space. He whiled time away by scrawling Cadet Hart on scraps of paper and admiring the effect. That's his real name, you know—William J. Hart. That's how he enlisted. But the boys call him Bob, just as they call Bill Beedle Bill Holden. You can't fool the boys.

Because they waited till Clark was able

to come back after Carole's death, the picture wasn't finished till long past schedule. On May 16th Bob sent in his papers—birth certificate and three letters of recommendation. For reasons beyond the control of anyone, six weary months elapsed before his induction.

On May 18th, he began watching for the postman. On the 23rd, he began getting the jitters and grew progressively worse. He sent letters and wires till he was asked politely to quit. When the time came, he'd be notified. He could interest himself in nothing, settle down to nothing. He wasn't working, having refused the part of the son in "The War Against Mrs. Hadley." The son, you'll remember, was at the outset a young wastrel who didn't want to fight.

"I can't do it," said Bob. "Sure I know it's only a picture. Call me childish, screwy, anything you like. But right now I can't play a guy who won't fight."

They put him into "Gentle Annie" instead. But after a couple of weeks' shooting "Gentle Annie" was postponed, and Bob won't be in it now. He wouldn't go anywhere except to the homes of friends. Ann tried to drag him down to the Hollywood Canteen. He shook his head. "Those guys are in uniform. I'm not." The day he was inducted, he said, "Let's go to the Canteen."

Late in October came a notice, calling him to Oxnard. They gave him physical and written tests, took him up in a plane. For the first time he wasn't sick. They told him he'd be notified.

"How long will it take?"

"Not long." He wanted to go into it with them, but thought better of it.

Back home again, he couldn't sit still, spent three days on the golf course. On Saturday Hank Wilson, with whom he'd been living, called him there.

"There's a letter here that looks important."

Bob didn't wait for the rest. His voice was jubilant when he phoned Ann an hour later. "I'm in!"

But some of the fizz had gone out of him by the time he saw her. The prize was safely his. Nothing could pry it loose from him now. Now he had time to contemplate the other side of the picture. "I'm leaving November 10th," he said quietly.

g. i. bob . . .

She considered that a moment. "It's not very long, is it?" How did she feel? How did you feel when it happened to you? We'll let it go at that.

The barber found Bob at the shop door Monday morning. He couldn't wait to get that G. I. haircut. He'd had to grow his hair long for "Gentle Annie," and he hated it. "Makes me look like an actor." He emerged from the barber-shop, grinning and virtually bald.

"Prepare yourself," he yelled from the hall of Ann's house. "I'm walking in."

She circled round him. "You look pretty silly."

"Yeah, and the back of my neck feels cold." First day at camp, they give the boys haircuts. All they gave Bob was a look. "Pass, soldier," they said.

He spent Sunday getting his business affairs into shape and deciding what clothes to give away. The rest he had demothed and packed in a steamer trunk. It was so important to get that done in a hurry that his final week in Hollywood found him practically shirtless.

He floated round the studio in a happy daze, a different character from the guy who'd been chewing his nails for the past six months. They showed him a service flag in the art department,

(Continued on page 76)

"Speak the language of the Heart with soft, confiding HANDS,"

says

Ilona Massey



Ilona Massey, starring in Universal's "Frankenstein Meets the Wolf Man"; with Joe Allen, Jr. Such thrilling hands!

"It's wonderful how easily a girl helps to keep her hands smooth and feminine with Jergens Lotion," says Ilona Massey, charming young Hollywood Star. "The Stars in Hollywood, they say, use Jergens Lotion, 7 to 1. It's so nice and quick—never sticky. I've used Jergens Lotion for years."



The HAND Care Most Film Stars Use—

You give your hands almost-professional care by using Jergens Lotion regularly. Help prevent that uncomfortable hard feeling—that "too-old" look. Two fine ingredients in Jergens are used by many doctors to help neglected skin become fresh-flower smooth. 10¢ to \$1.00. Most smart girls use Jergens Lotion.

Jergens Lotion

for Soft, Adorable HANDS



THE FOODS OF OUR ALLIES



Loretta Young, star of Paramount's "China," takes up chopsticks and Chinese cookery with Anna May Wong.



Miss Wong, soon to be seen in "The Lady from Chungking," prepares "Mo Goo Chow Fon" (see story for translation)!



Not to be outdone, the chef of the Beverly Hills Tropics comes up with an Egg Foo Young-Fried Noodle combination.



By Marjorie Deen

In inaugurating this series on the favorite foods of the United Nations—whose flags appear above in imposing array—we feel ourselves fortunate in having Loretta Young and Anna May Wong as our guides to Chinese cookery. Both of these lovely ladies of filmdom are connoisseurs on the subject—Anna May by birth, being the daughter of two natives of the Land of the Dragon, although she herself was born in America; Loretta Young by choice, having "adopted" China because of her unbounded admiration for the bravery and the fortitude of our Far Eastern Allies. In fact, because of her outstanding voluntary work in their behalf and her signal contributions to their cause, Loretta recently received the United China Relief Plum Blossom Decoration. Furthermore, her voice was chosen as the perfect one—both in intonation and inflection—for teaching the English language, by means of special phonograph records, to students in Chinese universities.

Small wonder, therefore, that Miss Young's interest in China includes a marked degree of enthusiasm for that vast country's traditional dishes and somewhat "different" methods of food preparation which have earned for the Chinese, in the eyes of a large proportion of epicures, the right to be known as "the world's best cooks, bar none!"

"There are many things in the line of food preparation that we in this country could learn from China *right now*," declared Loretta as we gathered around the table at the Beverly Hills Tropics, which specializes in just such dishes as we were discussing. "For example, since the Chinese have never had a generally bountiful supply of meat, they have learned to make a virtue of necessity and have become past masters in the art of *stretching* their meat supply by *extending* meat flavors in ways that we would do well to copy. Then, too, they feature meat substitutes—such as eggs, fish and poultry. And here again—necessity being the mother of invention—they have devised a truly amazing variety of meatless dishes."

"Also, be sure to notice," said Anna May Wong at this point, "that whether they are built around meat, fish or poultry, Chinese dishes feature delicious sauces that both combine and enhance the various flavors and serve to impart those flavors to the accompanying rice or noodles. Then, too, as I pointed out in my introduction to the book of New Chinese Recipes—originated for United China Relief—the Chinese custom of cooking foods for only a short time in only a small amount of liquid preserves both minerals and vitamins."

"Incidentally," she went on, "I can recommend these recipes highly because they call only for ingredients that can be found in local grocery stores."

These, therefore, are the recipes we have collected for you here. Remember that, in order to prepare them successfully, you don't have to develop any special skill, nor have a Chinese Victory Garden as does Anna May Wong! All you need is some measure of Loretta Young's appreciation of the advantages of cooking "the Chinese way," coupled with a certain de-

gree of culinary curiosity on your own part. Then, with such simple suggestions as these to guide you, it won't be long before you have proudly added some timely Chinese dishes to your own cooking repertory!

MOO GOO CHOW FON (Fried Rice with Mushrooms)

- 1 cup rice
- 1½ cups cold water
- 3 tablespoons peanut oil
- 1 teaspoon salt
- a dash of pepper
- 2 eggs
- ½ pound mushrooms, sliced
- 2 tablespoons onion, diced
- 2 tablespoons soy sauce
- ½ teaspoon sugar

Wash rice in several waters, place in a 3-quart saucepan, add water. Cover and bring to a vigorous boil over a moderately hot flame. When steam and foam begin to escape, turn flame low or place saucepan on asbestos mat and cook rice about 20 minutes longer (or until tender). Allow rice to cool. Place oil, salt and pepper in a preheated skillet. Add slightly beaten eggs, fry until firm, then cut into shreds. To fat remaining in pan add sliced mushrooms and diced onions. Cook over low heat for 5 minutes, stirring constantly. Add the rice and the combined soy sauce and sugar. Cook and stir until rice is hot. Serve immediately. Serves 4.

JAN NGON YOK (Steamed Beef and Sweet Pickles)

- 1 pound flank or round steak
- 1 teaspoon salt
- a dash of pepper
- 1 tablespoon cornstarch
- 2 teaspoons soy sauce
- 2 tablespoons oil or melted fat
- 2 tablespoons minced sweet pickles
- 2 tablespoons scallions or minced onion

Cut the meat into ⅛ inch thick slivers and place in a shallow baking dish or casserole. Sprinkle the meat with the combined salt, pepper and cornstarch, then with the soy sauce and oil or fat. Blend thoroughly; add sweet pickles and scallions or onion. Place water to the depth of ½ inch in a deep frying pan or skillet. On a trivet or rack high enough to hold dish above water, place the dish containing the meat mixture. Cover the kettle tightly and steam over a low flame for about 45 minutes or until meat is tender. Serve immediately with hot boiled rice. Serves 4.

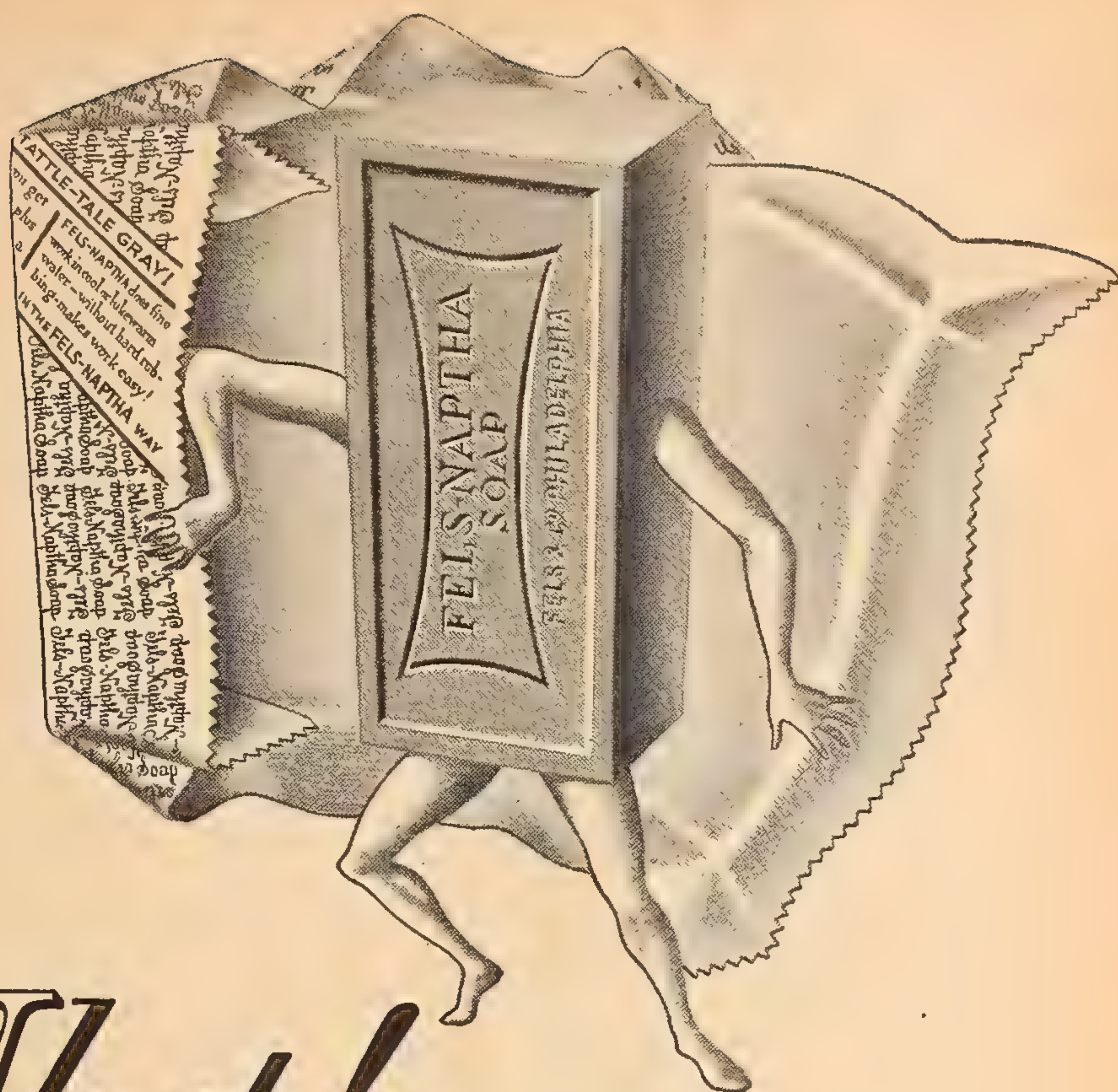
EGGS FOO YOUNG

- 8 strips bacon, diced*
- 1½ cups finely minced onion
- 2 cups fresh shrimp
- 2 tablespoons beef bouillon**
- 6 eggs
- 1 quart peanut or vegetable oil
- 1 tablespoon cornstarch
- 2 tablespoons soy sauce
- ⅞ cup beef bouillon**

Heat the bacon in a heavy skillet, add the minced onion and cook until tender and golden brown, stirring constantly. Clean shrimp, mince fine and place in skillet with the 2 tablespoons bouillon. Cook over low heat 3-4 minutes. Cool in a bowl. Beat eggs slightly, add to shrimp mixture. Place the oil in a 10-inch frying pan and heat to moderately hot (300° F. on fat thermometer). Drop shrimp mixture carefully into the hot oil, by spoonfuls, and cook until each little omelet is golden brown on under side. Turn and brown on other side. (The total cooking time should be about 5 minutes.) Remove omelets with a slotted spoon. Drain on absorbent paper and keep hot while preparing sauce. Moisten cornstarch with combined soy sauce and beef bouillon and cook over low heat until smooth and thickened, stirring constantly. Serve with omelets. Serves 4.

*Left-over bacon fat may be used instead.

**Use 1 bouillon cube dissolved in 1 cup boiling water, for total amount of liquid called for.



What!

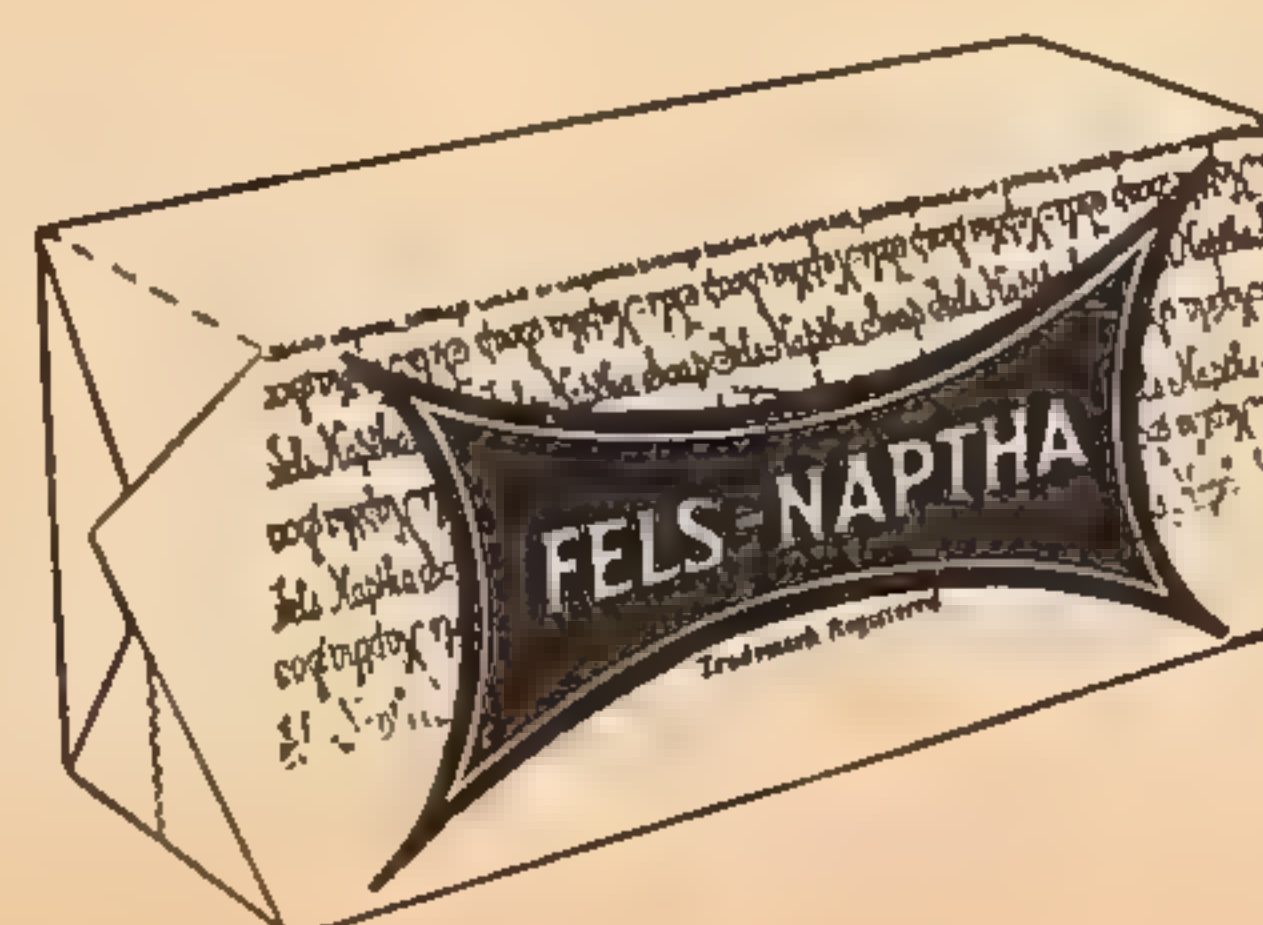
NO DISHES?

You have just bought a piano, a living-room rug, a fine watch, or some similar, substantial adjunct to your home or your scheme of living. What extra inducement was "thrown in" to influence your choice?

The answer, of course, is—*nothing*. In fact, you'd be suspicious if something extra had been offered! You are satisfied the article itself is worth the price you paid.

Most Fels-Naptha Users feel the same way about laundry soap. They know that a bar or box of Fels-Naptha Soap is worth every penny of the purchase price—in *extra washing energy*. They don't want any other extras "thrown in."

As one woman aptly puts it,
"the soap that's cheapest at the counter isn't always cheapest when the washing's done."





fascinating
Captivating
GLAMOROUS...



MINER'S
Liquid MAKE-UP



MINER'S Foundation
CREAM with LANOLIN



MINER'S Patti-Pac
CAKE MAKE-UP

... that's the way you will look if you use a MINER'S make-up base. LIQUID, CAKE or CREAM ... choose the type you prefer. MINER'S makes all three. Any one of them will keep your complexion fascinatingly smooth, captivatingly flawless and glamorously fresh — all day long. Try your favorite today ... in one of six skin-glorifying shades — 10¢ to \$1.00.

MINER'S

Masters of Make-Up Since 1864

(Continued from page 73)

with small photos of Gable, Stewart, Montgomery and the rest. They showed him the spot where his own face would be, right next to Gable's. He said nothing, but you could see he was pleased. There was no one on the lot he forgot to say good-by to.

With Ann's help, he did his Christmas shopping, which included ten gifts for kids. He didn't take her along when he bought hers. He gets a bang out of surprising people. Half the fun lies in watching their faces when they open the package.

Ann had been wanting a pair of black cameo earrings, with a little brooch to match. She knew Bob was scouring the town for them, but he kept his findings to himself.

At her house one day he and his sister

I SAW IT HAPPEN

Several years ago while the neighborhood gang was playing baseball in an empty lot, Joe E. Brown passed and began to umpire for the boys, with plenty of fans to watch. Suddenly, one of the boys who was running across the street to join the game was struck by a car and knocked down. Joe E. Brown dropped everything and took the boy to the hospital himself to have him cared for. I guess we'll all remember that!

Miss Eda Girlando,
332 East 22nd Street,
New York City.

had their heads together over what he could get his mother. Bob said, "I saw some lovely old silver down at Crouch's. Do you think she'd like that?"

"What in heaven's name were you doing at Crouch's?" Ann inquired. Too late, she realized she should have kept her mouth shut. Since it was too late, she went blithely wading in deeper. "Bet you found those cameos."

"Now you won't get them!"

There was also the question of what to give Bob. He had one obsession. He wanted nothing different from what the other fellows had, nothing to stamp him even faintly a glamour boy. All their friends called Ann, and she went crazy trying to delete. Fountain pen and bath clogs, Kent brush and shaving kit, and her repertoire was exhausted. Someone sent him a sewing kit, which he eyed as one eyes the more loathsome reptiles. "Now what would a guy do with a gadget like that?" He soon found out. Cadet Hart tore his dungarees, and Cadet Hart had to mend 'em.

It had long been agreed that Ann was to give him a watch. "Just a plain one," he insisted. "The kind all the fellows use."

"What kind is that?"

"Stainless steel, shockproof, waterproof, sweatproof band, sweepband, luminous dial ..."

"Did you say plain?" she screamed.

She made him go down with her to order it. "But it won't be a surprise!"

"It might be a horrible surprise if you don't go. I'm taking no chances."

But he wouldn't do anything so simple as walk out of the shop with it. It had to be sent to Ann, she had to present it, and he had to act as if he'd never seen it before.

I SAW IT HAPPEN

At the Jefferson vs. Brackenridge game, the teams were getting ready for the second half of the game when a man announced something through the microphone. We couldn't understand what he was saying because we were so excited about who was going to win. Suddenly, we saw that everyone was standing up and shouting. We looked up and saw a jeep leaping back and forth across the field. To our surprise, Ruth Hussey was in it!

Angelica Garza,
3703 W. Martin,
San Antonio, Tex.

so longs ...

He spent Sunday evening with his family and friends, and they knocked themselves out, building up a casual atmosphere like that of any Sunday night dinner. Monday he dined with Ann. She had his favorite dishes: meat patties, mashed potatoes drowned in gravy, string beans, corn, ice cream with chocolate sauce and coffee.

"Three Hearts for Julia," her new picture, was being previewed that night. Ann doesn't go to her own previews. She stays home and paces, having made her friends, who do go, promise they won't phone her because she doesn't want to know how the picture went. At the stroke of 12, she gets them out of bed to find out.

This was the most peaceful preview night Ann had ever spent. She forgot all about "Three Hearts for Julia." Of all the nice things she'd done for him, said Bob, that was the nicest. It proved she was definitely no glamour girl.

Their parting belongs to them. For the record, she said: "Good-by, honey, good luck." She's always been one to underplay her scenes.

Next morning his mother and sisters took him to the station. They breakfasted in the coffee shop, which was jammed with boys in uniform, stowing bacon and ham and sausage away.

"I'll have hot cakes and bacon," said Bob.

"You'll have hot cakes," the waitress informed him. It was meatless Tuesday. Bob wasn't in uniform, so he couldn't have bacon. He howled. But he had hot cakes and loved them.

They left him before train time. "I don't know exactly where I have to report, Mother, so let's just say good-by here." He'd gone on trips before. They said good-by as if this were another trip.

He's been in for six weeks with no leaves and no visitors. Otherwise, everything's fine. The guys are all good guys, and they seem to think he's okay. On his birthday, they gave him cigarettes. They also asked him to put on a show, which he wrote himself. He reviewed it too. "Lousy, but a great success."

Once in a while they get 15 minutes to themselves, and 400 boys make a bee-line for the phone. Two minutes apiece—that's the gentleman's agreement. By the time you get your girl, it's hello Ann, good-by Ann.

As this is written, Christmas is just round the corner. There'll be two holidays for Ann and Bob this year—December 25th and the next day, when he gets his first leave. She bought him a set of luggage. He can't use it now, but never mind. It'll be waiting when Hitler's a grease-spot, and the flyer comes flying home.

ROGUE MALE

(Continued from page 39)

big shot. "Well, I wish you'd clear up a puzzle for me. Why in the world did you run out just when we had big plans for you?"

John told about the lunchroom scene. The prexy almost swooned. "My boy," he said, "you don't mean it! Why, that was a rib, a joke, a frame-up! We went after your goat—just for laughs. One of those men was a professional ribber. We had our fun and then forgot it."

"I didn't," said John. "And it wasn't funny."

rugged individualist . . .

That little episode happened several years ago. But it still spells John Carroll right to the capital C. He plays Hollywood straight. He misunderstands and he's misunderstood. He acts himself and they tell him he's wacky. He's accused of wasting his talents, passing up his chances, doing the wrong thing at the right time. He's flighty, undependable; he'll never learn. He's this and he's that—and isn't it too bad?

Well, yes it is. It's too bad that John Carroll isn't the big star he deserves to be. He has been around Hollywood off and on since 1929! He's a 6 ft. 4 hunk of male personality as virile as Gable, only younger. He's blessed with a booming personality baritone. He has everything; talent, looks, vim, vigor and more spirits than a Kentucky distillery. And yet—

Just the other day, after smashing out a hit in "Flying Tigers," John played a two-day, small-time part in "Youngest Profession." He's up and down, in and out—as usual. How come? What's this enduring Carroll mystery?

There isn't any, really. You have to know John, though, or the answer is so simple it escapes you. Hollywood is a place of postures and poses, of types and tight rope walkers, of yes-men, politicians, courtiers, diplomats.

And in the Hollywood circles, Johnny Carroll has always been out of place. He is today and he always will be. He's a maverick, a rogue elephant, a lone wolf. "I'm an animal," says John simply. "That's all. I don't know anything about politics or publicity. I just act myself. That's all I can do."

It's natural that John Carroll is like he is—a non-conformist, unfettered and unafraid. His real name is Julian LaFaye. His French forefathers were adventurers of the *voyageur* type, and swashbuckling. They left France for a crack at the New World and they fought and gambled and won. Part of his clan traces to the New Orleans buccaneer, Jean LaFitte. On another limb of his tree the Lafayettes grow. In fact, LaFaye is merely Lafayette (John will tell you) without the "tte."

John's grandfather LaFaye was a wealthy old tyrant with a plantation from here to Texas and four hundred slaves. On both sides his Gallic ancestors were Creole aristocrats. They did as they pleased—just like John. They thought nobody was any better than themselves. Neither does John. They were hearty, lusty livers. The last LaFaye is the same.

John's pretty and aristocratic mother lives with him today. But she's my authority that Son John never was a docile mama's boy. "From a boy," she told me, "he wanted to run things himself. He was never afraid of life." When he was only 13 John ran away from home, and they had a hard time getting him

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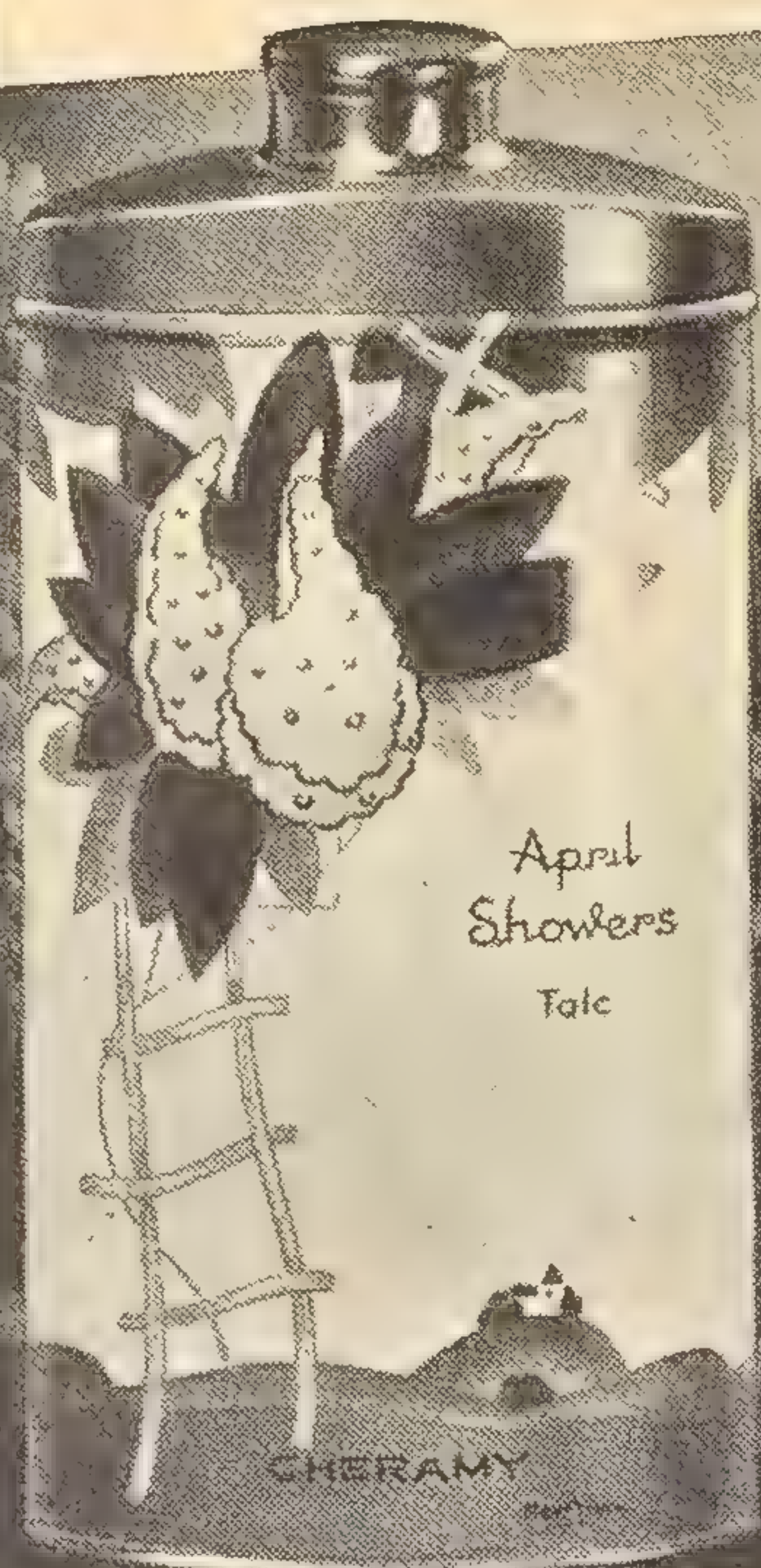
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back. In his 'teens John was a hot New Orleans blood, handsome, headstrong, dashing and restless.

One night, in Mardi Gras season, John came home late after a young set ball. He was king of the affair and decked out in his evening finery. He woke up his family. "I'm leaving," he told them.

"But John—why—where?"

"I don't know," he said. "But I'm going. I've got to."

That's all he'd say. They told him there'd be no money for such foolishness. Before their eyes he packed up. Next morning he was gone. John sailed the seven seas, lived abroad, came roaring back home a year or so later, broke but happy. He couldn't stay in college. He was too restless. He tried; it wasn't any use. Pretty soon he was gone again.

John tells you frankly today, "I haven't any education. I haven't a speck of veneer. All I am is an honest guy with a lot of talents." He isn't being boastful or bold or shy either. He couldn't be a phony to himself or anyone. He's telling the truth.

One of the many talents was a voice. His father, a banker, had also been a singer. John inherited a voice that today makes some people in Hollywood moan when they think about it. It's going to waste here. It might not have if John Carroll had been the serious, studious, careful type.

He had \$100,000 to make himself into a great operatic baritone. He got the legacy as a young man. He studied in New York, Paris, several places. His teachers told him he had a future limited only by his ambition. The ambition was there, but the minute a confining cramp set in—it was gone. Opera singers, John found, had to train like racehorses. They had to go around in capes and trick hats and put on a lot of fol-de-rol. They did the same things and met the same people. The world was too narrow.

John took his \$100,000—and spent it. On himself, on fun, travel, girls and good times. On going places and seeing things. Since that day he has maintained the same attitude toward money. It isn't to save; it's to use. He has never had any trouble making it, only keeping it. I doubt if John has much of a bank account today. Any other actor around Hollywood broke as long as John would find that depressing. No money bags—no place in a Hollywood world where wealth is the measuring stick.

"Listen," says John, "the best night I ever had in my life was spent under a bridge with a tramp. I was bumming my way across the country. It was rainy and cold. He was cooking dinner out of a tin can. I told him I wanted to be a screen star, and he laughed. 'Then what you got?' he said, 'a lotta money and a lotta headaches. But me—brother—I'll have my freedom and this here tin can!' I couldn't answer the bum."

happy-go-lucky . . .

Not that John Carroll has ever yearned to live the penurious life. Not by a long shot. When he has made money, he has spent it. One of his cars in his extra days was a fabulous thing of super-duper proportions. In his time he's spent more money for instance on guns than the average person puts in a house and lot. He's had cracks at polo and horses, boats, planes and everything. He's gambled some, too, but he's rotten at that. He's lived high or low as luck had it. "I've always spent more than I made," admits John freely. He jokes that the reason studios keep him under contract so long is that he owes them so much they can't fire him!

There isn't a more prodigal fellow in town than John. Whatever he has belongs to anyone he happens to fancy. He's always getting taken for a chump, that way. But he doesn't mind. Once, while I sat in his room with him, the police called up. They said they had his former servant in the clink. The servant had John's car and a lot of his initialed luggage.

"He says," informed the cops, "you gave it to him."

"Gosh," said John, with a puzzled frown. "I don't remember, but maybe I did."

"But," argued the cops, "we had a complaint from your house. They said the stuff was stolen."

hitchhiking pickpockets . . .

John mumbled a few words. It turned out the stuff wasn't stolen. He'd given it away and then forgot about it! John first came to Hollywood in an old Ford from Louisiana. On the way he picked up a Negro to give him a ride. Later on he picked up an Englishman. They stopped in one town. Next morning the colored lad was gone with John's bags. John drove on. Next night he and the Britisher stayed in another town. In the morning, the car was gone and the limey with it! John hitchhiked into Hollywood, broke and with the clothes on his back! He never even called the cops about that.

But although he's without money half the time, there has never been a starvation period in John Carroll's Hollywood saga. "When I went broke," he says, "I got out of town. And I always came back with a wad." John did this four or five times. None of this pounding the pavements, boy scout stuff for him.

Once he found himself getting beneath what he considered his standard of Hollywood life. John caught a freight East, hopped off in Texas and made a pile in the oil wells. Another time he joined up with a race track outfit and risked his neck in dirt motor dromes until he had enough to come back right. He has done a dozen things, "Including," John will grin wickedly just to shock you, "a little bootlegging."

If you ask John Carroll for a description of himself, he says, "I'm a storm-bird." He isn't kidding. But in spite of all his flights, he has been sincerely based in Hollywood since he first got here. Only, in his own home nest he has managed to kick up storms. Life to John would be intolerable in balmy weather.

In John Carroll's book there is a major crime—dullness. Upsetting the punch bowl, figuratively, at Hollywood parties has not earned him the popularity prize, although actually John could give half the town cards and spades in charm and come off easy winner.

But here's what I mean:

Not long ago a Hollywood dinner party was beginning to sag. John was a guest (he's always being invited around—but his frankness doesn't keep him around long); and he came right to the rescue. He launched into a long, lurid tale of shipwreck, adventure, South Sea sirens, buried treasure and about everything else you could imagine, with himself the hero. The table listened spellbound. When John had finished with a tingling climax, one dainty lady gasped, "Oh, Mr. Carroll—how wonderful! And to think it all really happened to you. It's all true!"

"True?" roared John, making the glasses rattle. "Ha-ha-ha! Not a word of it's true!"

Again, he was invited to a party where
(Continued on page 111)

VIENNESE KNIGHT

(Continued from page 66)

wondering what the heck it's all about. So he was born . . . he went to school . . . got caught in the mess abroad . . . and here he is. How do you do, Mr. Dantine. Glad to meet you . . . but it's not a column of figures you're reciting. It's a guy's life. Suppose you begin again, and never mind the statistics. Just tell us about *you*. Begin as far back as you can remember. Vienna, you said. Start there.

He throws a long leg over the arm of the chair and digs down into the cushions.

"I'd rather begin with Broadway. Gwen's there now in 'Janie,' you know. Ever met her? Marvelous girl, Gwen. But then, you wanted things from the beginning, didn't you?"

viennese waltz . . .

He started, for no particular reason, with the Carnival in Vienna, the year he'd turned sixteen. The city burst into fireworks each evening, and everyone waited for the Opera Ball to climax the crazy excitement. Helmut asked the prettiest girl in school to come. True they weren't yet 18 as they should have been, but nobody'd ever know, and

MODERN SCREEN QUIZ

From what we can gather, you did quite wonderfully on last month's quiz . . . so we're making no changes at all this month in the way it works. On this page there are 20 clues. On page 89 and 111 there are two more sets of clues. If you can guess, after mulling over the first clue, the name of the actor or actress to whom it refers, score yourself 5 points. If you must turn to the second set of clues before you get the answer, score yourself 4 points. And if you guess on the third try, the question's worth 3. For a perfect score you'd have to guess all 20 questions on the first set of clues. 20 questions . . . at five points each . . . adds up to 100, and a shiny gold star. Simple, no? Go ahead . . . you quiz-ical brighties, and no cheating! 50's normal, 60's good, 80, or slightly under, is in our class, and anything over is strictly genius!

QUIZ CLUES

Set 1

1. Famous father
2. Professor
3. Tough guy
4. Ava's guy
5. "I wasn't born with a bustle."
6. Male Warbler
7. Dallas, Tex.
8. Ballet
9. No. 1 Irishman
10. Genius
11. Our favorite blonde
12. Tail Waggers
13. "Mooch"
14. Triller-diller
15. "H. M. Esq."
16. "Dancing Daughters"
17. Eileen's sister
18. Louisville, Ky.
19. Killed in "Kildare"
20. Taylor-mad



Says JANET BLAIR, busy star,
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 a moment's rest,
 It's Royal Crown Cola . . .
 best by test!"

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Janet Blair is working harder than ever—selling war bonds, entertaining service men, making pictures. No wonder she says, "When I need a 'quick-up,' I reach for a frosty bottle of Royal Crown Cola. It took the famous cola taste-test to convince me. After tasting the best-known colas without knowing which was which, I voted for the one I liked best. My choice? Royal Crown by a mile!"



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there'd be champagne to drink . . . and confetti to wade through as they danced . . . and music!

There was, too! Gallons of the bubbly stuff and yards of confetti dripping from the balconies in rainbows. She was lithe as an angel to dance with . . . and just as lovely. This was the night to tell her how wonderful she was. Or anyhow, it would have been if someone hadn't suddenly nabbed him by the ear and shunted him toward the exit. The next day, through sheer embarrassment, he asked to be transferred from her class.

"That was Project No. 1," he says. "I'm afraid I recovered pretty quickly. In Budapest the following summer I met a girl . . . courted her for three weeks . . . exchanged a dozen long and earnest letters . . . and never again saw her in my life.

"Right now I can't think of women in terms of anyone but Gwen Anderson. When she left for Broadway, I moved into a bachelor apartment . . . one of those stateroom affairs where you can't take a man-sized step without scraping your shins against the furniture. And small as it is, it has a way of looking vast and vacant when I get home in the evening. That's when I start thinking about New York and the way Broadway looked the night we were married. Gwen writes it's a lot different now. She says Times Square's a village green compared to the blaze of lights on South Bend's main street. I'd be seeing it for myself, if I weren't so tied up here."

Funny how it happens. He had tested for the part of the heiling Nazi in "Mrs. Miniver," but so had a dozen others. And the only experience stacked behind him was the Pasadena Playhouse. For almost a month the studio hedged while the stubble on his face grew thicker. "Don't shave. We may need you for further tests." And then the next morn-

ing, "Forget it. You're not quite right for the part."

When they finally did phone to say he'd do, Helmut felt his wiry beard, reached for his razor and started hacking it off.

That first screen test was something they hadn't told him about at the Playhouse. He grinned at the gory mixture of ketchup and melted chocolate that dribbled into his mouth. Laughed out loud when he remembered himself trying to do a "Bogart" while smelling like a Hershey bar.

And then he thought back further to his debut in "Escape." They had tossed him a uniform with shiny buttons and said, "Be a bellboy!" No beginning was too humble . . . and, frankly, Helmut was feeling glowy over the job he'd done. The night "Escape" was premiered, Helmut rounded up his fans . . . two nice aunts and a half dozen staunchest friends. After dragging them off to the theater, he sat there fidgeting through the thing . . . and then found he'd been cut completely from the script.

"That, of course, is what you call being kicked in the pants. And," says Helmut, "it hurt."

But that was before "Mrs. Miniver." Said opus being what it was, Helmut suddenly found himself IN. He's just shot "Edge of Darkness." Thinks it's silly as all hell that he had to be another Nazi. He of all people!

Right now he's feeling like a kid who snatches a cup cake from the kitchen table and then saves it for hours because it's too good to eat. Snatched and saved till now, his part in "Mission to Moscow" was also too good to eat. He wanted that part . . . wanted it badly because it meant a chance to slip from a Nazi uniform into a friendlier one. In "Mission to Moscow," he's a Russian army officer, ardently anti-Nazi . . . and Helmut was drooling for a change of diet!

MISS TERRIFIC!

(Continued from page 34)

studio refer to her as Miss Terrific.

But to one person in the world, she is just a nice girl of 25 who plays the radio too loud on Sunday mornings, and who sometimes seems just a trifle TOO extravagant about furs and perfume.

Mrs. Grable christened her younger daughter Ruth Elizabeth, and promptly shortened it to Betty. And when Mrs. Grable discusses Betty's childhood, the one antic she remembers best is Betty's delivery of a popular song of the day.

miles that make us boo . . .

Betty was a chubby character with large, serious blue eyes and a shock of hair as white as full-blown cotton. When requested to perform, she was boosted to the piano bench and assumed a stance in which a round tummy was a leading feature.

Then she gave out as follows:

"There are MILES that make us happy. There are MILES that make us boo. There are MILES that TEAL away our sorries, As the HUNSHINE TEALS away the dew."

Her rendition was never inhibited by doubt; she was sure that she was giving her all in a highly acceptable manner. But heed the story of the grown-up Betty, the first time she embarked on an

army camp tour to entertain the boys.

Long before she left Los Angeles, she confided to several close friends at the studio that she was scared stiff. "I'll blow up," she prophesied gloomily. "I won't be able to think of anything to say." So several sympathetic publicity boys wrote a charming speech, which Betty memorized.

Came the night when Betty, resplendent in a metallic-cloth dress, walked uncertainly out upon a rough board platform to face the hysteria of ten thousand men in uniform. Betty certainly hadn't been mentally prepared for this ovation; she was just one slim girl, standing alone and rather stunned by the welcome of her public.

When the baritone and bass roaring had subsided, she tried to recite her delightful canned speech. One sentence chattered forth hesitantly; the second was even more reluctant. Betty gave it up. Taking a step forward she said, "Gee, fellows, I'm so scared up here that my knees are knocking together. I'm no good at making speeches!"

The audience went wild. They whistled, applauded and cooked up general pandemonium. "Just let us look at you," they cried. But someone, with the knack of voicing a general desire, shouted, "Sing for us, Betty."

Betty sang. She had barely finished one number before another request was called through the ringing dark. This

went on for TWO solid hours. She even pulled up her long dress enough to do several tap routines on the uneven stage, taking a chance on ruining an ankle for weeks to come.

At the end of the evening, those studio executives who had accompanied her were extremely solicitous. "We didn't dream it would be like this; we knew you'd get a terrific reception, but we didn't figure on a work-out equal to running a minor commando training course," they said.

Betty was glowing. "How soon can you get me on one of those camp tours?" she wanted to know. "That's for me."

They booked Betty for one of the most exhausting circuits; other performers had returned with anemia and shattered nervous systems. Not Betty. She came back feeling fine. Ready to go again whenever picture schedules would allow. And she hadn't forgotten that crack made to her about running a Commando obstacle course.

When she reached a camp where there was a honey of a neck-breaker, Betty talked the officers in charge into loaning her a fatigue outfit and a pair of tennis sneakers. Then, to make it a real race, they detailed a group of overjoyed enlisted men to allow Betty a certain handicap, then to try to overtake her.

Well, they suffered from no delusions of gallantry. They beat her fairly and squarely, but she didn't give up. She set her chin and completed the course. You should have heard the cheer from her waiting troupers when she struggled up the last rise and sank, winded, onto the grass, panting like a silky, perspiration-soaked spaniel.

No wonder Mrs. Grable says, "I'm far more proud of Betty's kindness and character than I am of her success in her career."

Betty's kindness is a quality that has been called, unfairly, into question.

And all on account of that pathetic "feud" between Carole Landis and Betty. This yarn keeps cropping up every few days, exactly like a family of snails in a rose garden. Carole, at every possible

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opportunity, has denied the rumor heat- edly. She likes Betty and has always admired her wholeheartedly.

And Betty? Has she ever done or said anything to indicate dislike for Carole? The workers on the sets are the best possible authorities to answer this ques- tion. And here is their answer: an emphatic NO.

Recently, in an important national magazine, there appeared an anony- mous article seeking to prove that Betty had no use for Carole. Instances were given, comments were quoted, conclu- sions were drawn.

When Betty was told of the article, and read it, she was both stunned and angry. The story became Hollywood's current nine-day wonder. Both Carole and Betty exchanged sorrowful notes, assuring each other that neither had given material that could have been twisted into such an unhappy script.

Then Betty received a letter from all the workers on the set of "Coney Island" assuring her that they had never wit- nessed any scene between Betty and any other worker, male or female, on the 20th Century lot that could be described as disagreeable.

"I'll keep that letter as long as I live,"

Betty gratefully told her hairdresser.

the gasping point . . .

An actress friend of Betty's said thoughtfully one day, "Where there's so much smoke, people assume that there must be a little flame, I suppose. These rumors don't start just because someone has had a pipe dream."

The reason the rumors DO burgeon occasionally is this: Betty is as moody in her way as George Brent is in his. She isn't the sort of person who pours out her troubles on the broad shoulders of another person; she locks up her woe in some secret crying room of her own spirit.

While "Coney Island" was being made, Betty was wearing a costume that called for a waist so small (although Betty, her- self, is beautifully hour-glass of out- line) that she had to be laced within an inch of the gasping point. Between takes, instead of fraternizing with people on the set, Betty beat a strategic retreat to her dressing room, shed her stays and gloried in a series of normal breaths.

The murmur went around, "What's wrong with Grable? What's she her- miting about? Has she had a battle with the director or somebody?" If

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QUESTIONNAIRE

What stories and features did you enjoy most in our March issue? Write 1, 2, 3, at right of the titles of your 1st, 2nd, 3rd choices.

- | | | | |
|-------------------------------------|--------------------------|--------------------------------------|--------------------------|
| Ronald Reagan | <input type="checkbox"/> | Johnny Payne—Bond Salesman | <input type="checkbox"/> |
| Miss Terrific! (Grable) | <input type="checkbox"/> | Speaking of Flynn | <input type="checkbox"/> |
| Rogue Male (John Carroll) | <input type="checkbox"/> | Good News | <input type="checkbox"/> |
| "Hello, Frisco, Hello" | <input type="checkbox"/> | He Wanted Wings (Sterling) | <input type="checkbox"/> |
| Viennese Knight | <input type="checkbox"/> | Kid Sister Eileen (Blair) | <input type="checkbox"/> |

Which one of the above did you like **LEAST**?

What 3 stars would you like to read about in future issues? List them 1, 2, 3 in order of preference

.
.
.

Here's a list of cute little boxes we use to brighten up the back of **MODERN SCREEN** from pages 68 to 114.

I Saw It Happen

Movie Quiz

Horoscope

Ten Years Ago in Modern Screen

Handwriting Analysis

Which do you like **MOST**?

Any you think we ought to discontinue?

My name is

My address City State

I am years of age.

**ADDRESS THIS TO: POLL DEPT., MODERN SCREEN
149 MADISON AVENUE, NEW YORK, N. Y.**

ORCHIDS DEPT.

Dear MODERN SCREEN:

I just want to express my appreciation to MODERN SCREEN. I'm quite a fan . . . and I think your magazine is tops.

We fans like to know that Linda Darnell never wears a slip, just what Lana Turner's bedroom looks like, and all the other little things that make the stars real people to us. I find your gossip column not just chatter but the real dope. What's more, MODERN SCREEN, from the first page to the last is newsy, informative and full of candid shots.

Your reviews of coming pictures are exceptionally well written, and the added data on production is a feature not found in any other fan magazine.

Thank you for last-minute news, beautiful color portraits, intimate views of Hollywood at play. Thanks for staying away from phony interviews. And most of all, thanks for giving us all that for only ten cents! It's worth much more.

Jane Roberts
640 Adams St.
Denver, Col.

you've ever played that old game "Gossip," you can readily understand how three questions, as above, can be augmented into murder.

Betty could have gone grieving over the set, telling all and sundry that she had a bad case of pinched perimeter, but that wouldn't have been Betty. Whether the difficulty is small or great, she doesn't discuss it.

Mrs. Grable told George one day, "Betty has her own little ways, and we respect them. When she was having marriage difficulties before she and Jackie Coogan separated, I knew there was something wrong because she was so quiet. There are some people in the world who like to talk things over, but Betty doesn't seem to be able to use words to lighten a burden. She has to LIVE out her troubles; she can't TALK them out."

reg'lar gal . . .

Betty has occasionally been accused of being high-hat, but this—again—arises from sheer misunderstanding. Betty has never been a party girl; she went with Jack three years before she married him, and she has now gone steadily with George for two years.

She doesn't drink, not even wine, so night clubs don't appeal to her. George, by the way, is also a teetotaler.

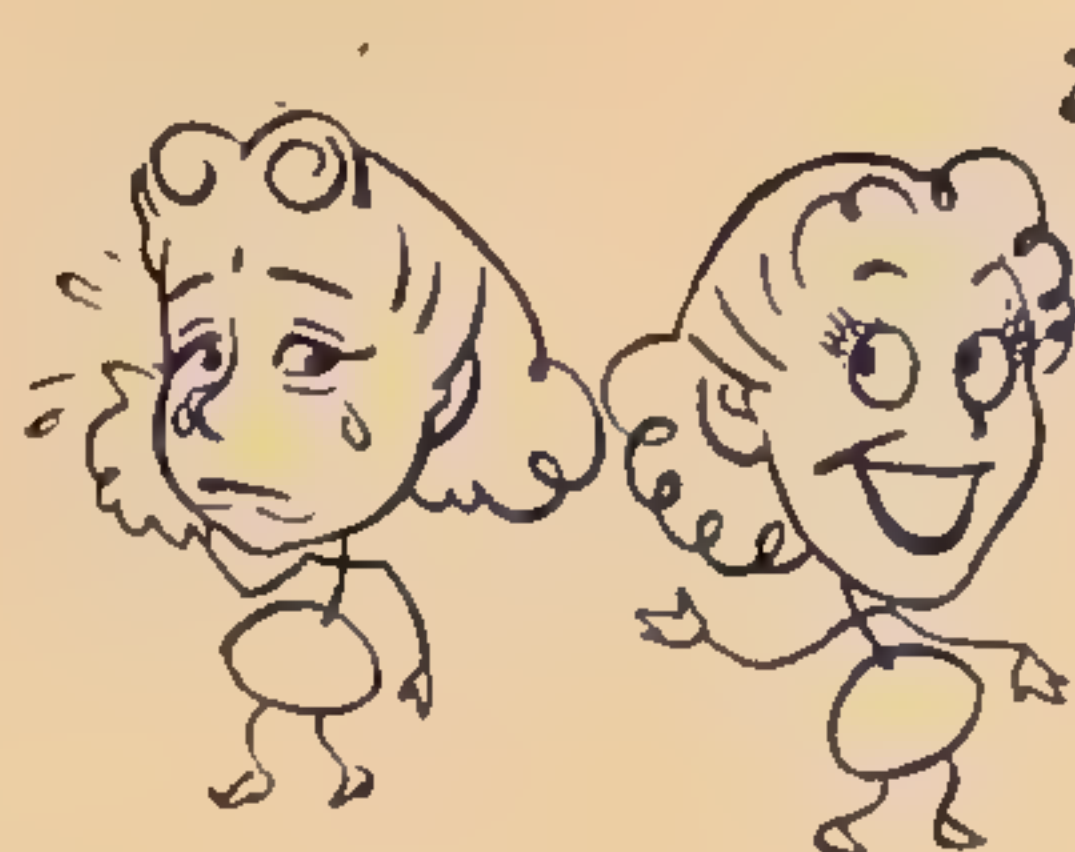
Bowling is Betty's pet sport. Mrs. Grable was sound asleep one evening when Betty came rampaging into the room after a session with the ten pins in Westwood. "Guess what I did," she gasped. "I bowled 230!"

Note to non-bowlers: highest possible score is 300, but the average woman bowler is ecstatic if she bowls 180 or so.

Betty and George both love baseball and football. Betty yells like a Comanche for her team and understands every play. The Cardinals, from the Grable home town, won the pennant this year. All during the series, Betty gave sharp baseball tips—all favoring the Cardinals—to any miscellaneous passerby who looked as if his wagering spirit might get the better of him.

At games she stows away quantities of hot dogs with plenty of mustard and

Imagine **ME** leading a double life!



Ever have days when you wish you could run away from your other self?

For weeks you go along singing, smiling and working like a soldier. There's lots to be done—at school and the Canteen . . . at home, where you've taken over K. P. for Mom. Later at Service Dances where you're a regular, you look all crisp and shining.

Then there's that Double—your other self.

Telling you that you *can't* keep going! Your confidence does a dim-out and you call Peg to make excuses for tonight.

"I know everyone's counting on me," you begin. "But what can I do?"

Peg tells you straight! It's *comfort* that makes the difference! You'll never know how big a difference until you try Kotex sanitary napkins. And she adds brightly:

"Don't forget—8 o'clock sharp!"

Banish that Double

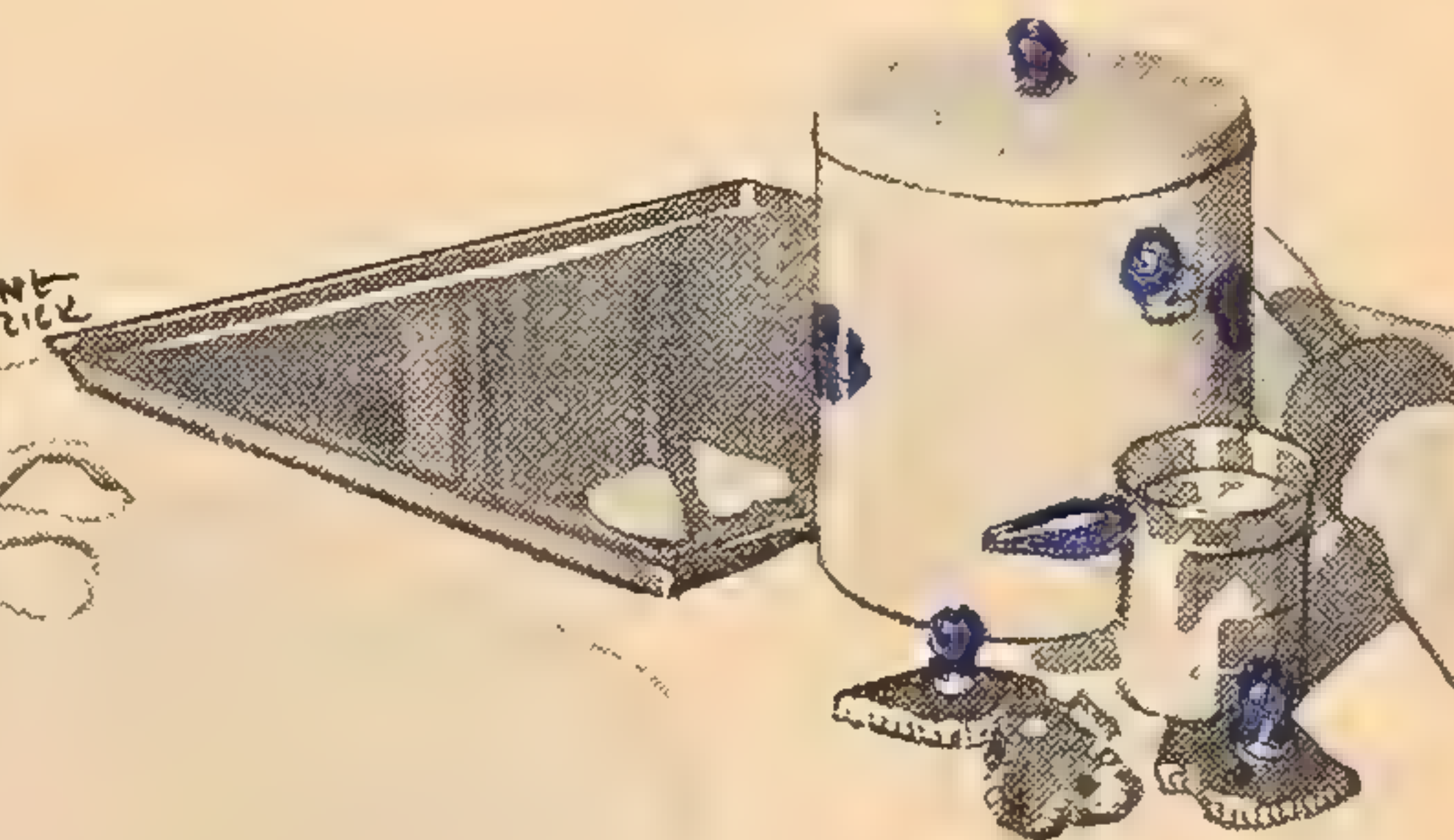
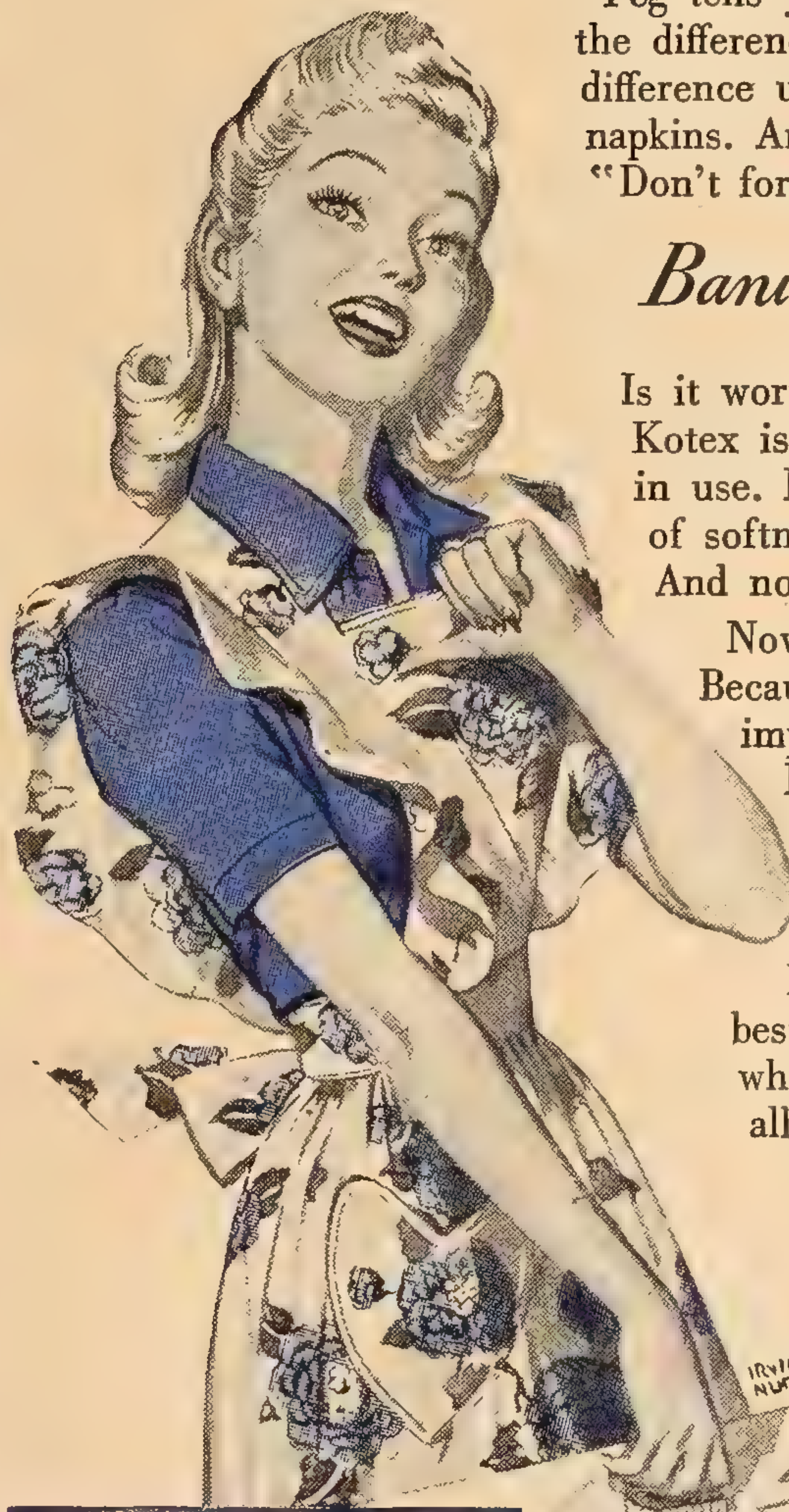


Is it worth a try? And how! You'll learn that Kotex is more comfortable—made to stay soft in use. None of that snowball sort of softness that packs hard under pressure. And no wrong side to cause accidents!

Now your confidence never misses a beat. Because Kotex has those patented improvements no other pad can offer!

Like the 4-ply double-duty safety center. And the flat, pressed ends of Kotex that don't show because they're not stubby.

From now on you can be at your best *every day* of the month! That's why more women choose Kotex than all other brands of pads put together!



"AS ONE GIRL TO ANOTHER" is a swell booklet that explains a girl's private life . . . gives tips on social contacts, good grooming . . . do's and don't's for "those days." Quick send your name and address on a postcard to P. O. Box 3434, Dept. MM-3, Chicago, for your copy. It's FREE!

Keep going in comfort
—with Kotex!

(★ T. M. Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.)

take a tip
from Cupid

you're
lovely
in a

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Brassiere**

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Los Angeles, 814 S. Los Angeles St.
Lovable Brassiere Co., 358 Fifth Ave., N.Y. • In Canada, Canadian Lady Corset Co. Ltd., Montreal

relish. Popcorn and cherry cokes are useful, too, to soothe an excited throat. But George never brings her a candy bar at a game, or arrives for a date with a package of Pig'n'Whistle's best tucked under one arm, because Betty doesn't like sweets. Lucky lady.

She loses weight during a picture and gains a little poundage when she's between films. When she wants to turn the hand of the scales counter clockwise, she just gives up sugar in her coffee and dessert. That does the diminishing.

Sunday morning is a busy time in the Grable household. Betty always gets up fairly early and has a big breakfast, then settles at her desk where she writes checks to settle her accounts, and answers dozens of service men's letters and autographs pictures by the hundred. While she is doing this, she tunes in a record program and plays it at the top of the volume knob.

Mrs. Grable calls upstairs, "Betty, turn that radio down."

"What did you say, Mother? I can't hear because of the music."

"I said, please turn that radio softer."

"Okay, Mother." And she carefully moves it down just one degree.

Betty is a good business woman. With the first real accumulation that she had ever amassed, she bought a cottage in Brentwood. Gradually, she and her mother outgrew it and needed a larger house, so she disposed of that property and has just bought a beautiful home in Bel Air. They moved in during July, and they are still trying to furnish it.

The frilly white lamps in the bedroom and the tailored yellow lamps in the library are still sitting placidly on the floor—a fresh decorator's touch—because occasional tables are a scarce item in Los Angeles, and no one knows when

Betty's order will arrive from the East.

With her family, Betty is the soul of generosity. This summer she made the first trip of her life without her mother. All the way across the country and back, Betty kept fretting. "If Mother had been along," she told the hairdresser, "I would have had that dress pressed and ready to wear. Now I have to struggle into this old gown."

She lost a series of gloves and hankies. "Well, it wouldn't have happened if Mother had been with us," she observed whenever something was missing. And she went off on a mysterious, day-long errand while she was in New York.

The night she came home, she catapulted into her mother's arms, gift box and all. When Mrs. Grable lifted off wrappings and lid, she found a heavenly blue, hand-woven wool robe, appliqued with satin scroll work. The card read, "To match my mother's blue eyes."

The one item that Betty buys for herself in lavish amounts is perfume.

When Betty gets ready to go out in the evening, Mrs. Grable inhales deeply. "Oh, Betty," she moans, "I'm only grateful that at least half of that will evaporate in the open air."

By the way, Betty owns one of the few carpeted bathrooms in captivity. The floor is covered with a bushy grey broadloom that must be wonderfully comforting on cold mornings.

family circle . . .

Betty's sister, Marjorie, works at Douglas, but she doesn't think anyone out there has recognized her as a member of a glamour family. "If they get hep to me," she told Betty wearily, "I'll have to answer questions about you all day long. Sometimes fame in a family is awfully uncomfortable."

As you can see, the Grable family ties are strong. Betty tells her mother where she is going, whenever she leaves the house, and at what time she will be back. If she is delayed more than five or ten minutes, Mrs. Grable gets a call telling her exactly when her daughter will be back and what is detaining her.

But, considering the way of the world just now, one of the nicest stories about Betty involves a Grable fan who joined the army. Two years ago, Betty received a charming letter from a student at Massachusetts Institute of Technology, explaining that he had bet all his current coin that he could persuade Betty Grable to come East to attend the M.I.T. formal as his guest.

The letter was so well written and so sincere of tone, that Betty wired her regrets and promised a letter of explanation. She was working in a picture at the time, and she couldn't get away, she wrote. That developed quite a correspondence for a time, then the letters began to grow infrequent.

In the fall of 1942, Betty received a note from her M.I.T. admirer saying that he was in California at an army camp near San Francisco. Betty brought the letter to her mother and asked, "Would it be all right for me to ask him to come down for a week-end?"

"Let's do," agreed Mrs. Grable. "And let's ask him to bring along his buddy."

Which explains why that rosy glow over a northern California camp was seen one night after mail call. The boys came down one Saturday, and Betty showed them the town, took them through the studio, supplied them with a collection of autographed pictures and had the time of her life in the process.

The M.I.T. student was able to get leave for Thanksgiving, too, but that was to be his last freedom before sailing. Betty promised to write.

Perhaps this soldier said the last word and the best, to be applied to Betty. When he took her hand to tell her good-by, he murmured, "The nicest thing about you, Betty, is that—after a fellow has been with you a few hours—he forgets that you're an actress or a glamour kid or any of the rest of that stuff, and concentrates on thinking what a wonderful girl you are. You're a little honey, and that's the truth."

10 Years Ago in Modern Screen

March, 1933! Franklin Delano Roosevelt took first oath of office as president. . . . Hitler and his Nazis seized power in Germany, with nation-wide attacks on Jews immediately following. . . . Earthquake at Long Beach, Cal., killed 120, severely jolted Hollywood, Beverly Hills and environs. . . . \$500,000 in stolen jewelry was discovered in Florida hide-out after nation-wide search.

While in MODERN SCREEN. . . . Paris toasted Jeanette MacDonald, whispered she'd marry Maurice Chevalier and was floored when she announced engagement to business manager Bob Ritchie. . . . Barbara Stanwyck swigged cod liver oil to regain strength after strenuous dieting. . . . Gary Cooper staged a one-man sit-down strike his first day as Joan Crawford's leading man. . . . Fredric March and wife adopted baby. . . . the Lupe Velez-Johnnie Weissmuller romance reached the sizzling point. . . . Ginger Rogers was a "Wampas Baby Star" whose success was still questionable.

GIVE BEAUTY A HAND

(Continued from page 51)

protective creams form a sheath against grime, oil and dirt, so that they all easily rinse off when the job's finished.

Lotions are lovely! . . .

"Lotions do wonders for hands," enthused Ann. "I always tote some in my bag. Long train rides are a grand opportunity for a hand-beautifying session." You can pluck your own opportunities from your busy life . . . but, no matter where or when, do be generous with rich, smooth-making lotions and lubricants. Massage cuticle cream or oil into each finger at night. That will soften harsh, jagged edges that blitz precious stockings. If your hands are stubbornly dry, try slathering them up to the wrists at night with your favorite hand lotion or cream. Then pull on an old pair of loose, white cotton gloves with holes cut in them for ventilation. Your hands will be taking on beauty as you dream pleasant dreams, and the gloves will save sheets and pillow cases an extra trip to the tubs.

If your nails are dry and brittle so that even a harsh word breaks and chips them, try massaging a cream conditioner into the base of the nail. You'll find it works wonders in correcting the condition. Then too, ladies, if your polish sometimes chips, most likely it's not the fault of that gleaming coat. No, probably it's because your nails are peeling off in layers . . . a pesky condition often caused by dry air, careless diet and lack of sunshine. Treat yourself, if such is the case, to oil finger-baths and extra cuticle-creamings. Eat plenty of calcium-producing foods—cauliflower, cabbage, lettuce and milk, milk, milk!

manicure magic . . .

Daily lotion-treats and cleaning, yes, and then once a week the pleasant manicure ritual! Have fun while you're prettying those active mitts of yours. Take it easily in eight steps, not slipping up on one. Arrange the "fixings" on a convenient near-by table so you won't have to dash up, half way through the process, to retrieve the polish or cuticle-remover you've forgotten. Then turn on the radio to your favorite program and devote 20 cosy minutes to the business at hand!

(1) For a clean start, remove old enamel with cleansing tissue or a dab of cotton saturated with oily polish remover.

(2) Shape your nails with an emery board or a fine-grained metal file. A gentle oval shape is the safest outline . . . extreme points are definitely old hat. Don't "cut any corners." The side of the nail tip should slope gradually into a rounded curve.

(3) Now scrub your dainty digits with a brush and a fluff of warm suds. Soak each hand for a few minutes. If nails are brittle, use warm oil; if healthy, warm, soapy water is all you need. Dry thoroughly.

(4) Remove cuticle, using a cotton-tipped orange stick dipped in a special cuticle remover. Trim, smooth-looking fingertips will result . . . and there's no danger of infection from torn, ragged, unhealthy cuticles!

(5) Apply nail white under free edges of nail, and scrub the fingers thoroughly once more. In wiping them dry, you can remove the last remaining shreds of cuticle loosened by the cuticle remover.

(6) Buff the nails briskly so that they will have a smoother base for the polish.



Linda Darnell.

glamorous 20th Century-Fox star in "Loves of Edgar Allen Poe," uses GLOVER'S to condition scalp and hair. GLOVER'S helps to give the hair a soft and natural-looking appearance!

Glamorous HAIR Makes You Look *Lovelier*

MANY of Hollywood's most beautiful and glamorous stars keep their hair charming and refreshed with the systematic use of the famous GLOVER'S MEDICINAL treatment so popular with millions of men and women! GLOVER'S is not merely a "scented preparation"—it's definitely a *medicinal* application which you can use, with massage, for Dandruff, Itchy Scalp and excessive Falling Hair. TRY it today—you'll feel the exhilarating effect, *instantly*—and

you'll be delighted with the results! Ask for GLOVER'S at any Drug Store.

For your convenience, we offer (by coupon only) this Complete Trial Application of GLOVER'S famous Mange Medicine and the new GLO-VER Beauty Soap SHAMPOO, in hermetically-sealed bottles, so that you can try the Glover's Medicinal Treatment and test it yourself! Complete instructions and booklet, "The Scientific Care of Scalp and Hair," included FREE.



GLOVER'S (with massage) for DANDRUFF, ITCHY SCALP and Excessive FALLING HAIR



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H. CLAY GLOVER CO. Inc., 101 W. 31st St.
Dept. 853, New York City
Send Trial Package, Glover's Mange Medicine and GLO-VER SHAMPOO, in hermetically-sealed bottles, and informative booklet. I enclose 25c.

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Address.....
City..... State.....



"SOAPING"

HIDES HAIR BEAUTY— HALO REVEALS IT!



New-type Halo Shampoo banishes dingy soap-film!

THE luster, the brilliance, the rich natural beauty of your hair will *thrill* you once you have banished dulling "soap-film" with the remarkable new shampoo discovery—Halo.

All soaps and soap shampoos, even the finest, leave soap-film on hair, make it look dull, drab, lifeless. But Halo contains *no* soap. Its amazing new lathering ingredient actually *removes* soap-film from hair the first time you use it. Hair's glorious natural beauty is immediately revealed. And Halo rinses away completely without lemon or vinegar.

Halo leaves hair easy to manage and curl. Banishes loose dandruff. Generous 10¢ and larger sizes.

A Product of
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**REVEALS THE HIDDEN
BEAUTY IN YOUR HAIR**

WHY DON'T YOU WRITE?

Thousands of women—home makers, office workers, nurses, teachers—now earn extra money writing short stories, household articles, recipes, articles about fashions, hobbies, travels, etc. In your own home, on your own time, the New York Copy Desk Method teaches you how to write—the way newspaper women learn, by writing. Our unique "Writing Aptitude Test" tells whether you possess the fundamental qualities essential to successful writing. You'll enjoy this test. Write for it, without cost or obligation.

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Suite 571-C, One Park Avenue New York, N. Y.

Money Back If Blackheads Don't Disappear

Get a jar of Golden Peacock Bleach Creme this evening—use as directed before going to bed—look for big improvement in the morning. In a few days surface blemishes, mudiness, freckles, even pimples of outward origin should be gone. A clearer, whiter, smoother looking complexion. Sold on money back guarantee at all drug, department and 5c-10c stores.

**Golden Peacock
BLEACH CREME**
25 Million Jars Already Used



The buffing will also stimulate circulation and keep your nails stronger.

(7) Now you're ready for your base coat and two coats of your pet enamel. For the means to a smooth, hard, even surface and a color selection that's just right, flick through the pages to "Color at Your Fingertips!"

(8) When the polish has dried, pamper your glorified digits with an application of hand lotion or cream.

hand-some behavior . . .

Now that you have your hands looking so glamour-ful, be careful how you use them! No tenseness, no over-elaborate gestures, no extended pinky when you hold your teacup, no limp handshakes and no knuckle-cracking, please. See that your hands are gracefully relaxed unless they are actually busied about some chore. Watch the screen stars make their hands behave.

For an extra fillip of fingertip glamour, trail a handful of scent with all your animated gestures. Before going a-partying, anoint your wrists with a delightful, delectable perfume. There are some dandy ones to get you in a Spring-time mood, for instance, a pert old-fashioned "nosegay" or a honey-

chile of a deep South fragrance, mimosa.

Hands, even those of a regular Lazy-bones, are kept pretty much on the move, so special exercises do not in most cases have to be stressed. But if long periods of filing or knitting or bandage rolling have cramped and strained your fingers, Ann Rutherford has a remedy! She calls it "invisible typing." Pretend that a table edge is a key board, and type away like mad . . . it's grand for flexing and relieving overly tense hands. Ann, by the way, is an excellent typist. A few years back, she decided to take a steno course . . . just in case! But it looks like a needless precaution now, what with Ann being one of the most popular young stars in Hollywood. She's pert and pretty in M-G-M's "Whistling in Dixie" with funny-man Red Skelton.

hold a winning hand . . .

Satin-smooth, brightly tipped fingers will twinkle merrily through chores . . . a grand lift for morale. Think of your nail beautifiers as among your most precious possessions. A special manicure kit snugly fitted with all the "fixings" is a wise investment. A few minutes a day, a pleasant weekly manicure session . . . and beauty-endowed hands are yours!

Compare Your

Handwriting

with

Dennis Morgan



by Shirley Spencer

Many people wonder why they write large one day and small the next, and seem to think that this change in the appearance of their handwriting is a radical one and shows an inconsistent nature. This is not the case at all. Small writing shows mental concentration, so it is natural for your writing to become smaller, especially if you are making notes.

Large writing indicates a wider range of interest and activities than small writing, and the handwriting of Dennis Morgan is a good example of large, freely written, widely spaced writing. It shows that his interest would be in things which could be classed as physical activities rather than mental. In other words, sports, dancing and social contacts.

His large lower loops indicate this same thing, so we have activity doubly emphasized. Writers of a large script like this, with exaggerated lower loops, become restless under restraint and dislike sedentary work. They very often have several talents while not excelling in any one. All the expressive arts appeal to them—the theater, music, dancing, imaginative literature. Dennis' full upper and lower loops show an imagination which makes him exaggerate those things which catch his fancy.

The wide spacing and large rounded letters with the sprawling movement tell me that the less he has to think about a budget the better he likes it. His simple capitals indicate a dislike for frills and front, although those inflated loops say that he likes attention. He usually gets it because he's so spontaneous, fluent and responsive to people.

RONALD REAGAN

(Continued from page 33)

the doorway. Galahad can't make it. He settles for the middle step and starts washing his face.

A strained silence was broken by Jack. "Looks like I'm not boss in my own home." The way he said it, Ronnie relaxed. You could tell he was kind of glad to see the cats himself.

Sitting there on the steps, remembering Jack's eyes turned on Galahad as he washed his face, a sudden warmth suffused Ronnie. He didn't know that he'd started growing up that afternoon. All he knew was, he felt good, his ill humor melted. His dad was okay, and nuts to "Birth of a Nation."

He looked around for Jiggs. No Jiggs. Gone to the butcher's for a bone, most likely. When the kids bragged that their dogs were so smart, you could teach 'em tricks, Ronnie topped them. His dog was so smart, he could teach *you* tricks. When they first came to Dixon, they'd lived in an old frame house. Now they'd rented one of those new pebbledash affairs across the river. To Ronnie, its most alluring feature was the sleeping-porch. There he slept in all weathers—Jiggs on a rug beside him, covered with an old sweatshirt, corners of the rug folded over him, head on a pillow. Once every night, like clockwork, Ronnie would be awakened by a whimper, by a soft scratching at his arm. He turned on the light. Jiggs' chin rested on the bedrail, his eyes pleaded. "Okay, Jiggs." Back went his head on the pillow as Ronnie leaned over, covered him with the sweatshirt and folded back the corners of the rug. Then they'd both go to sleep again.

Jiggs was a town character. If the cops found him straying, they'd chase him home. He'd hang around the butcher's and slide in when a customer opened the door. The butcher used to cue him through his bag of tricks, then give him a bone. But Jiggs got bored with that. Now he just trotted round the counter, and in rapid succession, without being asked, counted three, rolled over, stuck out his paw and waited for delivery.

There he was now—or was he—? Ronnie peered down the street to make sure he was seeing what he thought he saw. Sure enough, there came Jiggs—rear end first, hauling behind him a bone as big as himself. Ronnie jumped up. "Goldarn dog!" he crowed in an excess of pride and affection. "C'mon, let's go watch 'em



CONSTANCE LUFT HUHN,
Head of the House of Tangee

"War Busy... or Just More Busy— You Need a *Satin-Finish* Lipstick!"

SAYS CONSTANCE LUFT HUHN

EVERY HOUR is a "rush hour" today; every minute is the "last minute"! Carrying on your day-to-day activities...in addition to the many wartime duties you have...certainly leaves you little time for "fussing with your face."

So, when I recommend Tangee's exclusive SATIN-FINISH Lipsticks to you, I do it in full confidence that they are exactly what you need...*today!* Anywhere, in any weather, they literally flow on to your lips...smoothly, swiftly, cleanly. Not too moist, yet not too dry, they last far longer than you'd believe possible. Above all, SATIN-FINISH gives

your lips that enviable grooming, that exquisite perfection, you've always imagined took less busy women hours to achieve.

And don't forget: Each Tangee Lipstick has its matching rouge... each complexion has its correct shade of Tangee's UN-powdery Face Powder!



★ ★ ★

BEAUTY—glory of woman...

LIBERTY—glory of nations...

Protect them both...

BUY WAR BONDS AND STAMPS

Solution to Puzzle on page 70.

B	A	B	A	A	L	I	C	E	F	A	Y	E
T	E	R	E	S	A	C	A	R	O	L	P	L
H	U	R	L	E	D	T	R	I	L	L	H	E
E	L	I	R	I	B	A	S	E	V	I	E	L
N	A	V	Y	T	O	B	I	M	E	A	L	A
H	E	A	L	G	U	N	A	L	L	R	I	S
P	A	R	A	D	E	N	E	L	S	O	N	
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C	O	L	M	A	N	J	E	A	N	N	E	
S	N	A	S	E	V	A	O	R	B	N	I	N
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O	N	I	O	N	S	B	R	O	O	D	S	T
G	A	R	Y			B	E	N	N	Y	A	M



NEW

TANGEE MEDIUM-RED...a warm, clear shade. Not too dark, not too light...just right.

TANGEE RED-RED... "Rarest, Loveliest Red of Them All," harmonizes perfectly with all fashion colors.

TANGEE THEATRICAL RED... "The Brilliant Scarlet Lipstick Shade"...always flattering.

TANGEE NATURAL... "Beauty for Duty"—conservative make-up for women in uniform. Orange in the stick, it changes to produce your own most becoming shade of blush rose.

TANGEE



SATIN-FINISH

Lipsticks



THAT WAS ME, all right! Especially, when it came to taking a laxative. I used to punish myself with the worst-tasting medicine. And how that stuff would weaken and upset me! Aside from its awful taste, it was just *too strong!*

THEN I ADDED INSULT to injury! I went to the other extreme and started taking what turned out to be a "namby-pamby" laxative. I thought it would be easier on me, but it failed to give me relief. It was just *too mild!*



FINALLY, ONE OF THE GIRLS at the plant put me wise to Ex-Lax! Now, *there's* a laxative for you! It's such a cinch to take . . . tastes just like swell chocolate. And it does its job so well — without knocking you out! Ex-Lax is not too strong, not too mild — it's *just right!*

Ex-Lax is effective—but effective in a gentle way! It won't upset you—won't make you feel bad afterwards. No wonder Ex-Lax is called:

THE "HAPPY MEDIUM" LAXATIVE

As a precaution, use only as directed.

**IF YOU HAVE A COLD
AND NEED A LAXATIVE—**

It's particularly important when you're weakened by a cold *not* to take harsh, upsetting purgatives. Take Ex-Lax! It's thoroughly effective, yet not too strong!

EX-LAX

10¢ and 25¢ at all drug stores

SONGWRITERS

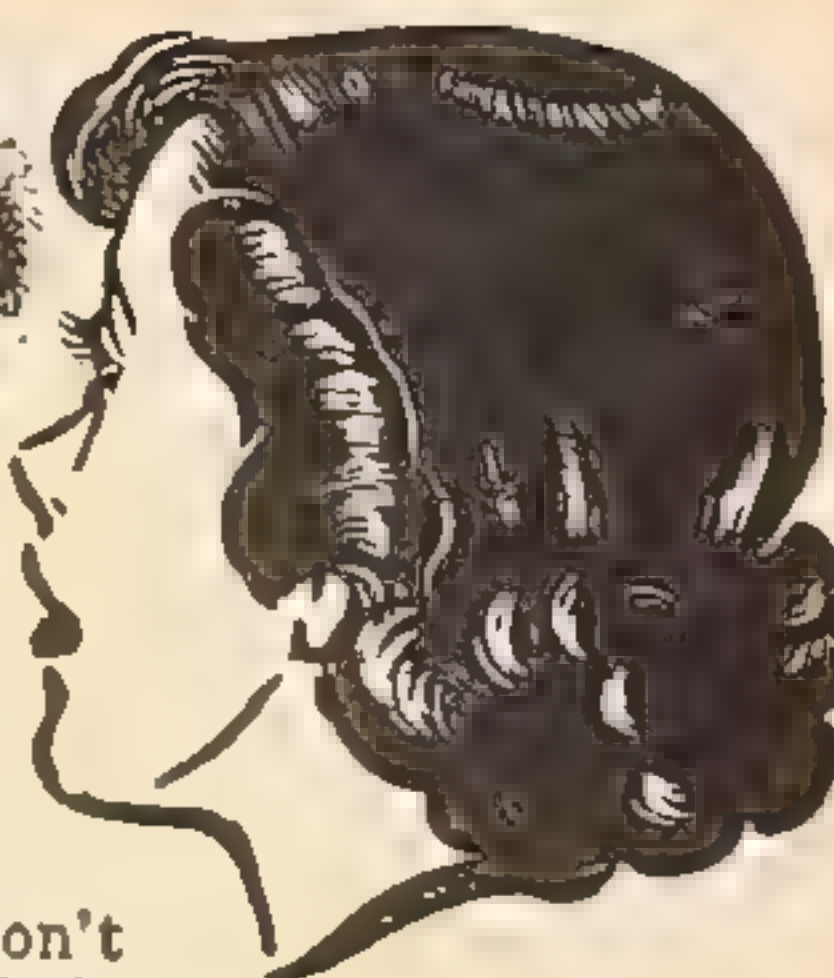
DO YOU KNOW who will buy your songs or song poems? Before spending any money, get complete details about "Tips to Song Writers"! Saves you time and unnecessary expense. Write today! KEN RASMUSSEN, M-3, Box 481, Hollywood, Cal.

EASY WAY....

Tintz Hair

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kick the ball around for a li'l while."

forward pass . . .

He was in the eighth grade now. The boys who played high school football were his heroes. Lessons were things you had to pass in. To his way of figuring, a passing grade had been set, not as a minimum, but as a mark to shoot at. Once he hit that mark, his time was his own. Study periods could be devoted to drawing pictures of football players on the margins of his books. He could then riffle the pages and get his own animated version of a tackle, tackling. At semester's end the kids would sell their books to kids coming in from the lower grade. Ronnie's looked too disgraceful to get any bidders. By the skin of his teeth, he always passed. Jack might grumble, point out "when I was a kid," etc. Later, the neighbors would come in, and they'd hear about the night Jack locked that guy in the belfry, so his lectures left no very deep mark.

Girls were so much foolishness—till one day he found his eyes straying toward an auburn head by the window. She was the minister's daughter, and her name wasn't Lois, but that's what we'll call her. Gosh, she was pretty! The other fellows were starting to pair off. If a guy had to have a girl, he wanted that one.

Others had the same idea, which served only to deepen Ronnie's purpose. In the end, he got her. Not exclusively, to be sure. He wouldn't date another girl unless they'd tiffed—she dated other boys, which was mostly what they tiffed about.

"Don't be silly," she'd scoff, serene and sensible. "We're too young for that stuff."

By and large, though, she was Ronnie's girl. Their dates for the first year or two consisted in walking to the movies—the long way—having a soda, walking home and talking about life. Later, they went to parties and picnics together. Like Jack, she'd lecture him. Why didn't he bear down and study harder? He thought she looked cuter lecturing than Jack. Otherwise, the effect was the same.

High school opened new horizons. As a freshman, he made the scrub team. He was a crack swimmer and went out for track, but his heart belonged to football. Football was drama and excitement, school spirit and physical release rolled into one. Compared with football, nothing else counted. Football was heaven, football was for him.

The summer before sophomore year

saw him grow to five feet ten, fill out from 129 to 160 pounds. School and the football season started. One day he found himself running signals at guard with the first team. "Doesn't mean a thing," he assured his pounding pulses. "Coach is disciplining someone."

footlight fever . . .

Then came Saturday, came the breathless moment when you sat on the bench biting your nails, came the intolerable moment when coach opened his mouth—"All right, we'll start this game with mumble-mumble-mumble—and AT GUARD—REAGAN."

Stars in your head and air under your feet! You were on the team!

He played through high school as the lightest man on the line. What he had was the speed to lead interference, a certain sixth sense by which he could smell out where the play was going, and the daring to flirt with danger and come out on top. Moon played end. The team earned itself a brilliant reputation. Nell was satisfied if they both came home in one piece. Jack didn't say much, but Saturday afternoons found him at the game, never mind how crowded the store was.

Yet even football wasn't the whole story. There was also B. J. Fraser. The year Ronnie entered, B. J. came to teach English at the Dixon High School. Today he's its principal. Through student years and since, Ronnie never heard his name mentioned but in love and praise.

Though young, he was wise. His mind was open, his ideas progressive. That he'd been an athlete did him no harm with the kids. They were captivated by his sardonic turn of humor, and sunned themselves in the warmth of his understanding. Ronnie's class had most of the luck. For four years they drew him as class adviser.

It was shortly after the semester started that Ronnie discovered B. J. was not as others. For 24 hours preceding any athletic event in which he figured, Ronnie was a mess of jangling nerves. His hands shook, his throat burned, he couldn't eat. As for studying, don't be funny. He was drawing pictures one Friday afternoon when B. J. loomed at his shoulder. Pencil poised in midair, the artist waited for lightning to strike.

"Move over," said B. J., sat down and started talking about the quarter-mile Ronnie was to run next day. To the drawing he made a single oblique reference. "Hard to study the day before an

IS YOUR BIRTHDAY BETWEEN JANUARY 21 AND FEBRUARY 19?

Seems right that the friendliest sign of the Zodiac should be Lana Turner's. Like everyone born Jan. 21-Feb. 19, she's an Aquarian; her blonde beauty is the sign's typical tops. So is her hail-fellow-well-met attitude; you can't go around in sweater and skirt if you're going to act formal and stand-offish. Aquarian girls don't. They're buddies, and meeting men on terms of comradeship and complete equality doesn't detract a bit from their femininity. (On the male side of the ledger, Aquarius gives us such men's men as Clark Gable and Ronald Colman who still know all the answers for the ladies.) Love means everything to Lana and her sisters in Aquarius. The camaraderie of friendship and going together is as deep as it is fresh and exhilarating. Aquarius girls don't marry just to avoid being old maids. They may wait a while till they're sure, but when they are, it takes a bitter hurt to their love-ideal to shake them. Unfortunately Lana wed under negative influences; but the baby, coming soon, will find mother at her sweetest. Lucky baby! Lana'll have time for both motherhood and a career. Aquarians have plenty of time to keep their children happy without losing touch with the bigger world of friendship, art and just plain good fellowship to which they give so much, and which is to them a fountain of eternal youth that they need to drink from as long as they live.

QUIZ CLUES

(Continued from page 79)

(Set 2)

1. Navy Lieut.
2. Wears specs
3. Jules Garfinkle
4. Andy
5. Red-head
6. Women swoon
7. Alan Gordon
8. Balanchine
9. Kid sister Jeanne
10. Mercury Players
11. Bahama romance
12. Canteen
13. 99 and 44/100% pure
14. Much "Vaughtnted"
15. Metro vet
16. Thrice-wed
17. Infanticipating
18. No tiffin' with Griffin
19. Ray's Day
20. Dion

mighty important track meet, isn't it?"

This marked the beginning of one small boy's enslavement.

Then there were the themes. Other teachers made you write cut-and-dried stuff. This guy gave you a subject, and you wrote what you pleased. He could even give you George Washington, and you didn't have to go to the books for it. You could make believe you knew George when he was a kid, and what he said and what you said. B. J. even seemed to like it better that way. Creative writing, he called it—showed imagination, he said. Ronnie favored the humorous approach, partly to avoid research, partly as a natural means of self-expression, partly because it made a hit. B. J. would read a few of the themes in class. Ronnie's always made the grade, they were always good for a laugh, he lived for those laughs. Had he once been skipped, he'd have felt pretty crushed.

But his closest contact with B. J. came through dramatics. Formerly, only the junior and senior classes had put on plays—gimcrack comedies centered round a village idiot in a red wig. B. J. pointed out that there were plays better worth doing, and they didn't have to be Shakespeare. Also that a certain measure of training through the first two years might make for more polished productions in the last two. Ronnie and Lois joined the dramatic club and, as freshmen and sophs, appeared in one-acters. They both liked acting and acted well. Ronnie's been heard to say—with apologies to his screen directors, and he's had some fine ones—that B. J. remains the best director he's ever worked under.

Their junior play created a local sensation. Ronnie played Ricky in Philip Barry's "You and I." Lois played opposite him. He loved it all, from the first rehearsal to the last round of applause. He sometimes wondered idly how it would feel to act for a living. Very idly. In a small midwestern town, you're going to be a doctor or a lawyer or a business man, never an actor. In a small midwestern town, the solid citizens would have whooped with glee. "Hear about that crazy Reagan kid? Wants to be an actor."

summer idyll . . .

Summers he worked. Despite his flair for not studying, he wanted to go to college. It was the rah-rah-raccoon-coat era. All the football stars went to college. Home on vacation, they spelled romance

"I was a 'single' wife"

HOW A YOUNG MARRIED WOMAN
OVERCAME THE "ONE NEGLECT" THAT
OFTEN WRECKS ROMANCE



1. Ours was the Perfect Marriage . . . at first. But slowly, gradually, a strangeness grew up between us. I couldn't believe Jim's love had cooled so fast!



2. One day, Miss R., a nurse from my home town, found me crying and wormed the whole thing out of me. "Don't be offended, darling," she began, shyly, "I've seen this happen before. Many wives have lost their husbands' love through their neglect of feminine hygiene (*intimate personal cleanliness*)."



3. Then she told what she'd heard a doctor advise. Lysol disinfectant. "You see," she went on, "Lysol won't harm sensitive vaginal tissues—just follow the easy directions. Lysol cleanses thoroughly and deodorizes. No wonder this famous germicide is the mainstay of thousands of women for feminine hygiene."



4. Ever since, I've used Lysol. It's so economical, so easy to use, gives me such a wonderful feeling of personal daintiness. And—here's the *most* wonderful thing—Jim and I are once again happy as doves.

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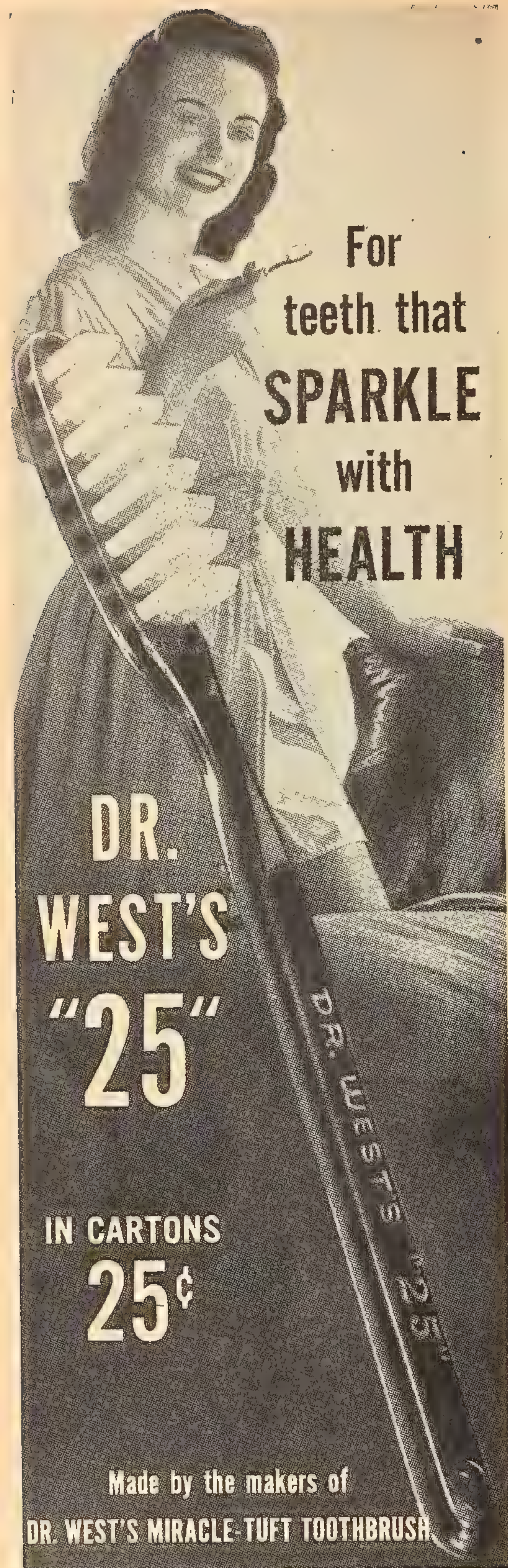
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to Ronnie. Lois's sisters went to college. Sometimes they'd let the two kids triple-date with them and a couple of grid heroes. Boy, was that sensational! To enjoy the kind of life he vaguely seemed to feel he was after, college was essential. But above and beyond all that, he had to go on playing football, didn't he?

Jack thought college was fine. He also thought a young fellow should be willing to undertake part of the financial burden. The rest his dad would probably be able to manage. So the summer before he entered high school, Ronnie joined a construction gang, dug basements, laid floors, shingled roofs at 35c an hour. He whittled the art of quitting on the dot to such a point that one day his astonished boss caught him walking out from under a pick he'd just lifted. His reproof was not without an undernote of admiration. "That's the laziest damn thing I ever saw."

Next summer—he was 15—he talked himself into a lifeguard's job at one of the inferior beaches. His first rescue proved a hair-shattering experience—not because it was hard, but because he nearly missed it. His idea had been that a person, starting to sink, started to scream. There were only a few kids at the beach that day, and he was swimming with them when a girl close by went under. Not a peep out of her, she just quit swimming. He grabbed her, dragged her to the raft, rowed her ashore and broke into a cold sweat. Suppose he'd been looking the other way, he'd never even have seen her. "Lesson Number One," he muttered through chattering teeth. "Keep your eyes peeled in all directions at once."

The following year he got the job he was to keep through high school and college summers—lifeguard at Lowell Beach, three miles out of town. Round Lowell Beach, with its 100-foot pier and modern equipment, flowed the community's summer social life. The river, dotted with boats and canoes, ran between rolling limestone hills, heavily wooded. Ronnie's most nostalgic memories of youth are bound up with the woods and the river.

the rah rah days . . .

Across stream stood the Lodge, run by John Jensen, Dane, gentleman and philosopher. Summer folks came there. Ronnie taught the kids swimming. Nights he'd go over and join some fellows round a campfire. They'd try guns, throw knives at trees, swap duck-hunting yarns, under all of which Ronnie was conscious of pure joy in the stirring of leaves, the ripple of water, the far shining of stars. He'd stay overnight, maybe smoke a pipeful with Jensen in the morning, watch the sun on the river, then paddle back in time for beach-opening.

The job suited him down to the ground. He was outdoors. He paraded around with LIFE GUARD on his chest. He didn't have to report till nine-thirty, an improvement over his pick-and-shovel days which had hauled him from bed at five. (He's a guy who hates to crawl out of bed. "How can a day be good," he still complains, "that starts with getting up in the morning?")

Lifeguards are traditionally popular with the girls. Ronnie was no exception. They'd pretend to sink, for the fun of being saved. Kid stuff he called it, and ducked them, but good. "While you're clowning, somebody else might be drowning. Think I like walking around in a wet suit?" He never forgot Lesson Number One. As he stood at the end of the pier one day, a girl waved her hand. He thought she was waving hello,

"Hi," he waved back and turned his eyes elsewhere. Next second he turned sharply back. Where the girl had been, there were only bubbles.

He got her out. He got them all out. When the season started, mothers would call Nell to find out if Ronnie was on the job yet. Till he was, the kids couldn't go swimming. Some of his lifesaving exploits made the papers.

He had cause to be grateful for those summers of work. Because when the time came, Jack couldn't help him with his college fees. It was '28, and even before the market crashed, farmers and small business men were being hit by the first waves of depression. Trade fell off at the store. Jack sold out to his partner and hunted a selling job. It was a long time coming.

But Ronnie'd saved enough to get started at Eureka. He picked Eureka, because that's where Lois was going, not to mention the captain of the football team. He got a job waiting on table in the frat house that pledged him. He got a scholarship for half of his tuition—not, need we add, in recognition of his scholarly achievements but because of his prowess on the athletic field.

He'd been a big frog in Dixon. He landed in Eureka, metaphorically rubbing his hands. This'd be a cinch. The coach would receive him as an answer to prayer. The coach fixed him with an eagle eye and remained unimpressed. There were 50 kids up from other schools, all playing good football. To his disgust, Ronnie was placed at end. He couldn't play end, he was a guard born and trained. The first year was hell—with Reagan at the receiving end of a steady, choice and blistering spray of language.

Pat Ronnie on the back, and he'll tear the world apart. Bawl him out, and he'll brood. Obviously the coach hated him. He hated the coach. He couldn't play football at Eureka. Okay, he'd manage without football. Next year he'd go to Wisconsin and make the crew.

To this purpose he clung throughout the summer. In the fall he told Nell

I SAW IT HAPPEN

We were trying to get an interview with Katharine Hepburn for our school newspaper, so we sneaked into Shubert's in New Haven and watched the rehearsals of "The Philadelphia Story." She was standing on the stage with Van Heflin and Lenore Lonergan—smoking a cigarette and laughing in her inimitable manner. A polo coat was nonchalantly thrown over her shoulders and, as per usual, she was wearing slacks—a lovely dark brown gabardine. All of a sudden she stared into the balcony—then shouted, "What the hell are you doing up there?" It seems as though some reporters for the Yale Daily News were crouching behind the seats trying to get a preview of what was coming. "My eagle eyes never fail," she said, and the rehearsal was once again resumed. She had failed to see us, however. The stage manager made up for this, though. He spied us and came raging up the aisle. Needless to say, we were unceremoniously "kicked out."

Barbara A. Lehr,

24 Palmer,

Vassar College,

Poughkeepsie, New York.

he was running down to Eureka with some of the fellows. He'd be back in a couple of days.

Coach had been told that Ronnie was just visiting, but suppressed his knowledge. "Come along, like to show you the new outfits."

"I won't be here this year."

"No? Too bad. Had a scholarship lined up. Better job, too."

The upshot was that he double-talked the athlete into doing just what he hankered to do. Ronnie phoned home.

"I'm staying, Nell."

"That's what Moon said you'd do. Wishes he could join you."

"No kidding!" Unlike his brother, Moon hadn't saved those cocoanuts he'd earned. Also he'd been three years out of high school. Still, if he yearned for college, Ronnie saw no reason why he shouldn't fix it. "Tell him to hold everything, and I'll call back."

To the coach he said: "I know an end who wants to come to college—" With the scholarship settled, he approached his frat house. Could his brother have his old job? His brother could. So he phoned back. "Send Moon down with his clothes and the rest of mine."

goose hangs high . . .

Now everything was lovely, and the goose hung high. He entered his first scrimmage, grinning. He emerged, glowing. The honeymoon was over. He was back at end, and coach was back in form, peeling his hide off. Okay, Ronnie told himself savagely, no matter where that so-and-so lined him up, he'd learn to play it.

At practise one night, the quarterback, out of line because of an injury, moved over behind Ronnie to coach him. "Knife this time," he whispered. Ronnie's heart lifted. This was his meat. He knifed and broke up a close formation. Coach never opened his trap. But when next night the first string guard broke an ankle, and the second guard had to be moved up, and coach looked around for someone to fill the gap, his eyes came to rest on Reagan.

Back at guard where he belonged, Ronnie was happy, came to realize that he'd been a jerk, and Mac a swell guy, heckling him for his own good.

One muddy night they were running signals. An old grad, the football hero of his day, had barged in, uninvited, to help. He was a pest, but Mac couldn't tell him so. They were being taught a wide end run. "I'm the halfback," the old grad kept yelling. "I'm the one you get."

From the corner of his mouth, Mac muttered: "Go out and hit him."

"You mean really *hit* him?"

"That's what I said."

Ronnie caught him knee-high. He went down in the mud, and didn't come up for 30 seconds. Mac got hysterical. The o. g. went home and never came back, but Ronnie's always kept a warm spot for him, because next day coach moved Reagan to the first team. For three years he averaged all but two minutes on every game.

Once they went up to Dixon to play a school. The boy who played opposite Ronnie at center was a Negro. (He's an M. A. now and athletic director at a large school.) The hotel manager said they had room for everyone but the colored boy.

Mac exploded. "The hell with that! We'll go someplace else."

"Anywhere in town you'll come up against the same thing. Nothing personal, you know—"

Mac turned to Ronnie, at the desk



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with him. "Damned if I'll tell that kid he can't stay with us. We'll sleep in the bus."

"He'll still know why. Look, Mac, I've got the answer. Tell the boys they're one room short, so I'm going home and taking another fellow with me, and I'll take him."

cram session . . .

No one was fooled, least of all their colored teammate. He accepted Ronnie's invitation with a quiet smile. Nell received them warmly. When Jack got home, they sat down to dinner. Ronnie knew that his parents were free of prejudice, that Jack's abiding hatred of the Klan and all it stood for went down to his roots. Just the same, he'd found himself wishing on the way home that there'd been time to phone first, lest his friend be hurt by so much as a startled flicker. He needn't have worried. Neither parent batted an eye, nor felt there was any reason to bat one. Long ago, on the steps of this pebbledash house, he reached the conclusion that his mother and dad were okay. He never had cause to revise

that early conclusion, but upward.

As a student, he continued to get by, though he had to change majors twice before hitting one that didn't hamper his extra-curricular activities. Recalling his painless theme-writing for B. J., he first picked English, but dropped it abruptly as Chaucer edged into the scene. History would have been all right except for the profs, who expected you to learn the book by heart. In the end he got stuck with something called economics and sociology. A knack of cramming the semester's work into one sleepless week, plus imagination, took him through the exams.

Since an injury had taken him off the team, Moon had turned his energies to brainwork. "How come I work my fool head off for a B," he complained to one of their profs, "and that lug gets C-plus without ever cracking a book?"

"Here's why," he was told. "You're going to use this stuff. Therefore it's my job to see that you learn it. Your brother's here because he wants to go to college four years, grab a diploma and call himself a college graduate. If I

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flunked him, he'd have to go five. Why should I waste my time and his—especially mine? Therefore I pass him."

Ronnie would have called this sound reasoning. To him college meant football, dramatics, being with Lois, bull sessions, high jinks. Lots of the fellows aimed at high school teaching or coaching after graduation. While Reagan Junior didn't know what he *did* want, he knew what he didn't. And that was a teaching or coaching job. So he cut the ground from under his feet. Afraid he might weaken when the time came to be shoved out into a cold world, he steered clear of all those courses in education, without which you couldn't qualify as a teacher or coach.

Second only to football—and sometimes he wondered if it *was* second—came his love for dramatics. Eureka's dramatic club was outstanding. He and Lois had been active members from the first. In a contest, sponsored by Eva Le Gallienne, 12 colleges were picked to put on one-acters for a trophy. Among the finalists, Eureka was the only small college. Ronnie played Thyrsis in Edna Millay's "Aria da Capo." They came in

third, with special mention for his performance.

He played Petruchio to Lois's Kate in a modern version of "Taming of the Shrew." With the elimination of a few thees and thous, he came to realize that what they'd been telling him was true—this Shakespeare was a smart cookie. He was also waking up to realize that this acting business stirred his imagination—that he liked it better than just something to have fun with once or twice a year. He still hadn't reached the point where he could face a bunch of guys or even himself and say he'd like to be an actor. But somewhere in his noggin a hazy notion was forming—something to do with sports and the radio—he knew sports, he knew how to use his voice—and in a far-off way, radio announcing was related to acting, kind of sixty-second cousin—and one thing sometimes led to another—though that last link in the chain of his thought was too wispy to be called more than the wraith of a dream—

Even his triumph as Captain Stanhope in "Journey's End" failed to give it substance. During freshman year Ronnie'd

traveled to a distant spot and seen "Journey's End" with the original English company. It had been an unforgettable experience. He could scarcely believe his luck when "Journey's End" was picked as the senior play and himself as Stanhope. For the first time he lived a part. For the first time, he didn't act with half of him watching the other half. You couldn't have convinced him that, if he'd turned and walked up those steps, he wouldn't have been walking into the hellfire of the trenches. When the thing was over, it took him three days to come to. Big-town reviewers present heaped up adjectives in acclaiming the production as a whole and, in particular, Ronald Reagan's Stanhope. Eureka rang bells in the streets.

end of an era . . .

But dramatics are part of college life. With other frivolities, you left them behind when came time to face the real and earnest. The guys at the frat house, who had jobs lined up, razed Ronnie, who didn't. One night he got mad. "Look, if five years from the day we graduate, I'm not making \$5000 a year, I'll consider my education wasted."

"What education?" was the least offensive of the witticisms hurled back.

On the night of the spring formal, he and Lois got serious. All along, that had been their way of putting it. If, when they reached an age of reason, they still felt the same about each other—well—then they'd get serious.

They were driving home in the rumble seat. "Think we've reached an age of reason?" Ronnie asked. She thought maybe they had. He pinned his frat pin to her coat, and they celebrated with hamburgers, smothered in onions.

And suddenly it was Class Day, and a group of boys and girls stood on the sun-dappled campus and went through the symbolic ceremony of cutting away the ivy-chain and sang the Alma Mater, and if you had a lump in your throat, so did everyone else, and it had been a wonderful four years, and you wished you were starting all over again—

But since no genius has discovered how to turn time back, they scattered on their separate ways. Lois's father had a church in Eureka now, so she was staying. In the fall, she'd teach. There were no marriage plans. After all, Ronnie *had* romped through economics and knew you didn't get married without *some* dough.

How he was going to earn it, he had no idea. But that too was for the fall. Meantime, at Lowell Beach, one more glorious summer lay ahead. And a glorious couple of hundred bucks.

I SAW IT HAPPEN

When the Victory Caravan hit St. Paul a few months ago, I attended and was standing near the stage entrance hoping to quiz the magnetic Cary Grant for my school paper. I happened to turn, and there beside me casually sipping a bottle of coke stood the guy in question. In my haste to dig up a pencil from my pocket, I dropped a token. It was retrieved by Mr. Grant who said, "Oh! Oh! You'll never get home on the streetcar that way!"

This is to inform Mr. G. that I did not drop the token on purpose, and that I did get home on the street car.

Muriel Dudovitz,
1264 Standford Ave.,
St. Paul, Minn.

JOHNNY PAYNE—BOND SALESMAN

(Continued from page 45)

whoop-te-doo making a flying leap on the running board of John's car and planting a Marathon smacker on his flaming cheek until it took three cops to pry her loose. . . . Or if you care to picture Gentlemanly John greeting three dignified state governors just after somebody has dumped a pitcher of ice water all over his nice new suit. . . . Or if you can really conjure up the vision of our Hollywood hero soaking his sox in the bathroom basin, washing out his shirts and pressing them under the glass of his dresser top—Well, I'd better start at the beginning—

home run . . .

First of all, John doesn't particularly like trips. He's strictly a fireside fellow, and his idea of Heaven has always been a tall, cool one beside an open fire with pipe smoke curling around a good book. But when Hollywood's Victory Committee said there was work to be done down in John's home district of Virginia, the Carolinas and Georgia and would he make up a team, the answer was "When do I start?"

Their answer was, "Next week."

It was right after John had wound up "Springtime in the Rockies" with Carmen Miranda. It was a long, tough picture, and he was bushed. He'd planned on a few days at the beach to rest up for a pretty important event in his life—enlistment in the army. But when they said "Virginia," John had an idea.

"How about jumping the gun and going tomorrow?" he suggested. "I think I

might do some good in my own home town. Besides, I've got a heavy date on the way."

The date was with the Air Corps in Phoenix, Arizona, for his physical exam. He hopped a plane next day, passed the check-up and flew on home to Roanoke. On the way he flipped away five canned speeches they'd handed him out and wrote three new ones of his own to take their place. John is touchy about his home town. If there is any place he doesn't want to look like a stuffed shirt, it's back with the kids who knew him when.

He needn't have worried too much. First day at the High School, they had a rally. His old basket ball coach, Hunk Hurt, was there and some of the teachers who had guided him in the tender years. Also a lot of kids who were sons and daughters of the boys and girls he used to know. Before them, for the first time, John lost his tongue. How could he slip them a dignified speech? He said what he thought.

"The last time I put an act on in this auditorium I was a bust," John confessed. "It was in the class play. I had one line. I was the butler and supposed to hand a bottle of champagne and a glass to the star. All I had to say was, 'Will you have some more champagne, Sir?' Well—I didn't say anything," admitted John. "All I did was drop the bottle and smash the glass. That's the kind of an actor I am!"

They yelled at that, and from then on John was perfectly okay. He stayed

that way in Roanoke, even though the platform they'd rigged up for him in front of the 10-cent store didn't have a top, and it *would* rain. He talked at the PTA, and he went to a dinner where the admission price was a \$1,000 bond. He spilled 20 minutes on the radio in a dramatic skit on what we're fighting for, with only ten minutes rehearsal. He autographed a few hundred pictures for bond buyers only, and he sold—all in all and by his lonesome—\$80,000 of Victory Insurance to the homefolks. All this time John stayed with his Mom who has a house just outside Roanoke. And there he had his last good meal and night's sleep for two weeks.

Next day the fun really began.

Maybe you've wondered why stars like Dottie Lamour, Bette Davis, Greer Garson and even such toughies as Jimmy Cagney fold up on bond tours. The answer's simple: It's tough work. Maybe they aren't exactly heroes, these glamour go-getters, but they have to keep pitching. Time is short, and there's plenty to do. Take John's opening schedule, right after he joined Jane Wyman in Norfolk, Virginia, the next day.

They made five towns, Norfolk, Suffolk, Portsmouth and a couple more, and ended up in Newport News, hustling from town to town in a car. Officials met them outside city limits. They rushed from high schools to city halls to luncheons, where there wasn't time to eat for making speeches. In spare time they dashed to radio stations, town

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For each of the 5,000 next most thrilling passages, the judges of this contest will award a beautiful 8 x 11 autographed portrait of either John Payne or Alice Faye, suitable for framing.

Rules

1. Read the story "Johnny Payne, Bond Salesman," on page 42 of MODERN SCREEN. Select the one passage (no more than half a page) which you consider to be the most thrilling in the story. Copy or clip it out. Either enclose it in an envelope or paste it on the back of a penny post card.
2. Print or type your name, address and *coat size* very plainly under your entry. Mail it to the Contest Editor, MODERN SCREEN, 149 Madison Avenue, New York City, N. Y.
3. Indicate, on your entry, whether, if you are a lucky winner, you prefer a portrait of John Payne or Alice Faye. We cannot give any contestant both.
4. Submit only one entry—the passage you consider *most* thrilling of all. More than one will disqualify you.
5. Anyone may enter this contest except employees of the Dell Publishing Co. and their families.
6. Entries to be eligible, must be postmarked not later than midnight, February 28, 1943.
7. Neatness and accuracy will count, though elaborate entries will receive no preference.
8. In case of ties, duplicate prizes will be awarded.
9. The contest will be judged by the editorial staff of MODERN SCREEN. Decision of the judges will be final.



FIRST PRIZE! This stunning I. J. Fox sable-blended muskrat coat with smart Johnny collar and turned back cuffs—tops at either baseball game, prom or a special date!

halls and defense plants, plugging for the ten per cent pay roll bond plan. They hurried on at night to dances, balls and receptions.

John Payne is as tough and rugged a character as they come, but a guy has to eat. "If I got a chance to gulp a glass of water," grinned John, "I was lucky."

Then, too, it was hot. Plenty—95 and sometimes 110 in the shade. Coming from coolish California, John packed along a wool suit and luckily, one tan twill. He thought about six shirts would be enough. He thought certainly a dozen ties would turn the trick. Sox—five pairs were plenty.

Well—the first day John soaked through three shirts and three sox. "I was lucky," he grinned. "Poor Jane lugged along a mink coat." But it raised a problem. Everywhere a Hollywood star goes, he's on display. And there wasn't time enough to get a shoe-shine, let alone a mess of laundry.

sox 'n' suds . . .

Johnny Payne is a water hound. If there's one thing he likes, it's to keep showered. Sometimes he took three and four a day, and when he went through Kannapolis, home of the Cannon Towel people, they handed him a dozen towels in a box. "They must have read my mind. Or maybe it was a gentle hint to take a bath," John chuckled. But even showers couldn't keep him sweet and fresh for the customers—with dirty shirts. The only out was the wash basin and a cake of bath soap. "So I laundered the shirts myself at night," John confessed. "I remembered an old trick in those broke days of mine in New York." Movie stars, particularly males, don't as a rule lug along electric irons.

John slipped his shirts under the glass tops of his hotel bureaus. "You'd be surprised how nice they come out," said John.

A guy can soak his sox and scrub his own shirts if he has to, but when ties, handkerchiefs and even coat buttons vanish—then he's up against it. When John's bond drive really warmed up—and it did right away—John and Jane weren't satisfied with measly little sales like a few thousand bucks. For instance, lots of days they dragged in \$500,000 of the best for Uncle Sam. That kind of hay takes some salesmanship. The big go-getting started when Jane had a revelation in the midst of one rally.

"Let me have your tie, John," she said sweetly.

"What—what for?" But it was too late. It slipped off his neck.

"Who'd like to have John Payne's tie?" cried Jane.

A lot of people did. "How badly in bonds?" pressed Jane. \$5,000 bucks isn't bad for a tie. John got the idea.

"Nice scarf you have on, Jane," he mused out loud. They were off. Jane lost her earrings, her costume pins, her bag. That was one gag that always worked although it was pretty tough on the clothes department of everybody concerned. So they got to stocking up on haberdashery and feminine knickknacks, wearing them to the rallies and practically doing a strip tease for Uncle Sam. "Sometimes I felt like Mister Gypsy Rose Lee," John chuckled. But one time it wasn't so funny.

sold american . . .

They were deep in the heart of North Carolina, in the rich tobacco country. John had done his best at a hubble-

bubble thirty-two, thirty-three auction act, with a Speed Riggs "Sold American!" touch, and that worked for a while (because it was so lousy, admitted John). Then they got down to the usual strip auction. People warmed up. So did John. He took off his coat, a prize jacket that he loves dearly. At that moment Jane picked it up.

"Who wants John Payne's coat for a \$1000 bond?" she cried.

"Hey!" whispered John. "Wait a min—" But again—too late.

I asked John what happened. Because he was wearing that very favorite coat, "I had to bid against it in bonds to get it back," he said. "It cost me a grand—but it was worth it!"

There were lots of sales stimulators a couple of smart Hollywooders like John and Jane could think up. When they couldn't, Gabe Yorke, John's studio representative who went along, and Edith Wasserman, Jane's companion, put in their oars. Or the customers themselves cracked through.

Once John was running down in his pep talks. "How about a song," yelled a girl. The suggestion grew into a mass roar. "For \$15,000, yes," was John's answer. So he warbled at that rate, and when they raised it ten, then he even accompanied himself on the piano. \$300,000 and \$400,000 days rolled by, and a mass of towns that even John can't remember, and that's his home base down that way. Half of the time all he saw were flashes of buildings, the inside of halls and then—whisk!—hit the road again.

But there was one town he did remember, Newport News, the Virginia shipbuilding capital. That's where the amorous lady made the off-tackle dive and hit John so hard he carried a bump

on his face for days. It happened at a football field where a Saturday night mob of ship workers was gathered. Everything was okay until John started to leave. Then the whole crowd, 4,000 of them, surged like a tidal wave around his car, practically swamping it. He lost every loose article around, his handkerchief, tie clamps, collar clips, pen and pencil—even the buttons off his coat. And to top it all, came the aggressive lady after a kiss, or else! She must have taken it seriously, too, because she wrote John mushy notes for the rest of his trip. I hate to disillusion the gal, but he never read them. Gabe Yorke, though, said they were lovely.

It's surprising the gags a gang can work up to sell bonds. John Payne doesn't believe that's what really does it, though. "People are hungry to buy bonds," he told me modestly. "We were just an excuse. Boy, when you get out in America you really find out how people are in there pitching to win this war. In some tiny towns we sold almost as many bonds as there were people and without turning a trick."

A little trick never hurt, though. For a while, auctioned kisses were killer-dillers. John auctioned them off to ladies from 16 to 60, and if you knew John Payne you'd say—that's a miracle! Jane, too. But after a while, they both decided kisses weren't as dignified as their patriotic mission. So they tried other ways and means.

In one town, for instance, John broadcast on the radio that he'd talk to anyone who called in and bought a bond from him. In a second the phone was ringing like a five-alarm fire. As John talked and took orders, the conversation went out on the air. The switchboard jammed when an unshrinking violet right

in front of the world asked unashamed, "How about a date, Honey?" But by that time thousands of war bucks were in Uncle Sam's sock.

John can't remember the names of all the towns he whizzed through or the places he stopped. Petersburg, Charlotte, Columbia, Durham, Greensboro, Rocky Mount, Asheville—sometimes five and six a day. If there wasn't a bond shilly at night, he flopped in the hay at nine, because the alarm clock went off at five. But he got that about once. Usually telephone calls kept him awake all night anyway, and sometimes the beds in the small Southern hotels were far too stingy for his 6 ft. 4 frame. John snoozes like a cat, but sleep was something there just wasn't much of. As for food, like I said, John snatched a bite between speeches. Finally Jane Wyman woke up one morning and swooned away. "Exhaustion," pronounced the doctor. Jane went to the hospital. So John went on alone.

icy reception . . .

But the nearest he came to passing out, he thinks, was from something else. That's when he stepped into a roadside store one day when it was 105 degrees in the shade. He was rolling in to Charlotte, N. C., and a delegation was to meet him outside of town. Woozy from the heat and lack of sleep, John asked the lady in the crossroads store for a pitcher of water. "I'll pay you whatever you want for it," he said, "Just so it's the biggest you have." She trotted out a mammoth pitcher. "Now," said John, "pour it all right on my head!"

He forgot he was wearing his only suit, the other having expired long ago. In a minute he looked like the spirit of the shower bath. And at that moment,

the delegation, seeing his car outside, walked in.

There were three governors and a mayor in the committee, and what the Governor of North Carolina said to the Governor of South Carolina at that point probably wasn't about the distance between drinks. That is when John, wet but happy, stuck out his paw and said, "Gentlemen, I'm John Payne." Maybe that's why, later on, one of them got up to introduce the stars and said, "Ladies and gentlemen—I want to introduce Miss Jane Payne and Mr. John Wyman." Or maybe it was all due to the heat.

John was a little fuzzy about some details himself, because usually he was so busy he didn't know what time it was or which way was South. But he did get a general Big Idea from his tour which thrilled him to his toes. And that was this:

"That," as John said slowly, "we're all in this thing together, and everybody knows it and is dying to do his and her part. Selling bonds is a cinch. People want to buy until it hurts."

Soldiers, John found (and they filled the crowds wherever he went), were all buying as well as serving. Most of them he met were on a ten percent bond basis and plenty of them chunking it in for twice that—and you know what a soldier makes.

As for himself, John got a personal thrill particularly because of a couple of things. First, he'd never really rubbed elbows with the folks he made entertainment for before. He'd never danced with them, kidded with them, talked seriously to them, felt what they thought of him and vice versa. "Why," he told me happily. "You know what? They called me 'John.' They weren't a bit

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stand-offish. They were swell!" For the first time since he'd been a movie star, John Payne felt, not like a shadowy illusion, but a real man that people seemed to like. It did him a lot of good.

He ended up his tour in Augusta, Georgia, and properly enough, at an army camp, Camp Gordon, where his brother, Lieutenant Ralph Payne, a tall, dark officer who looks a lot like John, but a little thinner, is stationed with the 4th Mechanized Division. Ralph has been in the army four years now, and it was three since he'd seen his famous Hollywood brother. John wired on ahead so he'd have leave to spend the day. But even that family reunion couldn't be an exclusive affair—not with bonds to sell. The Augusta rally turned into a street dance at night, and the major problem was keeping Lieutenant Payne and John within speaking distance of each other. Crowds poured in, and invariably Ralph got lost. Finally he waxed a bit exasperated.

"Is this what happens to a Hollywood actor on the loose?" he inquired.

John grinned, "Generally."

"You can have it," stated Ralph. "Me for the peace and quiet of the Army!" So they finally had a beer together on that, the first quiet refreshment or chance to sit down and relax John Payne had encountered since he left Roanoke on the whirlwind tour. There was another reason for the beer, too. John had a wire with his orders to show up at Phoenix, Arizona, for his mental and psychology "screening" on his way home. One more picture in Hollywood, and he'd be in with the gang in khaki himself.

So he hopped another plane the next morning, and that evening he woke up in Arizona—woke up, because nothing like a mere bumpy Airliner was going to keep John Payne awake after those two weeks. "Although," John remembered, "I noticed the passengers staring

at me every now and then like I was off my beam. Later one told me whenever the plane bumped, and I rolled over I hollered, 'Buy a Bond!'"

into the pale blue yonder . . .

What grade John Payne got on his four-hour screening test at Phoenix, I don't know. Maybe it's a military secret. But in spite of his weary brain John thinks he did okay and anyway he's in. He'll have reported by now to Arizona, at Lula, Thunderbird or Sky Harbor fields, and he'll learn his war stuff somewhere on the desert, near neither crowds nor cameras.

But before he went—in fact right after he got back to Hollywood, John Payne did something that he'd never tell you about. He didn't tell me, but I got the dope from a pal of his, and it's on the level. I don't know of another star in Hollywood who has done quite the same thing—nor, for that matter, another citizen of the U.S.A.

When he got home, John got together all the money he has made in his life, all he has collected in his Hollywood career. He cashed in all his securities and property—leaving only a few hilly acres in the Malibu to come back to, where he can build himself a shack some day. He even drew out the money he'd saved for taxes, figuring he'd meet that later on somehow, when he came back. Uncle Sam needs the sugar right away, he figured.

So every dollar he scraped together he socked right into the Victory kitty. Everything John Payne owns today is in War Bonds.

There's a salesman who practices what he preaches—and how!

Any bonds today?

That's what Johnny Payne would ask you, if you wrote to inquire what you could do to help along America's fight for Freedom. It might be a personal sort of question—but John wouldn't be kidding—not for one single minute.

KID SISTER EILEEN

(Continued from page 61)

Janny. There sat her mother and father. There sat Ruth Barnes, the dancing teacher in Altoona—and Marty Roberts, who'd given Janny lessons in singing.

Janet stood there and thought she'd choke with excitement. It had all been wonderful, but this was the topper. The minute she reached New York, she'd phoned Mother and Dad, squealing, wanting to know how soon they could get up here. She'd wired Marty and Ruth, begging them to be her guests at the opening. Then this afternoon she'd been brought over to the theater for publicity stills and gasped to see her name in bulbs on the marquee. "It's up there! It's really up there!" Well, whose name did she think would be up there, the gang had kidded, Boris Karloff's? And now this! Intermission, and the man had come out on the stage and said Janet Blair was in the audience and would she please take a bow? And they'd panned the spotlight on her, and people were clapping. No matter how thrilled she was inside, she could generally manage an outward composure. Not this time. Another minute and she'd be bawling!

claim to fame . . .

The theater darkened. Mother patted her hand—the hand on whose third finger Louis Bush had slipped a ring just an hour before train time in Los Angeles. Which made everything perfect. Here she

sat, Louis's diamond winking up at her, waiting for her first starring picture to begin, surrounded by people she loved. They were the ones she had to thank for all this—Mother and Dad and Ruth and Marty and a lot of other grand folk.

If Mother hadn't sent her and Louise to dancing school, if Ruth hadn't worked so hard with her—Because dancing hadn't come easily to Janet, but with sweat and grinding toil. Being homely had helped, too. Good and homely she'd been, and no kidding, Janet insists. In the yearly dance recitals, they'd throw her a pair of old trunks and shove her into the background as a page boy or part of a tree. She got sick of it. If just once she could be the princess or the chief powder-puff dancer or something that would move her into the spotlight. Well, her looks never would, that was a cinch. So she concentrated grimly on the dancing.

Then one year she'd been ill and couldn't dance. Ill or not, her energy needed an outlet. All the Laffertys were music-minded. Grandmother had borne four sons and four daughters who'd married, settled down and raised families in Altoona. At one time the church choir was composed exclusively of Laffertys. Dad had a swell voice. Mother, a fine musician, played the organ for 20 years. As the young ones grew up, they took their elders' places in the choir. Janny'd always sung. Now

Dad asked if she'd like to take lessons from Marty Roberts.

It's her nature to throw herself heart and soul into anything she undertakes. But incentive was added. Alex Holden, manager of Hal Kemp's band, was a family friend. He heard her trilling. "Work hard, Janny, and I'll let you sing with the band." He was half kidding, but Janny wasn't. She worked like a horse.

At 17 she was graduated from high school, the only one of the kids who didn't know what she wanted to do. Fred had always been a business head, Louise a whiz at science. Janet cared for nothing but drawing, singing and dancing. There was talk of sending her to the Juilliard Music School. But that fall Hal Kemp's band came through to play fate for Janet.

What they actually came to play for was a local dance. The whole town turned out. Janet was twirling to the tune of "How Strange, My Love." "Gosh, I like that arrangement—" In the middle of a turn, she halted, stared unseeing at her baffled partner, abandoned him with a brief, "Excuse me," and sped in search of Holden.

"You said I could sing with the band if I worked hard. You know how I've worked. Let me sing now, Alex. Let me sing 'How Strange, My Love'."

Alex said he'd ask Hal. Hal said what could he lose? To the home town, home talent, though it be a cabbage, smells like a rose. Dad steered Janny to a corner and rehearsed the song with her. Kemp announced that it would be sung by Janet Lafferty, whom they all knew. She stepped to the platform, a brown berry of a girl, her hair in pigtails, wearing a little red organdie, dirndl style, run up for their lamb by her

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mother and aunt. Excitement glowed in her eyes and cheeks, but she wasn't nervous. She sang like a trouser and got an ovation. That was to be expected. The unexpected was provided by Mr. Kemp. Home talent, my eye! Even to him her performance smelled like a rose!

A week later came a wire from Kemp, asking whether Janet and her mother could drive over to Pittsburgh on a matter of importance. They knew it must have to do with the band—just what, they didn't know. Certainly they weren't prepared for Hal's, "Janny, we need a singer. Would you go out on the stage tonight and sing with the band?"

Oh no, she couldn't, she'd be scared to death of a real audience. Anyway, she had nothing ready. In the end, he steamed her up or wore her down—probably the latter. They went out to dinner. It was Thanksgiving Day, and Hal ordered the works. One look at the turkey turned Janet green. How she got out on the stage, she'll never know. All she remembers is standing there beside Hal, frozen with horror because she'd forgotten her lyrics.

opening night . . .

To cover all eventualities, he'd introduced her not as a professional, but as a little friend of his who wanted to sing. That put the whole thing on an informal basis, warmed the audience and saved the day. When she lost a line, he prompted her. When she broke down halfway, he injected a little plain and fancy kidding. Meantime Janet was making a discovery. These people were friendly—just like Altoona—what was she scared about? The ice melted from her bones. She kidded Kemp back. Before she got through, the audience was hers. Kemp offered her a contract—as much for her poise as the way she had of putting over a song.

Rather reluctantly, her parents gave their consent. After all, she was only 17. But a level-headed 17. Besides, Alex Holden was a close friend, and they'd come to know Kemp. All the boys in the band had gone to college with him. Many were married, and their wives travelled with the troupe. Janet was the kid sister. They saw that she got her oatmeal in the morning and her hot milk at night. If Louis Bush, pianist and arranger with the band, soon fell in love with her, he had the wisdom to keep his own counsel

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both say

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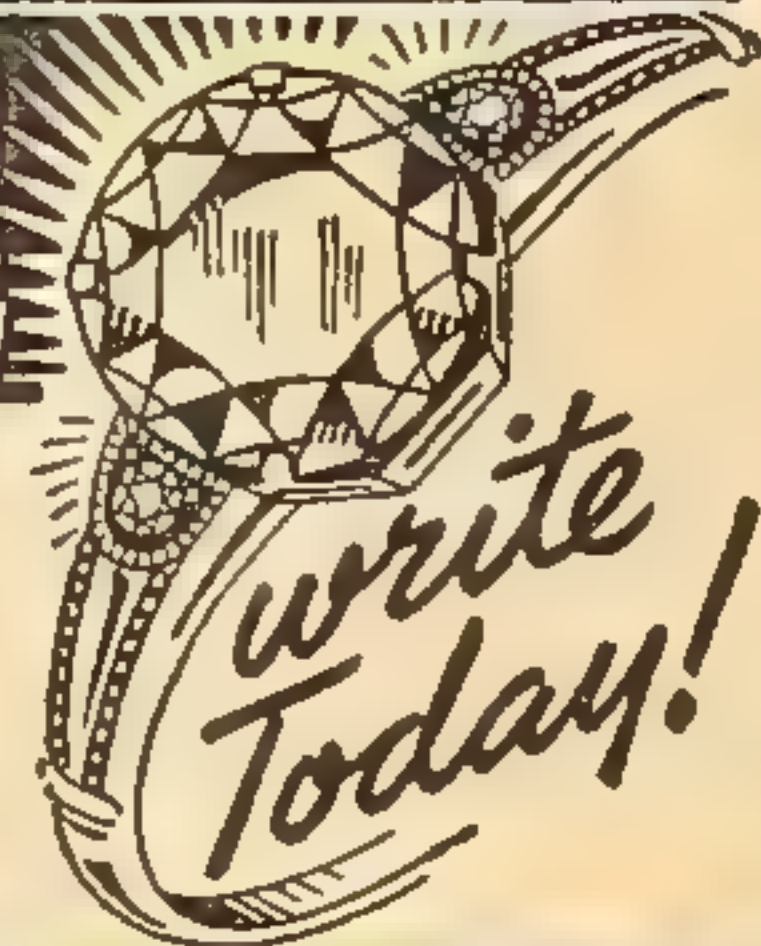
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—till she finished growing up.

Eighteen swift, happy months were climaxed by tragedy. En route to San Francisco, Hal was hurt in an auto crash. How badly, the band didn't know. They had to fulfill their engagement at the Mark Hopkins and were told he was getting along all right. Several mornings later Janet awoke at the ungodly hour of seven—for a band member, practically the middle of the night. On her way to the bathroom for a glass of water, she twisted the radio dial and heard that Hal Kemp was dead.

She doesn't like to talk about it. Her parents happened to be vacationing on the Coast, and she went down to Hollywood with them. The band was to be reorganized under Art Jarrett, but before that could happen, Columbia snatched their singer from under their noses.

"Like to make a test?" asked an agent, who'd heard her on one of the radio networks. "Columbia wants a singer for the Hayworth-Astaire picture." She made a singing test and was offered an acting contract. Mother and Dad looked askance at the whole procedure, but Janet felt it was opportunity knocking and won them round—on one condition, extracted by Mom—that she'd never never dye her hair.

In Hollywood, when a new girl's signed to a contract, nobody gets excited but the girl. For one who makes the grade, 500 don't. So word's sent around that "we've got another cutie, she'll be good for leg art," and the staff yawns and goes out to lunch.

Not so with Janet. Max Arnow, Columbia's talent scout, said, "There's our next Hayworth." To see her was to boost her. One day they were shooting her in a bathing suit when a message summoned her to the front office. She showed up in the cameraman's coat, folded round her three times and trailing behind. Greg Ratoff, in search of a girl for "Two Yanks in Trinidad," asked her to remove the cocoon.

"I'm not properly dressed—"

"It's all right, I've seen bathing suits before, how can I tell what your figure's like in that wrapper?" (You supply the accent).

Janet's no prude, but she knew she'd feel ill at ease parading in a swim suit, so she wouldn't. Ratoff's fist hit the desk. "That's the girl I want."

He touted her all over town. So did Pat O'Brien. When Bruce Manning told him he wanted a Billie for "Broadway" who was neither tough nor googly-sweet, Pat spoke up for Janet. That's why she got ahead, she'll tell you—because of your Arnows and Ratoffs and O'Briens who'll give a kid a break. That's part of the reason. The other part's Janet.

yes, my darling daughter . . .

Columbia was testing every blonde in Hollywood for "My Sister Eileen." "I think I can run a test for you," said Arnow.

"But I'm not a blonde."

"We can fix that."

"But I promised the folks I wouldn't dye my hair."

"You'll have to fix that."

She tested in a thousand dresses and a thousand hairdos. "We'll know tomorrow," they kept telling her. Tomorrow stretched into weeks. A.M. the grapevine said yes, P.M. no. Her tests were swell, but her name wasn't big enough. Would the director use her?

Two days before starting time, and no decision yet. She sat in the hairdressing department, feeling pretty low, when Max Arnow blew in. "Hi, Sister Eileen!" First, she laughed and cried. Then she

sent out for a gallon of ice cream. Then she wired the family: "Please, please can I dye my hair? It's my big chance!"

They said what you'd have said, it she'd been your girl. "Okay, but be sure to let it go straight back again after the picture."

making music together . . .

Now she's chestnut again, she's finished another film—"Something to Shout About"—and she's engaged to Lou Bush. He's blonde, good-looking and hails from Kentucky. Though, like any normal girl, she's gone out with other boys, she's known for some time now that Lou was it. Wedding plans are uncertain. Janet would love to be married in the church at Altoona, with Dad giving her away and her cousins singing "Oh Promise Me." But Louis's a private, stationed at Santa Ana, and all a girl knows these days is, you never can tell—

They hadn't even planned to announce the engagement. A wily reporter fixed that the day Janet was to leave for New York and the premiere of "Eileen." An early phone call got her out of bed. A crisp voice asked, "Do you know Lou Bush?"

"Why—yes—"

"How well do you know him?"

She was very sleepy. She was also bewildered and beginning to be alarmed. Had something happened to Lou?

"Never mind all that. Are you engaged to Lou Bush or aren't you?"

"Yes—I am—" she blurted.

The midday papers carried the news. "Golly!" yipped Louis. "I've got to get us a ring," and turned up with it an hour before the train pulled out.

Until recently her sister Louise shared a furnished apartment with her. Louise is a laboratory technician. The girls have always been very close, so Louise got herself a job in a Los Angeles hospital and came out to live with Janny. But there was a boy from way back in high-school days who enlisted and went to Pensacola. Louise is married now and works at Pensacola hospital, and Janet shares the apartment with Nuisy the cat. Nuisy's short for Nuisance and lives up to her name. Given the choice, she'd spend her days curled up in the wash basin, water dripping on her tail. Cats and dogs are Janet's weakness. She sits down on the floor of elevators to make love to them. Someone gave her two cocker spaniels, but apartment house rules wouldn't let her keep them. She got Nuisy as a consolation prize.

Her favorite pastimes are eating, dancing, singing and walking. Oatmeal and ice cream are still on the preferred list. When Louis comes up on furlough, they alternate between Chinese food at the Beachcombers' and Spanish at the Spanish Kitchen. Sometimes they go to the movies. Sometimes they dance. Dancing, Janet's in heaven. She makes up her own routines and rumbas with herself. But she hates big parties and night clubs with two-by-four floors and the air blue with smoke. So they pick a hotel that has a big dance floor. Their idea of a pluperfect evening, however, is to sit for hours, listening to records, making recordings, playing and singing new arrangements. So long as it's music they're happy.

In a town where everyone rides, Janet's "Have we got time to walk?" falls on incredulous ears. She loathes alarm clocks. Some day she's going to buy one that doesn't ring. Yet she'll set the alarm half an hour earlier, so she can walk to the studio. It relaxes her. She talks to herself and settles her problems. It's also a handy habit, now that gas ra-

tioning's in. Coffee's the big problem. She can't decide whether to drink less or brew it weaker.

If she hasn't a date, she'll pick up a couple of lamb chops on the way home—when you can get lamb chops—and open a can of peas for her dinner. Or she scrambles eggs—when you can get eggs. Restaurant scrambled eggs leave her frustrated. She asks for them fluffy and they come limp. Over her meal, she reads the funnies. Till her stockings are washed, her clothes on their hangers, every closet door shut, every ashtray clean, every bottle on the vanity in order, she can't sleep. Ten blankets wouldn't keep her warm in bed, without a sweater round her shoulders and an electric pad.

She's fanatical about exercise—ten minutes night and morning—and can do the back bend even in a train compartment. The minute she's up, she turns on the radio—no matter what it hits, so long as it's music. Her favorite program is the band that uses Louis' arrangements and broadcasts three times a week from Santa Ana. She's an earnest hair-brusher and puts lipstick on before breakfast. Lipstick only, because she likes a scrubbed-looking face. She'd gladly live in slacks and has a yen for red, yellow and orange. Also orange juice. She doesn't drink, smokes in moderation, weighs 110, stands 5 feet 3½, swims well, rides decently, plays a fair game of tennis and bowls badly. Between and during pictures, she's entertained at every camp on the coast.

vital statistics . . .

She's got so much vitality, she bounces. You can't wait on her, she always gets there first. Her greatest act of self-control is passing a five-and-dime store and not going in. Whatever you ask for—from Band Aids to Superman—she can produce out of her make-up box. She likes the other guy's perfume, the other guy's hair-ribbon, the food on the other guy's plate. If you both order lamb chops, yours always look best. When she's nervous, she picks her nail polish.

There are two by-products of the movie business that bother her. She hates talking about herself, and being surrounded by people, gives her claustrophobia. She thinks it's lovely to have fans who want autographs, but after a while the nail polish starts coming off. Just the same, she waited forty-five minutes in the FBI building to get Edgar Hoover's signature for her own collection. The funniest thing that ever happened to her was when she sang with the band at Penn. State College, and a friend from Altoona asked for her autograph. "You're nuts," said Janet.

She picked the name Blair because Altoona's in Blair County. Her favorite characters are Laffertys—from her four-year-old niece who screams, "That's my aunt Janny," in the local movie house, to her cute little grandmother whose hair is pitch-black at 70. Grandmother worries about the war, but not out loud. The only concern she'll admit to is, that if the war doesn't let up, she'll get a gray hair and won't be able to crow over her gray-headed children.

Janet will be 22 in April. When they tell her she'll be sorry 20 years hence that she advertised her age so blithely, she says 40's something to look forward to, and she doesn't expect to be in the movies then. She's the average American girl, with a better-than-average perspective on life. Youth won't last forever, and life holds deeper values beyond the spotlight. She sees herself at 40 as the average American wife, rearing a family in whose veins flows the good blood of Lafferty and Bush.

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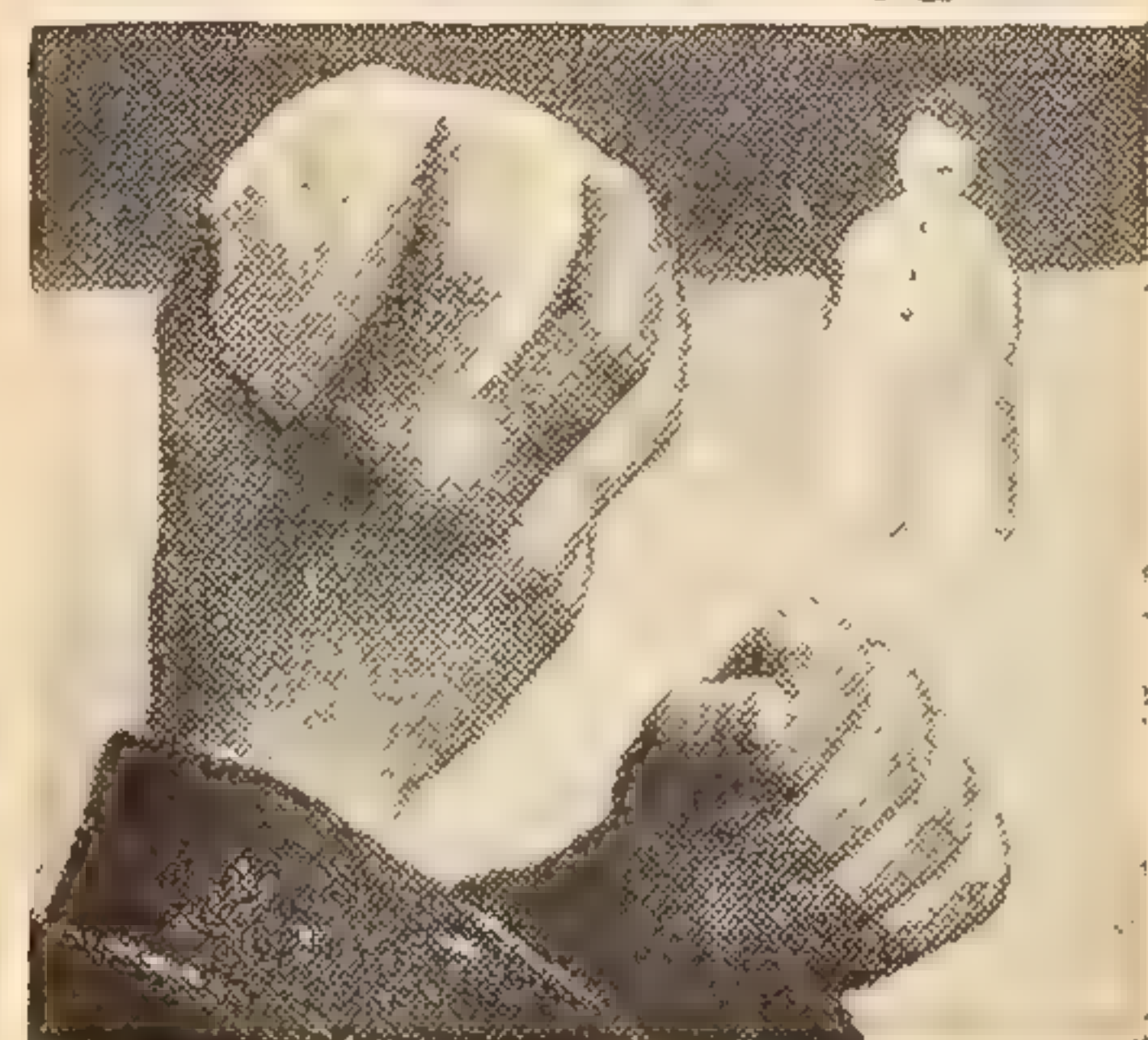


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MOVIE SCOREBOARD

175 pictures rated this month

Turn to our valuable Scoreboard when you're in doubt about what movie to see. The "general rating" is the average rating of our critic and newspaper critics all over the country. 4★ means very good; 3★, good; 2★, fair; 1★, poor. C denotes that the picture is recommended for children as well as adults.

Picture	General Rating	Picture	General Rating
Across the Pacific (Warners).....	C 3½★	Mississippi Gambler (Universal).....	2½★
A-Haunting We Will Go (20th Century-Fox).....	2½★	Moon and Sixpence, The (United Artists).....	3½★
Almost Married (Universal).....	2½★	Moonlight Masquerade (Republic).....	2½★
Apache Trail (M-G-M).....	2★	Mrs. Miniver (M-G-M).....	4★
Are Husbands Necessary? (Paramount).....	2½★	Mummy's Tomb, The (Universal).....	2½★
Army Surgeon (RKO).....	2½★	My Favorite Spy (RKO).....	2½★
Atlantic Convoy (Columbia).....	2½★	My Sister Eileen (Columbia).....	3½★
Avengers, The (Paramount).....	C 3½★		
Bambi (RKO).....	C 4★	Native Land (Frontier Films).....	3½★
Berlin Correspondent (RKO).....	2★	Navy Comes Through, The (RKO).....	3½★
Between Us Girls (Universal).....	3★	Night Monster (Universal).....	2½★
Beyond the Blue Horizon (Paramount).....	3★	Nightmare (Universal).....	3½★
Big Shot, The (Warners).....	3★	Now, Voyager (Warners).....	3½★
Big Street, The (RKO).....	3★		
Blondie for Victory (Columbia).....	2½★	Once Upon a Honeymoon (RKO).....	3½★
Boogie Man Will Get You, The (Columbia).....	2★	One of Our Aircraft is Missing (United Artists).....	C 4★
Boss of Hangtown Mesa (Universal).....	2½★	Orchestra Wives (20th Century-Fox).....	3★
Busses Roar (Warners).....	2½★	Overland to Deadwood (Columbia).....	2½★
Cairo (M-G-M).....	C 2½★		
Calling Dr. Gillespie (M-G-M).....	2½★	Pacific Rendezvous (M-G-M).....	2★
Cosablanca (Warners).....	4★	Palm Beach Story, The (Paramount).....	4★
Cat People (RKO).....	3★	Panama Hattie (M-G-M).....	2½★
Counter Espionage (Columbia).....	2½★	Parachute Nurse (Columbia).....	2½★
Crossroads (M-G-M).....	3★	Pardon My Sarong (Universal).....	2½★
		Phantom Plainsman, The (Republic).....	C 2★
Danger in the Pacific (Universal).....	2★	Pied Piper, The (20th Century-Fox).....	C 3½★
Daring Young Men, The (Columbia).....	2½★	Pierre of the Plains (M-G-M).....	3★
Dawn on the Great Divide (Monogram).....	2½★	Powder Town (RKO).....	2½★
Deep In the Heart of Texas (Universal).....	2½★	Pride of the Yankees (RKO).....	4★
Desperate Journey (Warners).....	3★	Priorities on Parade (Paramount).....	3★
Destination Unknown (Universal).....	2½★	Private Buckaroo (Universal).....	2½★
Devil With Hitler, The (United Artists).....	2★		
Dr. Broadway (Paramount).....	3★	Quiet, Please, Murder (20th Century-Fox).....	2½★
Drums of the Congo (Universal).....	2★		
		Random Harvest (M-G-M).....	4★
Eagle Squadron (Universal).....	3★	Riders of the Northland (Monogram).....	2★
Enemy Agents Meet Ellery Queen (Columbia).....	2½★	Rio Rita (M-G-M).....	3★
Escape From Crime (Warners).....	2½★	Road to Morocco (Paramount).....	C 4★
Eyes in the Night (M-G-M).....	C 3½★	Rubber Racketeers (Monogram).....	2★
Eyes of the Underworld (Universal).....	2★		
Falcon's Brother, The (RKO).....	2½★	Sabotage Squad (Columbia).....	2½★
Fighting Bill Fargo (Universal).....	2★	Saboteur (Universal).....	3½★
Flight Lieutenant (Columbia).....	2½★	Seven Days Leave (RKO).....	3★
Flying Fortress (Warners).....	2★	Seven Miles From Alcatraz (RKO).....	2½★
Flying Tigers (Republic).....	3★	Seven Sweethearts (M-G-M).....	3½★
Footlight Serenade (20th Century-Fox).....	3★	Sherlock Holmes and the Voice of Terror (Universal).....	3★
For Me and My Gal (M-G-M).....	C 3½★	Ship Ahoy (M-G-M).....	3★
Forest Rangers (Paramount).....	3½★	Silver Bullet, The (Universal).....	2★
Friendly Enemies (United Artists).....	2½★	Sin Town (Universal).....	3★
		Somewhere I'll Find You (M-G-M).....	3★
Gay Sisters, The (Warners).....	3★	Sons of the Pioneers (Republic).....	2½★
Get Hep to Love (RKO).....	2★	Springtime in the Rockies (20th Century-Fox).....	C 3½★
Gentleman Jim (Warners).....	4★	Spy Ship (Warners).....	2½★
George Washington Slept Here (Warners).....	3½★	Star Spangled Rhythm (Paramount).....	3½★
Girl from Alaska (Republic).....	2★	Street of Chance (Paramount).....	3½★
Give Out Sisters (RKO).....	2½★	Strictly in the Groove (Universal).....	2½★
Glass Key, The (Paramount).....	3★	Submarine Raider (Columbia).....	3★
Gold Rush, The (United Artists).....	4★	Suicide Squadron (Republic).....	3½★
Great Commandment, The (20th Century-Fox).....	2½★	Sunday Punch (M-G-M).....	2½★
Great Gildersleeve, The (RKO-Radio).....	2½★	Sunset Serenade (Republic).....	2½★
Great Man's Lady, The (Paramount).....	3★	Sweater Girl (Paramount).....	2½★
		Sweetheart of the Fleet (Columbia).....	2½★
Henry Aldrich, Editor (Paramount).....	3★	Syncope (RKO).....	3★
Her Cardboard Lover (M-G-M).....	2★		
Here We Go Again (RKO).....	2½★	Take A Letter, Darling (Paramount).....	3½★
Hidden Hand, The (Warners).....	2½★	Tales of Manhattan (20th Century-Fox).....	3½★
Holiday Inn (Paramount).....	4★	Talk of the Town (Columbia).....	C 3½★
		Tarzan's New York Adventure (M-G-M).....	2½★
I Married a Witch (United Artists).....	3½★	Ten Gentlemen From West Point (20th Century-Fox).....	3★
I Married An Angel (M-G-M).....	2½★	They All Kissed the Bride (Columbia).....	2½★
Iceland (20th Century-Fox).....	3★	This Above All (20th Century-Fox).....	4★
Invisible Agent (Universal).....	2½★	Thunder Birds (20th Century-Fox).....	2½★
It Happened in Flatbush (20th Century-Fox).....	2½★	Timber (Universal).....	2½★
		Time to Kill (20th Century-Fox).....	3★
Jackass Mail (M-G-M).....	2½★	Tish (M-G-M).....	2★
Joan of Ozark (Republic).....	2½★	Tombstone (Paramount).....	3★
Just Off Broadway (20th Century-Fox).....	2½★	Top Sergeant (Universal).....	2½★
		Torpedo Boat (Paramount).....	2½★
Lady in a Jam (Universal).....	2½★	Tortilla Flat (M-G-M).....	3½★
Life Begins at 8:30 (20th Century-Fox).....	4★	Tuttles of Tahiti, The (RKO).....	3★
Little Tokio, U. S. A. (20th Century-Fox).....	2½★		
Loves of Edgar Allan Poe (20th Century-Fox).....	2½★	Under Brooklyn Bridge (Monogram).....	2½★
		Undying Monster, The (20th Century-Fox).....	2½★
Magnificent Ambersons, The (RKO).....	3★		
Magnificent Dope, The (20th Century-Fox).....	3★	Wake Island (Paramount).....	4★
Maisie Gets Her Man (M-G-M).....	2½★	War Against Mrs. Hadley, The (M-G-M).....	C 3★
Major and the Minor, The (RKO).....	C 4★	West of the Law (Monogram).....	2½★
Manila Calling (20th Century-Fox).....	3★	White Cargo (M-G-M).....	3★
Meet the Mob (Monogram).....	2★	Who Done It? (Universal).....	3★
		Wife Takes A Flyer, The (Columbia).....	2½★
Journey for Margaret (M-G-M).....	4★	Wings and the Woman (RKO).....	4★
Men of Texas (Universal).....	C 2½★	Wings For the Eagle (Warners).....	3★
Mexican Spitfire's Elephant (RKO).....	2½★		
Mexican Spitfire Sees a Ghost (RKO).....	2★	Yank at Eton, A (M-G-M).....	C 3★
		Yankee Doodle Dandy (Warners).....	4★
		You Can't Escape Forever (Warners).....	2½★
		You Were Never Lovelier (Columbia).....	4★

"HELLO FRISCO, HELLO" (STORY)

(Continued from page 40)

"Sure."
 "We can get another booking."
 "Where?" Dan said.
 "An interesting question," Beulah said.
 "Do you want to break up the act?"
 Johnny said. "Just say the word. I won't beg."
 "They don't want to break up the act," Trudy said. "It's just that they're a little down in the mouth."
 "Down is right," Dan said.
 "And out," Beulah said.

night flight . . .

Out of the gaudy shadows a figure came staggering up the street. It wasn't quite a stagger, really; perhaps more of a weave. His name, as a matter of fact, was Sam Weaver.

"Johnny," he called. "Johnny Cornell. Just the man . . ."

"Hello, Sam."
 "Johnny, I got it this time. A mountain of gold. You just have to pick it up. Just reach down and pick it up. And all I need is a grubstake."

But Johnny was digging down in his trouser pocket long before Sam was finished. He came up with a slim handful of silver cartwheels.

"It's not a gamble this time, Johnny. It's an investment. We can't miss."

"Here," Johnny said. "Go to it, Sam."

"Hey," Dan yelled, "that's our last ten bucks."

"We can always get more," Johnny said softly.

"Yeah? When?"

"A moot point," Beulah said.

The odd part of it was that Johnny Cornell always could get more. They could bend Johnny but never break him. For Johnny Cornell knew all the tricks. Born poor, born tough. Running errands as soon as his legs were strong enough to hold him up. Dancing on ferry-boats, singing in the streets. Got a penny, mister? Got a dollar? It was a hell of a childhood, but there came a time when Johnny knew all the tricks. He knew enough to pick Trudy Evans for his act out of the whole ruck of girl

I SAW IT HAPPEN

My eight-year-old brother Donald won a letter-writing contest conducted by a Boston newspaper and as a result had an invitation to luncheon with Gene Autry, who was then appearing with the Rodeo in Boston.

His invitation included a guest, so he took me along with him. While I ate heartily, Donny sat gazing worshipfully at his idol. Gene would look over at him and wink and grin.

During the luncheon Gene was called out to the telephone. When he returned, he had rather a serious look and spoke in a low tone to the newspaper representative who was sitting beside him.

But a moment later, in a very jovial manner, he recounted stories of his childhood and sang us several of his favorite songs.

It was not until I read the paper that evening that I found the call had been from California—Gene's home had burned down!

William Sheldon,
 52 Cottage St.,
 Mansfield, Mass.

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Outgrown slacks make flannel coat.



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singers that infested the Barbary Coast. And Trudy had more than a voice. She had style and beauty and a soft tenderness that was as startling as a scream in this street of brassy women with knowing eyes.

"Johnny's smart," Trudy said. "He'll put us all right on top some day."

Trudy wasn't wrong. For it was Johnny who got the money together—somehow, somewhere—to open The Grizzly Bear. Their names went up in lights out front, and the crowds that came once, came again and again. The place was somehow different; different enough, at any rate, so that the swells from Nob Hill strolled in occasionally—and stayed. They stayed because Johnny Cornell knew how to put on a good show and how to serve good liquor. And they stayed because of Trudy Evans, singing far into the night:

"Pony boy, pony boy,
Won't you be my pony boy..."

Bernice Croft came to The Grizzly Bear one night, down from the Croft mansion which sat high on Nob Hill, looking down on the rest of San Francisco. Everyone in town knew Bernice Croft, her flaming beauty, her fabled riches.

Seeing her at a ringside table, Johnny nudged Dan. "Look who's here," he said. "I'm going over to roll out the red carpet."

"She's just slumming," Dan said. "That's all, brother."

"She won't give you a tumble," Beulah said.

"Sure she will," Dan grinned. "Right out on his beautiful big ears."

"Think so?" Johnny said. "Watch."

He started toward his table.

"Well, what do you think of that guy! If he isn't the limit—" Dan said.

Trudy smiled slowly, "I think he's pretty swell."

From where they were standing, they watched Johnny. He bent over the table, speaking to Bernice Croft. The other men at her table were eyeing him warily. Johnny smiled once and waved his hand casually. Bernice Croft watched him, her eyes bright with interest. With a final bow, Johnny left.

When he got back to them, Dan said sarcastically, "Well, did she break down and invite you to come and drop by some day?"

"This Sunday."

"Sure," Dan said, and then, startled, "What!"

"We're all invited," Johnny said quietly.

The huge ball room of the Croft mansion was alive with the quiet babble of soft voices and the swish of the women's skirts as they swung in measured rhythms to the waltzes of the string quartet, carefully hidden behind potted palms. Overhead crystal chandeliers lit the scene, throwing a subdued light on the gilt furniture, the ornately framed oil paintings on the walls.

"I'm glad you came," Bernice Croft said to Johnny as they entered.

"Oh, Ned," she called to one of the men, "take care of Miss Evans and the others, will you?"

snob hill...

And as the quartet struck up another delicately tuned waltz, she swung off with Johnny. There was a doorway that led out of the ballroom into a large, gracious room that had evidently once been a study.

"I'm afraid our dowagers don't quite approve of it," Bernice said, laughing.

"Of us?" Johnny said. "Of me?"

"Of the Barbary Coast coming to Nob Hill. It is somewhat shocking."

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"Is that why you asked us?" Johnny said.

"No."

"It's a long way from the Coast to here," Johnny said. "About a million dollars' worth."

"Only fifty cents by cab," Bernice said.

"I always walk," Johnny said. "That way I know where I'm going."

"And where are you going?"

"To Nob Hill maybe. Someday."

"It might be nice," Bernice said, "to have you as a neighbor—"

They were standing close together, then, leaning against the large mahogany desk that dominated the center of the room. The strains of the graceful waltz sounded suddenly loud in the quiet room. Wordlessly, Johnny reached over, bent slightly and kissed her.

"You didn't have to do that," Bernice said sharply.

"You wanted me to."

"Did I?"

"You asked for it."

"Is that the Barbary Coast idea of etiquette?"

"It's always proper to kiss a lady who asks for it," Johnny said.

"Even on Nob Hill?"

There was anger in her eyes for a moment, and then they were icy cold, impersonal. She toyed with a letter-knife on the desk. And then she said, "It's getting quite late, isn't it, Mr. Cornell?"

Johnny bowed, "We were just leaving."

Her hand came up from the desk with an envelope. "For you, Mr. Cornell. And the others, of course."

"What's this?" Johnny said.

"You expected to be paid, didn't you?" she said. "For your . . . entertainment?"

"All right," Johnny said harshly. "We'll take it. Thanks."

Of them all, only Trudy knew how much he had been hurt. He drove himself with a fierce, burning energy. And the money poured in. How far was it from the Barbary Coast to Nob Hill? A million dollars?

singing the blues . . .

But Beulah half suspected what was wrong. In Trudy's dressing room one night she said: "Why don't you do something, Trudy? Don't let that gold-plated phony up on the hill get him."

"I can't tie a leash on him," Trudy said.

"You're not kidding anyone," Beulah said. "You're nuts about him."

"Maybe I am."

"Well, why don't you lasso him, hogtie him. Don't give him a chance."

"You can't do it that way with Johnny."

"Then if you can't, forget him. You got a future, Trudy. You could go anywhere you want. You're too good for

I SAW IT HAPPEN

A friend and I were at the Notre Dame, Michigan, football game which was attended by many Hollywood notables. One of them looked familiar, but we couldn't see his face very clearly. When I started calling, "Red Skelton, Red Skelton," the man turned to me, and with his beautiful smile, said, "Gee, you don't know me very well, do you?" To my amazement, it was . . . **BOB HOPE**, my favorite comedian!

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the Coast, anyway. You could get offers. Didn't that guy from London offer you something?"

"Who?" Trudy said. "Charles Cochran?"

"That's him. Take it. Grab what you can get. You can't have everything, you know."

Trudy looked into the small make-up mirror on the wall. "No," she said, "you can't have everything."

But there were times when she did have Johnny; times when they were working, and it seemed almost like their early days on the Coast. Sometimes after the late show, they'd drop around to other places, Johnny and Trudy. And when Cochran had come in to make his offer, Johnny had been frightened.

"You can't leave," Johnny said. "It wouldn't be the same without you."

"Wouldn't it?"

"Trudy, we came up together. We worked and slaved so we could share everything."

"I never wanted much, Johnny," she said.

"I could match any offer he makes. I'll build you a theater. I'll star you in your own shows. They'll know your name anywhere around the Pacific."

"You don't need me, Johnny," she said. "You've got everything you want . . . except the house on Nob Hill, maybe."

"That!" Johnny said. "I forgot that long ago."

It was odd how much it meant to her, just those few words. Maybe he had forgotten. Or maybe, given a little more time, he would forget. And if he did, why then—

"I'll stay, Johnny," she said.

Then the news broke:

CROFT BANKRUPT; HOUSE AND HOLDINGS TO BE AUCTIONED

And Johnny went up to Nob Hill. The ballroom looked like a huge and littered store room this time. The household effects to be auctioned were piled over the floor. At one end of the room the auctioneer in a hoarse voice was calling out bids: ". . . hundred fifty, hundred and fifty, who'll make it two . . ." And walking in, Johnny heard the ghost-whisper of a half forgotten waltz in the air.

He found Bernice in the same gracious study off the ballroom.

"Well," she said, "did you come to see how the mighty have fallen?"

"No," Johnny said.

"Why then?"

"I came to bid," Johnny said. "You wouldn't take the money if I offered it. But this way—"

"That's kind, Johnny," she said.

"If I can help . . ."

"Not now, Johnny," she said. She began clearing out one of the drawers of the desk. "You've come a long way since we first met. You've just about made your million."

"Not quite," Johnny said.

"You will. You'll get anything you set your mind to."

"Suppose I set my mind on you?"

She looked at him frankly. "I'm leaving for the East tonight, Johnny. Suppose we talk about that some other time."

So Bernice Croft left San Francisco, and they read about her in the papers every once so often. New York . . . Newport . . . Europe . . . Bar Harbor. The money from the auction couldn't last very long.

So Bernice Croft, one day, came back to marry Johnny Cornell.

The night it was announced, Dan Dailey came running backstage at The

Grizzly Bear while the orchestra was playing the overture. "Hey, Trudy," he yelled, "there's your cue."

Beulah was standing in the hall. "Trudy's gone," she said.

"Gone? She can't. She's on now."

"She's gone to London."

"London," Dan said. "London! That's in England."

"You get an A in geography," Beulah said.

the mighty fall . . .

London was a town of fog and the long loneliness of a stranger in a stranger town. But London took Trudy Evans to its heart and, on the opening night of her show, they crowded the stalls and the sound of their applause exploded against the walls. And Trudy, flushed, triumphant, grateful, raced back to her dressing room.

Where Johnny Cornell was waiting.

"Johnny!"

"You didn't think I'd miss your opening," he said. "Bernice and I were over in Paris, and I grabbed the first boat headed here."

"Oh."

"You were great, Trudy."

She dropped a bouquet of flowers on her dressing table. "How are Dan and Beulah? How's The Grizzly Bear, Johnny?"

"The Grizzly? I don't see much of it now. I've gone high hat. I'm going to run the opera house. It's a Croft tradition. I'll show them how to really do it back in Frisco."

"Sure, you will, Johnny."

The maid stuck her head in through the doorway. "There's reporters out here, Miss. They want to see you."

"Go ahead, kid," Johnny said. "Tell them how we did it on the Barbary Coast."

"Good-by, Johnny," Trudy said.

And she turned away quickly, for the tears were welling up, and that would never do on her night of triumph, would it?

It was funny how the money went, once it started to go. Just a turn of the wheel, a flip of the coin. A run of tough luck . . . or maybe too much opera. But it went in a mounting flood. First some of the other places, and then even The Grizzly. And always there was Bernice: dresses, hats, pretty nothings that cost a fortune, whims and fancies, huge parties . . . send Mr. Cornell the bill. Until the day came when Johnny Cornell said flatly: "I'm broke, Bernice."

QUIZ CLUES

(Continued from page 89)

Set 3

1. Joan Crawford's ex
2. Ginny Simms
3. "Tortilla Flat"
4. Yule
5. Nay to Ney
6. Jeanette MacDonald
7. Dark eyes
8. Futile haircut
9. Make with the mitts
10. Fattie
11. British
12. Academy
13. "Our Town"
14. Camp-tramped
15. Journeyed for Margaret
16. Lucille
17. Brisson
18. "Penny Serenade"
19. Mormon
20. Fay

(Answers on page 111)

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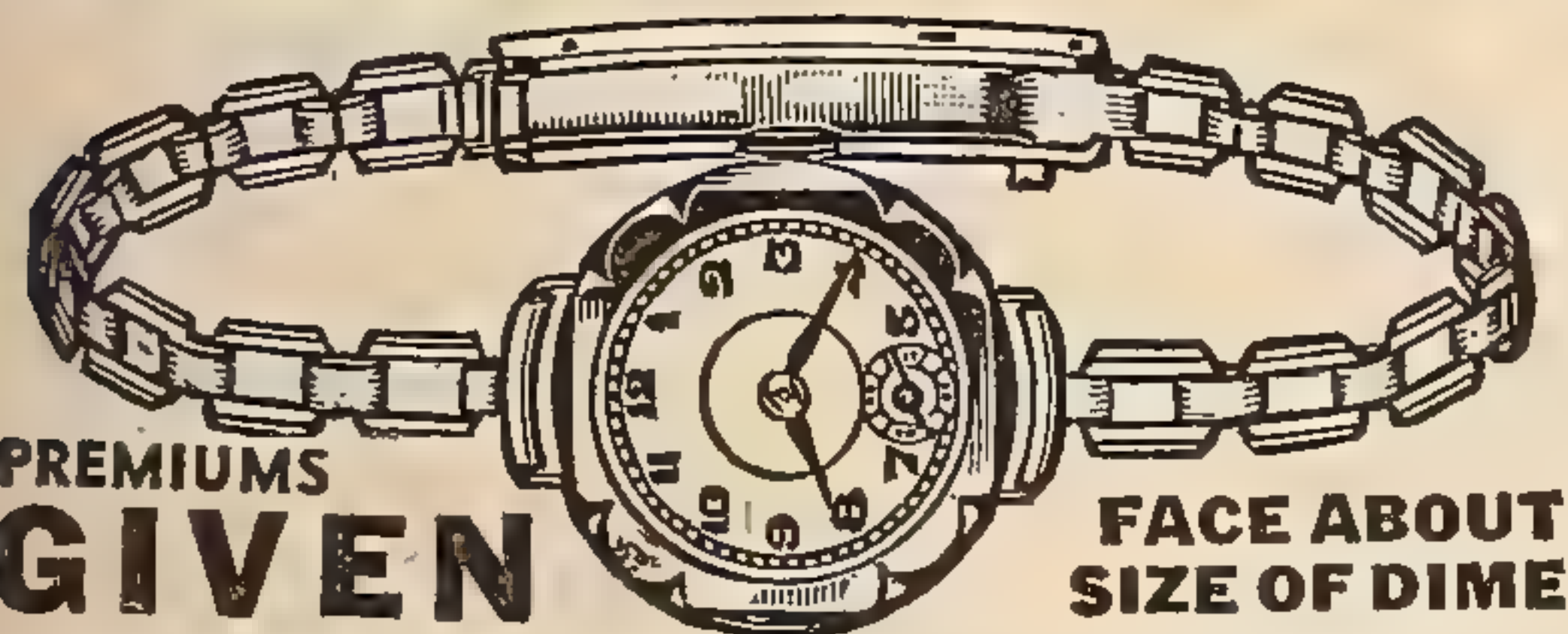
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"Broke?" Bernice said incredulously. "You should be able to understand that," Johnny said harshly. "You spent most of it. The pocket's run out. There's no more gold. You've dug the claim clean."

"You sound angry," she said coldly. "What made you think I married you for any other reason? I never said I loved you."

"No, you never did," Johnny said.

"Then we're even. You got what you wanted, and I got what I wanted. Fair enough."

"Fair enough," Johnny said.

to her who waits . . .

So the wheel came a full turn. And Johnny Cornell who began on the streets, went back to them. Because he always knew a few tricks, he didn't starve. But it hurt to see Johnny Cornell spilling for a third-rate show, cadging the nickels and the quarters, and shouting his lungs out.

Trudy never knew until she came back to San Francisco between two of her London shows. And then, finding The Grizzly closed and barred, she hunted up Dan and Beulah and got the story from them.

"He's still the best showman on the Coast," Dan said. "He's just broke and won't let anybody help him. You know Johnny."

"I know him," Trudy said. "Listen to me, Dan."

It was a simple trick, really. They found Sam Weaver and told him what to do. And one day, Sam came rolling up to Johnny, looking like a million dollars, his pockets loaded down with silver dollars and gold nuggets.

"I hit it," Sam yelled. "We're rich, Johnny."

He never told Johnny that it was Trudy's money, and Johnny was too busy to ask. The old Grizzly came out from behind the boards. Johnny was in a whirl of activity, getting things set. They were on their way up again . . . all they needed was a girl singer . . .

a good one!

"How about Trudy Evans?" Dan said.

That was her cue. She came out on the stage then, singing, as she had once before when The Grizzly was the talk of the Barbary Coast. She saw Johnny look, with his eyes alight and glistening. She saw, too, Sam Weaver come rolling up, hopelessly drunk and talking loud, with no one there to stop him from telling. Johnny grew white and tense. But Trudy kept on singing, and the anger drained out of his eyes. He stood there quietly for a moment and then began to walk toward the stage. She knew that sometimes, if you were lucky and if you waited, you could get everything you want.

I SAW IT HAPPEN

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"HELLO FRISCO, HELLO" PRODUCTION (Continued from page 40)

dressings. All for a mere seven pounds!

John Payne satisfied a long-time ambition to grow a moustache and went all-out with a modified-Colonna type of lip hedge. He didn't want one of those pencil-stripe deals. The studio expects a lot of correspondence pro and con on the change, but it won't make any difference to Johnny, who reported to the Army Air corps three days after the picture was finished.

When coffee rationing went into effect, the "HFH" company began a coffee pool. Each morning, Payne, Alice, Jack Oakie, June Havoc, Lynn Bari and Director Bruce Humberstone would bring their two tablespoonsful of coffee and dump it into the community percolator. June Havoc kept it warm on the electric plate in her trailer dressing room, and each member of the cooperative group was entitled to have a cup and a half twice every day.

no. 1 chili queen . . .

If it weren't for the war, Lynn Bari might have become America's No. 1 Chili Queen. Her make-up man, Ray Sebastian, is a whiz at making the stuff, so Lynn set him up in business. Bought a small plant and had everything ready to roll when priorities came in and took all their ingredients and machinery.

Oakie, temporarily separated from wife Venita Varden, stayed in Hollywood at the Chateau Marmont during production of the picture. His mother-in-law kept house for him. Payne lived down the street but moved in with Jack so they could ride to work together. Also because he hates to do dishes, and the unwashed crockery used to pile up so high, he'd stay at the studio rather than go home to face the over-loaded sink. June Havoc heard about it once, snatched the key to his apartment when he wasn't looking and spent her day off cleaning

the place from front door to back as a surprise for "Superman"—her name for him.

Tradition yarn: When Payne was working with John Barrymore in "The Great Profile," Jawn kindly gave him the tattered old dressing gown he wore for years in the theater. Since that time, Payne's career has zoomed. The day Payne checked off the lot to enter the service he presented Cornel Wilde with the robe and told him to pass it along to some other promising young actor if he, too, should happen to be called. One condition of the gift is that John is to get the robe back, when he returns to films after the war.

Only casualty during filming was a minor knee injury, suffered by Payne in a freak accident. John had gone to work alone, on his motorcycle, and when a slight California dew threatened to wash away everything in its path, Payne decided to move his wheel away from the studio street, inside the sound stage. Rolling it over the stage, with motor idling, John bounced it over a doorsill. The jolt caused his foot to go down on the accelerator, and away it went by itself, whooshed right through two backdrops, and came to a stop half-way through the wall. Memo came down from the front office to the effect that Mr. Payne was to leave his mechanized bicycle outside, even if a tornado was definitely sighted!

THE CAST

Trudy Evans	ALICE FAYE
Johnny Cornell	JOHN PAYNE
Dan Daley	JACK OAKIE
Bernice Croft	LYNN BARI
Sam Weaver	LAIRD CREGAR
Beulah Clancy	JUNE HAVOC
Sharkey	WARD BOND

GOOD NEWS

(Continued from page 65)

showed her a telegram that had just been delivered from Miami. Brenda had received no word, and she was a little distressed, but comforted herself with the thought that when she returned to her own home there would be some word.

No—nothing there. So that night Bill's dark-eyed wife wrote him a very domestic letter. She explained that she admired him for his devotion to his parents and his thoughtfulness in remembering them at all holiday seasons, so how about a little of the same consideration for his wife? She was hurt, and she said so frankly. Then she turned in and cried herself to sleep.

The next morning she was awakened by Western Union. Seems that they had been trying to TELEPHONE her wire all Thanksgiving Day. Since she wasn't at home, good old W.U. waited placidly until the next day, blithely unconcerned with the fact that it might be instigating domestic chaos. A few moments after Brenda received the wire, a florist arrived with two dozen gorgeous red roses. So Brenda, her hair and bathrobe flying, fled down the lane to the R.F.D. post-box to retrieve her angry letter. She barely made it, as the postman had just arrived to collect outgoing mail and to deliver—you guessed it. Three of 'em.

* * *

Rare Pair: George Montgomery and Dinah

Shore have been making beautiful music lately. In case you have been wondering whether there was any real discord in the Montgomery-Kay Williams duet, Hollywood wisenheimers have it figured thusly: George knew right along that there was another man in Kay's life, which was kee-okie with him. Mr. Montgomery will be in uniform before long, and he has convictions about Woman's Place In The War: he thinks it is unfair for a man to marry, then leave his wife at once, so the man from Montana has no intention of getting serious until after the Armistice is signed. He just likes to date for fun, companionship and laughs, with absolutely no overtones of, "Not for just a day, not for just a year, but always." If one of his telephone numbers suddenly ceases to answer, ho-hum, he'll have a replacement in no time.

* * *

We Hope Not Department: When Ann Sothorn gave her farewell party for Robert Sterling, Barbara Stanwyck arrived alone, with the explanation that Bob Taylor was on a hunting trip. She was rather quiet all evening and left early. Rumors continue to spread that there is serious trouble between these two gallant people, but their only court appearance so far—thank Heaven—has been that in which they petitioned to have their legal monikers changed from

GOOD NEWS (Continued)

Arlington Spangler Brugh and Ruby Stevens Brugh to Robert Taylor and Barbara Stanwyck Taylor.

* * *

No Mergers: Alexis Smith vigorously denies that she and Craig Stevens are married or that they will be married until after the war.

And friends who should know, say that WAAC-bound Olivia de Havilland no longer turns those tender brown eyes toward John Huston either on duty or on leave.

* * *

Zing Ring: Betty Hutton's engagement band from Perc Westmore is so much gold trestle designed to support a four carat canary diamond. Some wit on Paramount's "Star-Spangled Rhythm" set sent Betty a black felt square with the explanation, "To make it possible for you to comply with dimout regulations, please use this to cover stone after sundown."

TAXES AND WAR BONDS—It Takes Both!

Rattle Prattle:

Unhappiest studio in town was Metro when its pet pin-up girl announced that she was to be a mother in the spring. Innocent bystanders, gazing from lovely Lana to her handsome husband, Steve Crane, are stirred to inward cheering. With parents like these, the infant should be something brought by a Bird of Paradise instead of a stork.

* * *

The recurrent rumor that Mrs. Bing Crosby is going to try to talk the Baby Department out of a daughter, has again gained circulation.

* * *

Joan Bennett, who is the sort of ideal mother you read about in woman's magazines, has happily announced a forthcoming Wanger Production and is hoping for a boy to be doted upon by older sisters Diana Fox Markey and Melinda Markey.

* * *

Maureen O'Hara has denied, rather heartbrokenly, her stork report.

* * *

Watch for at least three more announcements of impending 1943 bootee bearers.

* * *

Miss Alice Harris deserves a spot in the news: she has already received a series of proposals from the mothers of eligible boy bibbers. And no less a judge of feminine loveliness than George Petty, the man who draws those beautiful telephones, wrote to Miss Alice to say, "The pictures I've seen of your mother in 'Hello, Frisco, Hello,' are lovely, but I am planning on your being the Petty Girl of 1960." Alice Faye says her daughter is early exhibiting the traits of a prima donna. She smacked herself with a rattle the other day and promptly flung said rattle to the floor. Alice leaned down, retrieved the offending plaything and placed it on the tray of Alice, Jr.'s high chair. Junior looked at the rattle and scowled; then she looked at her mother and scowled more deeply. With great deliberation, one chubby hand reached out for the rattle while a pair of china blue eyes remained fixed on the mother's face. Miss Alice dashed the rattle to the floor a second time, giving out with a triumphant, "Nayal!"

* * *

Miss Julie Anne Payne, daughter of John Payne and Anne Shirley, is a thoroughly resourceful character, quaintly able to take care of herself. Recently she was riding on the back of a tricycle pedaled by Richard Lang, son of the director. Dickie, in one of those early exhibitions of fantastic male

driving, whirled around a corner and knocked Julie galley west. She collected herself, shed a few outraged tears, then settled down to bide her time. Shortly afterward, Dickie rounded the same corner with such gusto that he tossed himself, face downward, a few feet from Julie's vantage point. Faster than thought, she leaped upon him and sunk a set of sharply efficient teeth in that portion of his anatomy revealed by his scuffed-up short trousers. Master Richard's yell could have been heard for blocks, and latest reports are that he will carry a pair of dainty scars for the rest of his life. It's time we women joined the Commandos, too.

* * *

Jane Wyman recently gave a party in honor of her godson, Dewitt Wayne Morris, Jr. Guests included Julie Payne, Maureen Elizabeth Reagan and Danny Milland. Maureen developed a terrific crush on Danny Milland and gave him the small stove from her doll house; Mr. Milland, clearly equipped with his father's famous charm, accepted the stove solemnly and took it home.

* * *

Katherine and Anthony Quinn's third child, a girl, arrived safely during the month. Their first, a boy named Christopher, was drowned two years ago. Their second is a daughter named Christina.

* * *

Patric Knowles was busy working in an à propos film titled "Oh, Doctor," at Universal with Abbott and Costello, when his wife presented him with a daughter to be named Antonia Wendy.

As for Lou Costello, the announcement card he had engraved and mailed to his friends upon the birth of his son read as follows: "Costello Productions are privileged to announce the World Premiere of their third production 'Louis Francis Costello, Jr.' Sneak previewed at Good Samaritan Hospital, November 6th, 1942. Produced by Ann Costello; directed by Lou Costello; released by Dr. Robert Fagan. Footage: 19 inches; shipping weight, 6 pounds, 2 ounces. First public showing to be announced later. No further productions scheduled." Included with the announcement was a separate card, adding: "What the critics had to say: Carole Lou: 'It's a wow!' Patricia Ann: 'A howling success!'" Carole Lou and Patricia Ann are the other two Costello children.

TAXES AND WAR BONDS—It Takes Both!

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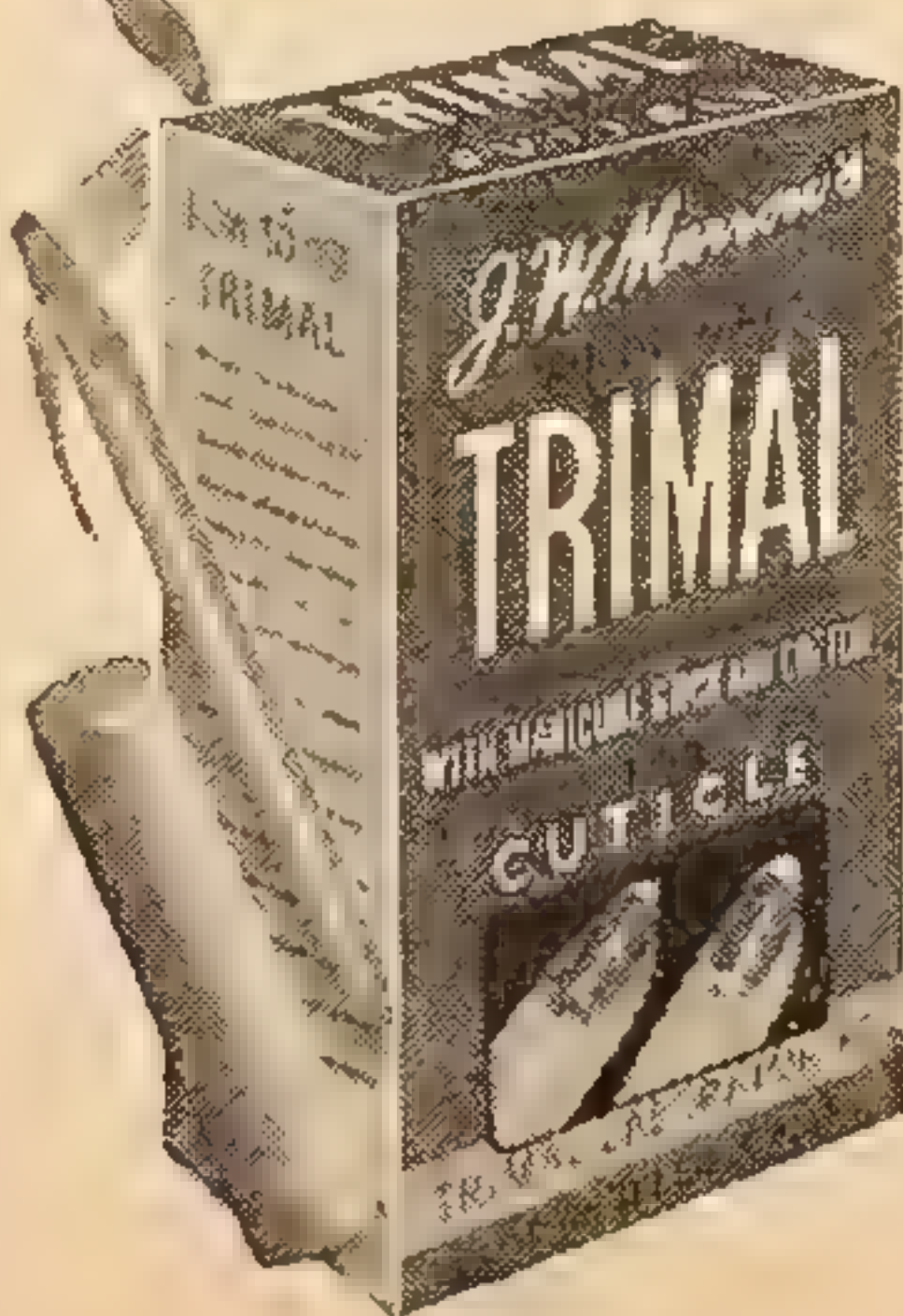
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Man's Castle:

When Ronnie Reagan and Jane Wyman selected a site for their house, they roved over the Hollywood hills until they found a spot overlooking the incandescent garden of Los Angeles' flowering lights. Their living room was so designed that its expansive windows revealed this breathtaking view; they installed no Venetian blinds, nor any device that might diminish or obstruct vision. Along came the dim-out, and Jane had to buy blackout curtains and eliminate the panorama for the duration.

And did you know that Mr. Paul Henreid might have been glimpsed at any time during the past month, meandering along the basement aisles of one of Los Angeles' largest furniture stores? He was looking for a rocking chair, and he was finally successful in finding a honey of an antique. For which he paid five dollars!

TAXES AND WAR BONDS—It Takes Both!

Late Fetes:

Party of the month, according to ring-siders, was the stag affair Bette Davis staged in honor of her husband's birthday. Bette was working so strenuously in "Old Acquaintance" that she couldn't even sneak in for a moment, but she got a glowing account of it by telephone the next morning. Excitement started at dinner time and expired of exhaustion around four a. m. The thing began with a howl when one of the guests arrived, leading a small, astonished black pig on a dog's leash. Around the junior porker's neck there was a bright red ribbon; there was no foreboding in his eye, so apparently he hadn't heard about the local meat shortage.

During that night Mr. Farnsworth tethered his prize gift under his bedroom window. The next morning, however, Bette made a classic suggestion: "Darling, I think we should build him a small pen near the garage," she said. "After all, those bedroom windows aren't really as high as the pig may get."

Betty Hutton and her family didn't celebrate Christmas with traditional gifts. They have never observed the holiday as other than a religious festival, because their big present splurge is held in February. Seems that every member was born in February, so they exchange gifts in the grand manner at some date selected by lot from the Presidential Month.

Biggest studio shindig of the month was the Welcome-Home party tossed by Columbia for Lady Alexander Korda, or Merle Oberon to you. Said one studio wit, "Now Alex can never answer That Famous question with the stock answer, 'That isn't a Lady, that's my wife.'" Merle had been in England and Ireland entertaining troops and had been present in London when her husband was knighted. She was waiting in an anteroom when an excited chamberlain burst in and confided, sotto voce, "They do say that Merle Oberon is somewhere in the audience." The thing that most excited her about the trip however was this, "Think," she beamed, "of going to sleep on a clipper in Newfoundland and awakening in Ireland!"

Janet Blair's big thrill, on her Eastern trip, was visiting her home town. The owner of the drug store where Janet used to purchase her cherry cokes, remembered her favorite dessert and sent up, on two different days, overflowing 5-gallon containers of ice cream. The owner of the Altoona Theater wired for permission to show "My Sister Eileen" and

was rewarded with an air mail film so that he could be first to show the funniest picture to come out of Hollywood in a casting director's memory. Janet's biggest difficulty was with ex-boy friends. Wherever she and chic publicity woman, Gayle Gifford, went, a telephone call would come in from a boy who represented himself as a frequent escort to Janet's high school dances. When Janet answered, she seldom remembered the alleged chum. Very confounding.

* * *

June Havoc was hostess for a surprise party in honor of John Payne, whom she calls "Superman." Each guest was supposed to appear, dressed as the celebrity he or she would most like to be; June was gowning out to be Betty Grable, and she had an outfit ready for John (who wasn't to know anything about anything 'till, until he arrived) which was to transform him into Superman. Spies report that John, in fitted tights and cape, is something to (twelve words censored here, because John will be in the Air Corps by the time this is printed, and anything published here might be held against him).

TAXES AND WAR BONDS—It Takes Both!

Bulletins from Brass Buttons Dept.

Lieutenant Clark Gable was sent to California on official business and found time to have a brief chat with Lieutenant James Stewart.

* * *

Glenn Ford abruptly gave up his study of celestial navigation, preparatory to applying for commission in the Coast Guard, and joined the Marine Corps. He will report to boot camp as soon as his last Columbia picture, "Destroyer," is finished.

* * *

Betty Grable, who is practically Mama of the Morale Department, came into the Commissary from the "Coney Island" set, wearing a skin tight cerise jacket, a hip-swathing plaid skirt, a superdark suntan make-up, a perky pill box hat and a gorgeous blue-black wig. Handsome Lieutenant Leonard Harris, a studio visitor, viewed the field with pleasure. "And I thought," quipped he, "that the Grable type came only in blonde finish."

* * *

Hedy Lamarr and Marsha Hunt entered the Hollywood Canteen together and created the usual congestion at the door. A sergeant who had missed the entrance asked what had happened and was told. "You mean," he gasped, pulling off his belt to be autographed, "that Marsha Hunt is here!"

* * *

Ann Sothorn was to be a guest on a radio broadcast which was to be, she knew, made from some camp. Until the last moment she thought her destination was to be San Diego, then the program director broke the news:

I SAW IT HAPPEN

When "Modern Times" was playing in Hollywood, Charlie Chaplin appeared outside the theater to pose for photographs. The traffic was very heavy, and I couldn't get across the street. Suddenly Charlie Chaplin came toward me, stopped the traffic and took me across the street. When I turned around to thank him, he had disappeared.

Frances Weiss,
3848 W. 14th St.,
Chicago, Ill.

GOOD NEWS (Continued)

they were headed for Santa Ana . . . where Bob Sterling is stationed. Her Christmas gifts to him included cuff links, G. I. ties and handkerchiefs and a set of matched luggage. This, he may not be able to use until after the war, but Ann got it anyhow. "A girl has to plan," she insisted.

* * *

Gene Tierney has been living near Fort Riley, Kansas, where Oleg Cassini is stationed. Oli is a superb horseman, having grown up in a society in which brilliant riding was as taken-for-granted as ordinary good manners. That he finds himself in congenial company is proved by an excerpt from one of Gene's letters: "Fort Riley," she wrote, "has long been famous—they tell me—for turning out tough cavalymen. Everyone around here quotes an official Fort Riley order, issued about 100 years ago: 'Student Officers will discontinue the practice of roping and riding buffaloes.'"

* * *

Gig Young has enlisted in the Coast Guard and will report for duty as soon as he finishes his current Warner assignment. He's worried about only one thing: to date he has lost more hats than any other four men combined, working in shifts at a World Series. He wonders how on earth—with a habit like that—he's ever going to be able to stand inspection.

* * *

Melvyn Douglas has finally found a place to serve his country in accord with a desire whose vehemence no one has questioned. Mr. Douglas ran into a couple of turbulent situations. When it was announced that he was to become a director of information in the O.C.D., there was so much yelling to high heaven that the milky way was temporarily marked "Detour." Again, when it was proposed that he be appointed to the intelligence unit of the California National Guard, there was an impressive display of fireworks in Sacramento. Everyone seems to be very happy to have Mr. Douglas in the army.

* * *

History was made in New York by Madeleine Carroll, who kissed Walter Root, a 22-year-old sailor from Kansas City. Salty Mr. Root wanted to be quoted, to wit: "Torpedoes don't mean a thing now."

TAXES AND WAR BONDS—It Takes Both!

Eve's Leaves:

Most beautiful gown seen on the sets this month was that being worn by Alice Faye in "Hello, Frisco, Hello." It is princess style, 1900 version, done in canary velvet punctuated with yellow taffeta roses. The picture is being shot in Technicolor, so you'll see for yourself what a super-charged sweetheart the dress is.

* * *

Paulette Goddard has an answer for the girl who wants to be glamorous on leave dates: she has just purchased three street-length formals, suitable for any occasion but still not too dressy. One is white, decorated with silver beads, one is periwinkle blue with cherry woolen embroidery, and the third is black with iridescent sequins in a butterfly design.

* * *

Ginger Rogers was being tested recently for the dream sequences in "Lady In The Dark." Her hair is champagne blonde again, and her wardrobe is going to be something out of this world. But, to return to those dream sequences, the wardrobe department got a call asking, "Do you happen to have a pink wig down there?" Upon being revived, the harried attendant said no, what

was the big idea anyhow? Explanation: in the fantasy portions of the picture, Ginger will wear a pink, a blue and a green wig. Not simultaneously, of course, but in succession. Perhaps she'll wear fingernails—painted by that exotic new polish—to match.

* * *

Claudette Colbert should get some kind of award for allowing herself to be rigged out in gasp-provoking outfits. In "The Palm Beach Story" she appears for breakfast in a male pajama blouse and a skirt connived from a Pullman blanket. And in "So Proudly We Hail," in which she plays the part of a nurse, she goes to a Christmas party aboard ship, attired in a draped surgical gown, a girdle made of toweling and incidental decoration made of gauze bandages. She'll look like an old cut-up!

* * *

Most exciting garment viewed this month was John Loder's bathrobe, which he was exhibiting on the set of "Old Acquaintance." Garment was purchased in London several years ago when John was appearing there. By the time he had moved on to Paris, the robe (a heavy, rich Paisley silk) had begun to grow thin in spots, so he conceived the idea of repairing it with swatches from the gowns worn by his leading ladies in his plays. As it is now, the robe has Jacob's coat of many colors practically reduced to monochrome by comparison. Deployed here and there are fragments from gowns worn by Danielle Darrieux, Sylvia Sidney, Gracie Fields, Ruth Chatterton, Constance Bennett, Madeleine Carroll, Betty Grable, Alice Faye, and now Miriam Hopkins and Bette Davis. With a grin, Mr. Loder admitted that the pale pink sample sacred to his association with Betty Grable was purloined by a bribed wardrobe employee. Seems she wore pantaloons in one of her early pictures, but those pantaloons now need patching.

TAXES AND WAR BONDS—It Takes Both!

Bedridden:

Cobina Wright Jr., who lay between life and death for several weeks, is now recovering nicely.

Carole Landis left her appendix in Oxford, England.

TAXES AND WAR BONDS—It Takes Both!

Phrases of Praise:

The Hollywood Women's Press Club, an exclusive group of professional writers, has made it a practice in recent years to award a miniature golden apple in the form of a lapel pin to the motion picture actress selected by ballot of the membership as having been the most cooperative during the past year. The most cooperative actor is awarded

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GOOD NEWS (Continued)

a golden apple on a script holder. Both these items of jewelry were designed by Maurice and are the second most coveted symbols of recognition in Hollywood. (The Academy Oscar being first, of course.)

Last year, when the awards were announced (Bette Davis won the actress recognition and Bob Hope the actor accolade), Cary Grant telephoned a woman writer who was a member of the club and asked how a person went about winning a golden apple. "Because I'd like to win next year," he confided. "Being held in high esteem by writers has always been one of my favorite notions."

So, One Golden Apple to Cary Grant from the Woman's Press Club, in appreciation for his fine cooperation, his unfailing courtesy and his general good fellowship during 1942, and—those women who know him well, predict—for all years to come.

And, One Golden Apple to Rosalind Russell, for her appreciation of good publicity, for her acute sense of copy and for her unvarying sportsmanship.

In the voting, Bob Hope and Victor Mature were runners-up for the actor award; Barbara Stanwyck and Gene Tierney were travelling neck-and-neck for feminine recognition.

Naturally, a thing of this kind has no real prestige unless the voters have the courage of their convictions and hand out scallions to those famed characters who are the least cooperative.

Earning a black scowl for being the most difficult of all actresses with whom to deal is Jean Arthur. Ginger Rogers came in second, and La Dietrich snagged third place.

Mr. George Sanders was black-listed as least cooperative among male players, followed by Just-Don't-Care Mr. Bing Crosby and Franchot Tone.

Charles Boyer should be given a rising vote of appreciation for his fine part in our war effort. Without fanfare or recognition of any sort, he has been making two or three broadcasts by shortwave in French each week. He has been working closely with those writers who plan the American communication with the conquered peoples of Europe, and his advice, his flair for phrasing, his knowledge of the French character, have proved invaluable. When asked how he found time and strength to do this arduous work, along with his screen job in "Flesh and Fantasy," Mr. Boyer shrugged. "Everyone in America is capable of doing just a little bit more than they are able—I'm no different," he said.

Three white orchids to Edith Fellows, Bonita Granville and Helen Parrish, who were scheduled by the committee which arranges such things to appear every Monday night at the Hollywood Canteen to dance with the service men. There were a good many other starlets assigned to the task; some of these starlets came occasionally; many of them offered excuses after the novelty had worn off. But every week, no matter what the weather or the season, Edith, Bonita and Helen are always there.

And a large brown orchid to Hedy Lamarr who appears every Friday night and who has autographed everything from a service belt to a Japanese yen.

A nod of approval to Errol Flynn who has never allowed any publicity to be issued about his generosity to the Nazarene Home for Boys in Los Angeles. For several years he has provided a large portion of the Christmas festivity for these orphan lads, and each summer his house is turned over to them to be used as vacation headquarters. News of this fine activity came not from Mr. Flynn

(who will be somewhat unhappy to have his generosity revealed), nor from Mr. Flynn's studio, but from an unimpeachable source completely separated from the Hollywood scene.

Veronica Lake has been working days at Paramount in "So Proudly We Hail," and in the evening she has been working unidentified, as Constance Detlie, as a relief operator at the secret office of the Fourth Interceptor Command.

Guess how Dottie Lamour figured out a way to boost stamp sales? She suggested that those who are members of a share-the-ride pool buy a stamp a day, on those days when they are guests. This stamp is not given to the driver but kept by the purchaser.

Cheers for Mr. and Mrs. Ray Milland and Mr. and Mrs. Fred MacMurray who are a dependable foursome at the Hollywood Canteen every Friday night. The men act as bus boys, and their wives serve as hostesses.

Quotable from Notable:

Bob Hope (on his NBC show), "I wanted to join the Navy, but when I tried on those tight pants, I leaned over and opened up a second front."

Taps:

For Helen Westley, grand old lady of the stage and screen.

For Buck Jones, who lost his life in the Boston fire.

Good News About John Loder

"Mr. Loder," we said, "we've simply got to know things about you. Just answer yes or no. Do you like sports?" . . . "Yes." . . . "Like electric razors?" . . . "No." . . . "Like kids?" . . . "Yes." . . . "Dogs?" . . . "Yop." . . . "Ties with fireworks on them or plain ones?" . . . "Nope." . . . "Nope which?" . . . "Nope, I don't like fireworks." . . . "Any screen role you're bursting to play? Any story you'd like to make a big, luscious production of?" . . . "Yes. 'The Honorable Strawberries.'" . . . "Honest?" . . . "Yes . . . and 'The White Sister.' That's a THING, that is." . . . "While on the subject, Mr. Loder, what do you recall, if anything, about your first screen test? How did you feel?" . . . "I didn't feel. Someone handed me a couple of stiff ones beforehand. That sort of pulled me through." . . . "Well, how do you feel about fate?" . . . "Fine." . . . "I mean, do you think fate had anything to do with your meeting Jesse Lasky in London?" . . . "Well, you might call it that. But then, you could call it being born under the right star. Or you could call it just Loder luck, if you wanted to. I was introduced to him in a restaurant the night before he sailed for the United States. By the time we'd finished talking, he'd handed me my fare to Hollywood." . . . "What's the most interesting fan letter you've ever gotten?" . . . "I like the ones my daughter Danielle composes." . . . "Any others?" . . . "Can't think of any at the moment. Just that letter from the daughter of a maharajah." . . . "Really?" . . . "Yes, really." . . . "Do you suppose you could recall, off hand, the most gigantic thing that ever happened to you? You know . . . something huge and exciting and unexpected?" . . . "No, I don't suppose I could." . . . "You mean nothing ever happens? Here, have a cigarette and stop and think a moment." . . . "No, there's really nothing . . . except, perhaps, the time I was sent to the Dardanelles with the British Army. That was in 1915, and I was the youngest officer at the front." . . . "But nothing exciting ever happens to you!" . . . "Nope."

(Continued from page 78)

the guest of honor was a big aviation man. Now John has toyed around with planes for years, he has several hundred flying hours, he can talk flying. His hostess told him, "John, I'm depending on you to keep the conversation going."

John grinned. "Don't worry!" When the man arrived, John launched into a florid account of his aviation experiences, his great business deals in far away countries, the air lines he founded, etc., and wound up mentioning a big new field he had just bought. The aviation big shot gasped. "Are you sure you have?" he asked. "Because," he added, "that's the field I own!"

John laughed until the walls shook and the man with him. "Well," boomed John, "I almost had you fooled." His hostess almost swooned.

My in their ointment . . .

John will tell you he's not a social success because he can't match gossip or the niceties of small talk. "Besides," he adds, "after I eat I usually fall asleep, and it isn't nice to fall asleep at the table." The only time (John says) he fell asleep with social success was in Arabia at a Sheik's banquet. After gorging he snored blissfully over his plate and woke up to learn he'd made a great hit. It's considered a great compliment there, says John.

Frankly, convincing as he is, I have to take John with a little salt. Especially with his yarn spinning weakness. Actually, this weakness traces right back to that taking-it-straight side of the guy. For instance, the other day a newspaper reporter interviewed him. After no success getting his story, he said impatiently to John, "For Heaven's sake—can't you tell me anything about yourself that will make a story?"

"Why, sure," said John. "Here's a story." He rattled off the most fantastic thing he could think of, himself, as usual, the hero. The newspaper printed every word of it. "What the hell?" grinned John. "He said he wanted a story, so I told him a story!"

Now what can you do with a monkey like that? One of John's good friends thought they knew once. John's boyish good-natured charm when you know him is irresistible. It makes every new friend want to straighten him into the accepted mold. (It's hopeless, thank goodness!) Anyway, this friend, a star whose name you'd know, had a psychoanalyst friend. She framed a dinner party where the psyche pilot showed up and arranged to have him psychoanalyze John unknown

to the patient. After a few minutes the doc staggered away, his great brain buzzing.

"I give up," he gasped. "Every question I asked him he asked me back! When I started to psychoanalyze him, he psychoanalyzed me!"

Aside from Hollywood society it's not hard to see why John Carroll's bullet-like, utterly uninhibited approach to life has not smoothed his path on the sets either. He has director trouble. He has co-star trouble. Usually the little guys on the set and the extras love him. But he's continually shocking the biggies about whose glamorous heads the aura of Hollywood pooh-bah gleams.

I'm thinking of one time when a big star John played with had a guest come on the set—a dignified, regal operatic diva. John stood by as the pair greeted each other with effusive embraces and a flock of "Darlings!"

"Tell me," he cracked, "when are you two girls going to wrestle?" There was a shocked silence before laughter filled the set.

There are directors who refuse to aim their megaphones in John Carroll's direction. Once he tossed one out the second story of a set. Believe it or not, too, John once quit his studio where he was a very successful action picture star because the director insisted that he toss a pearl-handled pistol to the pavement in a scene.

"Listen," said John (who is gunhappy), "I've spent hours building guns, and I won't treat one like that." He walked off the set. Now that sounds incredible, but what have I been telling you about John?

Most of John's career crises develop because, as he honestly admits, "I can't take direction. I've got to do it my way, or I'm not any good." He believes this. He seldom studies a script. He has to act from the inside out. "Fact is," John will admit, "I'm not an actor. I don't know anything about acting technique or anything. I just react like I myself would. So it spoils it when I try to let someone else tell me how." He's like Gary Cooper that way.

You can see where directors would be John's natural enemies on a set. George Cukor, who had John for a picture, threw up his hands after a couple of days. "I've directed Garbo, Crawford, Shearer, Hepburn and about everybody else in this town," he wailed, "and now you tell me I can't direct you!"

John just shrugged his shoulders and grinned. He wouldn't deny it. That wouldn't be honest. But there's not much doubt that from a strictly canny viewpoint that's no way to forge up and on in Hollywood.

There's a very funny story about John's biggest contract break. His signing with M-G-M, where he still works. It illustrates what a terrifying reputation Kid Carroll has been lugging around for years.


Louis B. Mayer, boss man at M-G-M, personally discovered John for Leo the Lion. He saw him in a small part in "Only Angels Have Wings." There were five actors in the scene. Mayer called in his talent aides. He described John. "Get

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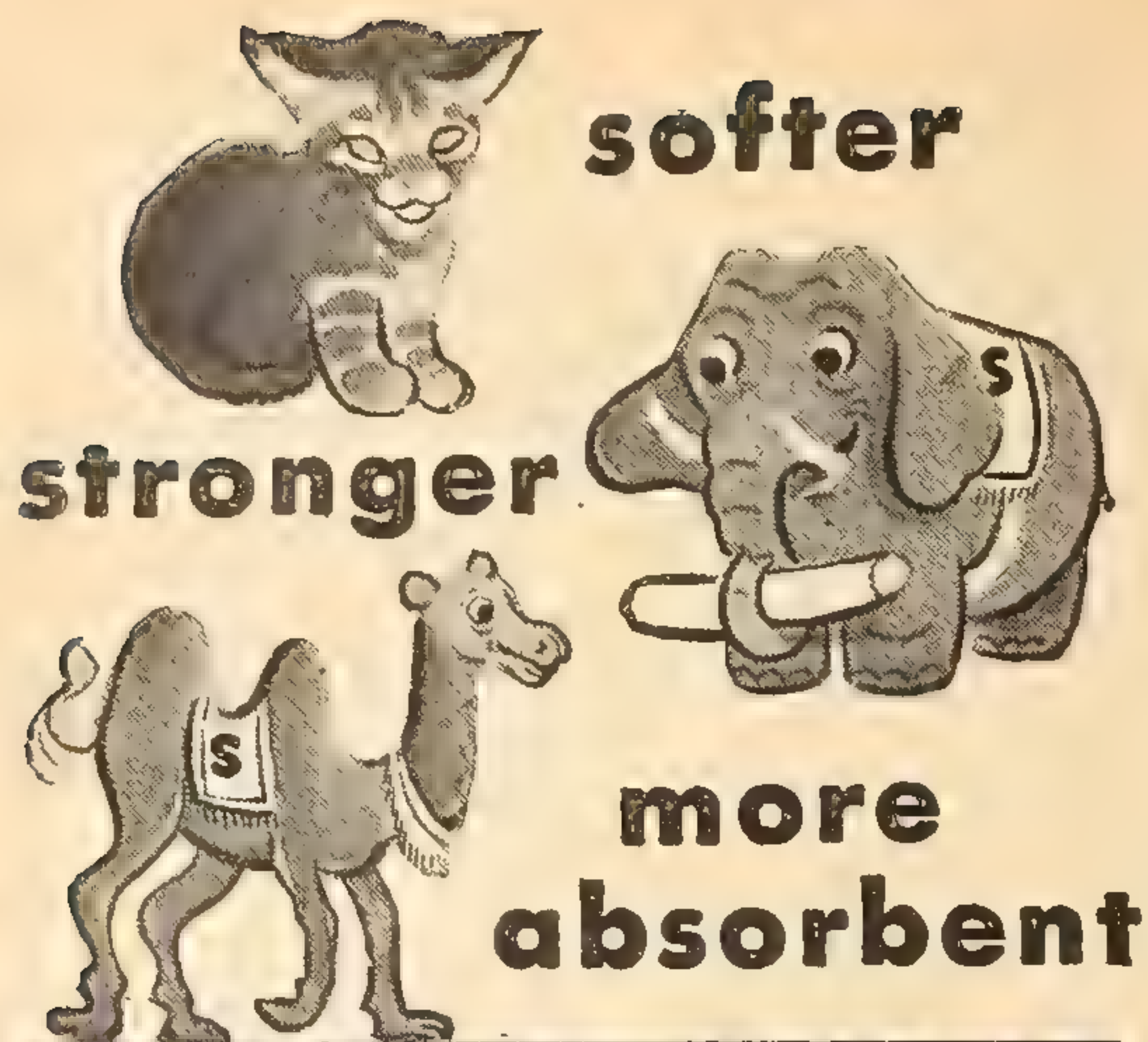
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QUIZ ANSWERS

(Continued from page 79)

1. Douglas Fairbanks, Jr.
2. Kay Kyser
3. John Garfield
4. Mickey Rooney
5. Greer Garson
6. Nelson Eddy
7. Linda Darnell
8. Vera Zorina
9. Jimmy Cagney
10. Orson Welles
11. Madeleine Carroll
12. Bette Davis
13. Teresa Wright
14. Deanna Durbin
15. Robert Young
16. Joan Crawford
17. Rosalind Russell
18. Irene Dunne
19. Laraine Day
20. Barbara Stanwyck



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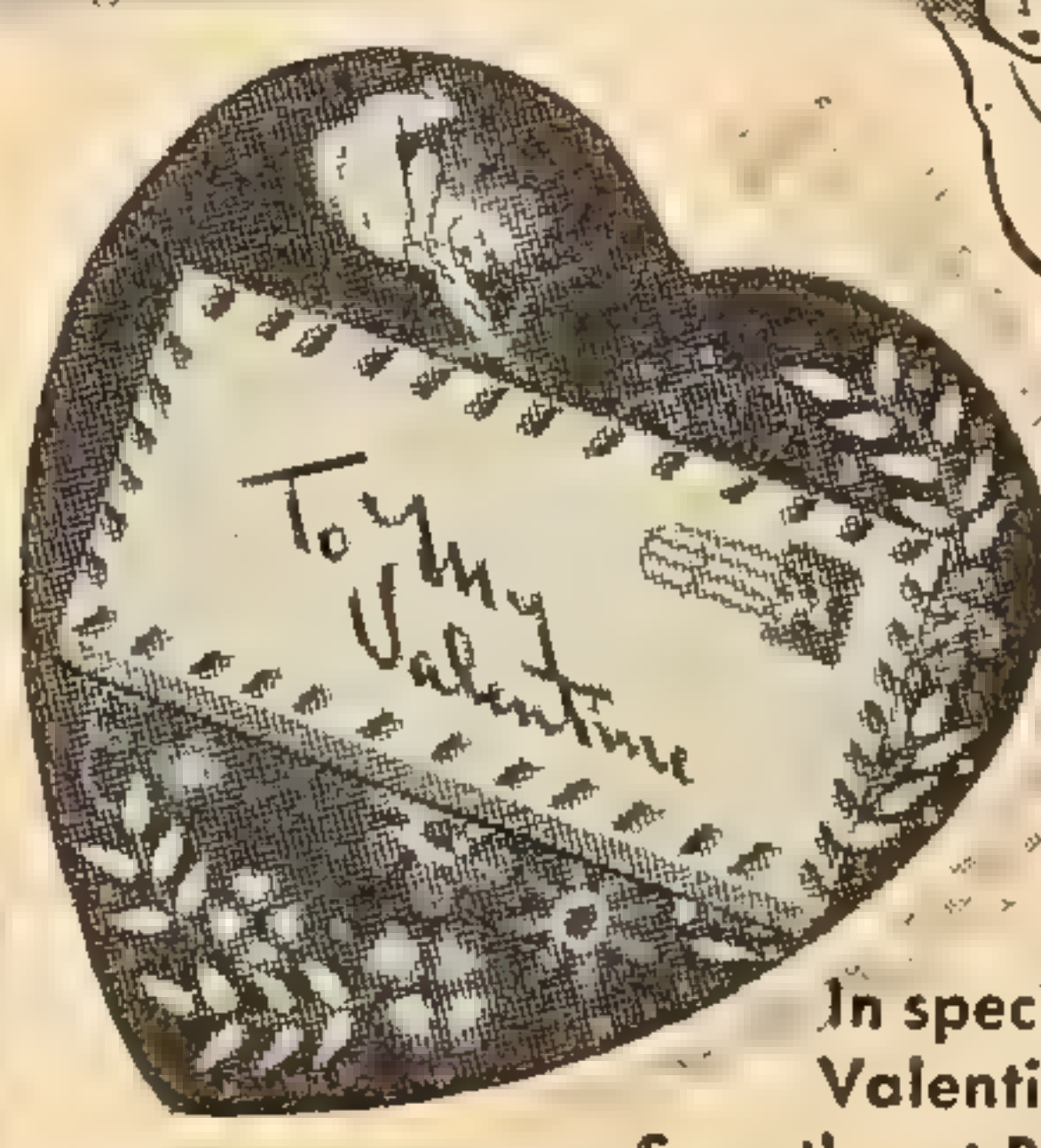
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ITS FRAGRANCE LASTS

him over here," he said.

Pretty soon the aides reported with an actor. "That's not the man," Mayer objected. He described John again. The lieutenants showed up again with another actor. It wasn't John. Patiently, Mayer described John minutely. Believe it or not, the talent boys actually showed up again with still another actor—but not John Carroll. Finally, the story goes, Prexy Mayer had to run off "Only Angels Have Wings" with his talent staff, point John out on the screen and issue an ultimatum: Carroll or else.

It couldn't all have been a mistake. The staff had heard of John's eccentric ways. They thought since the part in mind was a small one, they could substitute a more pliable gent. Fortunately, Mr. Mayer knew what he wanted, and John at last got his contract.

Of course, John has had plenty of competition at M-G-M, but it's no secret he hasn't become the star both the studio and John Carroll had planned. Reason? It's hard to say. "I guess," admits John ruefully, "I'll never be happy until I can write, direct, produce, act—and maybe crank the camera, too!"

Away from the movie camera and the Hollywood social circus, too, John Carroll is just as much of a lone wolf but a surprisingly tame and normal, home-loving wolf. In fact, it's at home that John shows up in his most average-guy mold.

He lives in a rambling white semi-colonial place built by and for an individualist like John. He built it himself, with two carpenters, some years ago. It sits on a hillside in Laurel Canyon, no longer a fashionable Hollywood location. That doesn't bother John, of course. He chose the site because it had a mammoth oak tree, reminding him of the Louisiana oaks of his childhood. To carry the sentiment further he named it "Carrollton," the Louisiana home town of his mother and the place that gave John his stage name. I don't know how many rooms Carrollton has by now. John has built on one almost every year, as he got the idea. The latest is a pine-panelled gun room right off his own bedroom. You can tell a lot about John Carroll from that bedroom alone.

There's a giant bed smack in the middle, Paul Bunyan size, with shelves, drawers and gadgets built in. John made it himself. Radios, clocks, reading lights, a dozen comfort gadgets are clamped here and there. Across the room a mammoth, silver-mounted saddle is perched on a saddle tree. The walls are covered with cowboy sombreros, guns, war maps and pictures of John's pals—Johnny Weissmuller, John Sutton, John's daughter Juliana—his idols, Abraham Lincoln, General MacArthur. Not a picture of John is anywhere around. Golf bags, western boots, more guns, fishing tackle—the room corners are stacked with them. Scattered around are a bunch of sprawly

easy chairs.

Like any male animal, John likes his comfort. He sleeps like a rock the minute he hits the pillow. He likes his meals regular and solid. He's a marvelous cook himself, from French pastries on down. He's practically never sick, but when he is, he's a bad actor. "Just a cold and I go into 'Camille,'" says John. Once, in the East, he wound up with trains running across his stomach. "Appendicitis," said the doctors. They rushed him to a hospital, put him on a table, wrapped him in gauze, got ready to operate. As the ether started, suddenly Carroll rose up like a wild-eyed ghost.

"What am I doing here?" he yelped. Then he tore out of the room, stiff-arming attendants to freedom. He's never had the appendix out to this day.

On the hobby side, John is a tinkerer, a mechanical whiz. Half the things he has are built by himself in his tool shop out in back. Terraced up the hillside are swings, sand-pits and play gadgets he has built for daughter Julie, the light of his life.

the inner man . . .

Because John Carroll, wayward, unpredictable John, is an ideal father, his marriage with Steffi Duna, which didn't last, produced the real love of his life, five-year-old Julie. He splits Julie's time with Steffi and frets miserably when she isn't around making him her devoted slave. He writes songs for Julie, and plans her kiddie parties for every holiday. You never saw such an adoring Dad.

Another surprise you run into when looking for what makes the wild man wild is that John Carroll has practically no vices. He rarely takes a drink. He doesn't smoke. He's a rarity at night clubs. He's devoted to his mother. He spends almost every evening at home doodling on the piano or tinkering with some gadget. His outdoor hobbies are man's man stuff—fishing, hunting, flying, horses. He's proud, by the way, of being a hunter. But to show you what a soft heart John has under his menace, even at the chase:

For years he nursed an ambition to get a deer. Finally, after days of preparation, he invaded the High Sierras, stalked a buck among the rocky crags, cornered him, raised his gun.

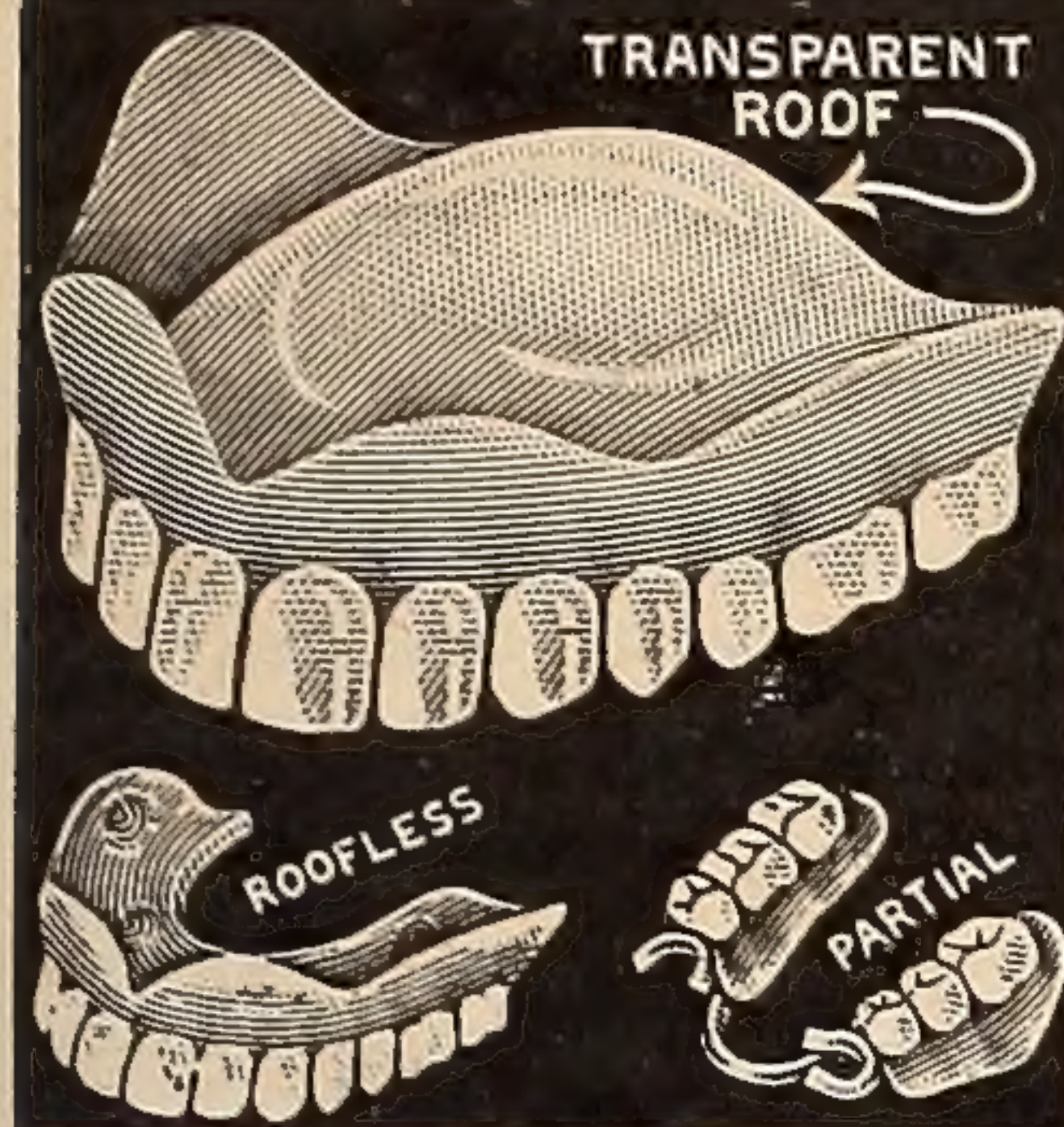
"Then," grins John sheepishly, "I couldn't pull the trigger! You know what I did? I poured him a drink of water." I don't know about that drink of water. That's John Carroll's decoration of the yarn. But I know the first part's true.

So—this curly-headed, reckless hunk of 36-year-old boy-man Carroll isn't really a bad sort any way you look at him. Irresponsible, impulsive and rebellious, yes, but honest with himself. "John has done a lot of wild things in his life," his mother told me, "but he has never done anything bad." I believe that.

I think maybe John will do something to match his imagination some day. Maybe pretty soon, at that. In his odd mixture of Southern drawl, French accent and brake-rod brogue, John told me he'll make one picture and then get going on a bigger fight for freedom than he's ever run up against in Hollywood. He'll be a soldier, sailor or marine around the time you're reading this. He hadn't settled on which when I last saw him. But whatever the outfit, Johnny will play the war straight, as he does everything. The Army can use plenty rogue males like John—short on tact but long on courage. He really wasn't made for subtle Hollywood, and that's why it never could hold him. I've a hunch strictly straight-shooters like the Army or the Navy can.

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CO-ED

(Continued from page 16)

come to, but now I know we were two silly kids. I still like you ever so much, but I'm miserable sitting home, and I know you are, too. Shall we be sensible about it, Bill?" If he's any kind of a guy at all, he'll love your candidness.

The Red Cross says that I-don't-love-you-any-more letters are responsible for terrific depression among soldiers and begs girls not to send them. It seems to us, though, that—barring borderline cases—any boy could take the news when dished along the above lines. The idea of writing phony love letters over a period of months is terribly repugnant to us, and we're sure that the morale of the U. S. Army doesn't depend on ersatz "sugar reports." That's Goebbels' stuff.

Situation 2. You and Bill have known each other for years. You're incurably smitten, and it was just the most natural thing in the world for you to promise not to sit under the apple tree, etc. Now, though, you're lonely. Your lovely line is gathering dust, you've forgotten how to samba, you don't give much of a hoot how you look. . . . Another dateless month, and any resemblance between you and Bill's dream gal will be purely you-know-what.

Write and tell Bill about it. Ask him how he's doing, and if he doesn't think it would be a good idea for the two of you to go out a bit by way of retaining your pre-war jollity and stuff. Agree to steer clear of single dates.

As long as you both play this little game squarely, it's a swell arrangement and a far happier one than lone-wolfing it. And who was it that said, "You bind him close with silken bonds of liberty"?

* * * *

Birthday! Co-ed is a year old now, and is getting grown-up enough to take on a few responsibilities. Henceforward, it will be our job to keep you posted on Modern Screen's various service features.

You see, M. S. is currently entertaining over a million readers, and now we'd like to go a little bit further than amusing you—we'd like to serve you. For instance, we want to help you with your fashion problems (we're offering a dreamy fashion chart in the next issue for only a nickel, and there'll be a brand new one out every two months after that)! Besides glamour-galing 'em, we'd like to make Modern Screen's readers the best-informed fans in the world, so we're printing a series of charts—also at five cents per—telling you everything you could possibly want to know about any of the stars.

Our most exciting service is the elegant series of contests that began in last issue and goes on perpetually every month. It's honestly easy, and the swellest part is that different people win each month. T'ain't legal for anybody to win twice. Imagine getting a whack at a smoothie fur coat or \$2,000 in war bonds—or dozens of lovely things to wear! And to know that if you muff it in the March issue, there's always April! P.S.—You'll find the contest on page 94.

We hope you're going to like the service idea. We like it so much we're actually losing money to give it to you! And we'll keep it up just as long as your contest entries and chart coupons show us you're interested.

TEETHING PAINS

RELIEVED

QUICKLY



WHEN your baby suffers from teething pains, just rub a few drops of Dr. Hand's Teething Lotion on the sore, tender, little gums and the pain will be relieved promptly.

Dr. Hand's Teething Lotion is the prescription of a famous baby specialist and has been used by mothers for over fifty years. One bottle is usually enough for one baby for the entire teething period.

Buy it from your druggist today

DR. HAND'S TEETHING LOTION

Just rub it on the gums

WAKE UP YOUR LIVER BILE—

Without Calomel—And You'll Jump Out of Bed in the Morning

The liver should pour out about 2 pints of bile juice into your bowels every day. If this bile is not flowing freely, your food may not digest. It may just decay in the bowels. Then gas bloats up your stomach. You get constipated. You feel sour, sunk and the world looks punk.

It takes those good old Carter's Little Liver Pills to get these 2 pints of bile flowing freely to make you feel "up and up." Get a package today. Take as directed. Effective in making bile flow freely. For a free package of Carter's Little Liver Pills, also a free book entitled "How They May Help One Feel Better," address Carter's, Dept. R101. 53 Park Place, New York, N. Y. Or ask your druggist for Carter's Little Liver Pills. 10¢ and 25¢.

FREE ENLARGEMENT

Just to get acquainted with new customers, we will beautifully enlarge one snapshot print or negative, photo or picture to 8x10 inches—FREE—if you enclose this ad. (10c for handling and return mailing appreciated.) Information on hand tinting in natural colors sent immediately. Your original returned with your free enlargement. Send it today.

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New FOOT RELIEF

Dr. Scholl's KUROTEX, velvety-soft, soothing, cushioning foot plaster, when used on feet or toes, quickly relieves Corns, Callouses, Bunions, Tender Spots, Stops shoe friction; eases pressure. Economical! At Drug, Shoe, Dept. and 10¢ Stores.

Dr. Scholl's KUROTEX



Easily cut to any size or shape

YOUR GOVERNMENT SAYS



Butter has long been the preferred spread because of flavor and color, and is a good source of Vitamin A. Margarine, made from animal and vegetable fats with enough Vitamin A added to bring it up to the level of average butter, may be a timely alternate when the butter supply is limited or expensive.

Other spreads such as peanut butter are popular for sandwiches, and these nut butters are rich in fat and good sources of Vitamin B and iron.

Foods which add flavor, variety, interest and bulk to meals may be included whenever you want them; but when available use the foods listed on the chart, first.

Klu S. Mitchell

Every day, eat this way

MILK and MILK PRODUCTS

... at least a pint for everyone—more for children—or cheese or evaporated or dried milk.

ORANGES, TOMATOES, GRAPEFRUIT

... or raw cabbage or salad greens—at least one of these.

GREEN or YELLOW VEGETABLES

... one big helping or more—some raw, some cooked.

OTHER VEGETABLES, FRUIT

... potatoes, other vegetables or fruits in season.

BREAD and CEREAL

... whole grain products or enriched white bread and flour.

MEAT, POULTRY or FISH

... dried beans, peas, or nuts occasionally.

EGGS

... at least 3 or 4 a week, cooked any way you choose—or in "made" dishes.

BUTTER and OTHER SPREADS

... vitamin-rich fats, peanut butter, and similar spreads.

Then eat other foods you also like

OFFICE OF DEFENSE HEALTH AND WELFARE SERVICES

Washington, D. C.

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COLOR AT YOUR FINGER TIPS

(Continued from page 52)

of the many brilliant red-reds.

In deciding what color becomes you most, hold the bottle of your chosen enamel up to your face. This is to see if it blends with your lipstick and cheek-rouge, thereby giving you a more "finished" look. It's a good idea, too, to have a variety of tones to suit your cosmetics or your costumes.

"dress" your nails . . .

Now that you've decided which shade looks well with your type of beauty, let's give a thought to what shades of polish to wear with your spring ensemble. Here are some color schemes: If in your closet there are some bright colored prints, the kind that have lots of blues and greens in them, try wearing a bluish red polish. If, however, you like to wear sophisticated looking blacks and darker shade frocks, you'll be delighted with the effect you obtain when you're wearing a clear red nail polish. Everyone can wear soft pastel shades of nail covering. It's grand for all-around wear. Then too, my chicks, for a gala occasion, deep reds are dazzling! And if you want hands that look like an angel's, try a true garnet shade. It will bring out the whiteness of your skin and give your hands an exquisite look. Rust shades, too, are especially nice if you go in for sporty tweeds of browns, tans or yellows.

keep in step . . .

With your pet selection of shades lined upon your dressing table, your next step is to shape those lovely nails. When beauty regulations for the feminine army of WAAC's decided they should wear the hair just long enough to clear the collar, Hollywood's fashion guides gave votes of approval, and soon this became the fashionable length. So too, are they naming nail lengths not longer than one-eighth of an inch beyond the tip of the finger. It's an excellent length too for speed and efficiency. If, however, you've just grown a handful of long, shiny nails, and they don't interfere with your particular type of chores—do keep them! Long or short nailed beauty goes hand in hand with appropriateness. So don't go filing your nails down to unnecessary lengths. Remember, a sourpuss approach never won any wars, so now's the time to stress color and loveliness.

apply with finesse . . .

You have all the hints on length, color and types of nail polish, so let's get to the moment when you're ready to apply your enamel. Here are some simple suggestions. Just before applying the polish, give the nails a good buffing. It adds a healthful glow to the shiny tips and stimulates the circulation, just as brushing the hair does. First apply a liquid base to the nails. This makes the colored polish last longer. When it dries, open the bottle of polish and, as you remove the brush, press it firmly against the top of the bottle so the polish doesn't drip en route from the bottle to you. Now steady the hand on one of those clever finger rests, so the fingers won't move. Use a quick, bold stroke to apply the polish. Nervous little dabs spoil the effect! First, make a stroke across the base of the nail, then proceed to cover the nail, applying the polish from the base out to the edge of the finger. When the first coat of polish dries, apply a second coat, still using a down-beat

stroke. Don't forget, a double coat always wears longer, too. When your polish is thoroughly dry, apply a coat of clear, colorless covering to protect against chipping and shine brilliantly!

The shape of the nail has a lot to do with how you apply your enamel, too. So for effectiveness' sake, here are some hints. If you have gracefully rounded fingers with oval nails, wear the polish from the half moons to the tips, wiping off the tiniest edge at the tip. Short stubby digits with round nails can wear polish from end to end leaving a thin line at either side to create the illusion of length. Long, thin, tapering fingers look stunning with a slim, oval nail tip, and can usually wear polish extended to the very end. Square nails can be made to look more feminine and graceful by exaggerating the curve of the half moon, and again at the tip, leaving a narrow, unpolished strip at either side. So though your nails be long or short, keep them glamorous! Color will make up for what they lack in length!

double-duty polish . . .

While you have that bottle of polish handy, try painting some initials or names on the extra glass in your medicine chest. Or decorate your earrings to match your bracelets and other accessories, too! You can always make repairs with remover. It's fun, too, to experiment with polish-drawn designs and shades of polish. And while you're at it, give yourself a pedicure. Decorate those toenails of yours, with one of your already carefully selected polishes. Open-toe sandals demand well-kept nails. Remember, no chipped ones allowed!


first aid . . .

Now that you're on your way to more beautiful fingertips, let's see what would happen should you accidentally tear one of those lovely nails on some harsh object. If it breaks half way across, cover the entire nail with transparent scotch tape. Trim off the surplus tape and apply your polish over it. It's a repair job that's inconspicuous and lasts until your own nail grows out. If it breaks off entirely, though, try one of those nifty nail replacements. They fit right over your broken nail and look just like your own. While we're making repairs, here's a tricky new idea for you. If you have some old, thick polish in the bottom of a bottle—don't throw it away. There's a polish thinner on your store counter that, when mixed with the old enamel, leaves it fresh as new! Be sure not to use polish remover for this, but the actual thinner-outer especially prepared.

hands across the table . . .

You have them all now. The do's and don'ts of nail care, so, lady, be good to your nails for beauty's sake, and they'll repay you in many ways. Keep your hands lovely, for remember what all beauty-wise girls agree upon, "your hands are always in evidence, whether in an office, the factory, the kitchen or pouring tea across the luncheon table."

So much can be said without uttering a word! The way you hold your hands. Your fingertips holding a glass. . . . You can create the illusion of glamour, of charm and loveliness by merely lifting a finger to do so. Just be prepared by keeping your hands well cared for, and your fingertips a thing of beauty!



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WAR BONDS**

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for my taste

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